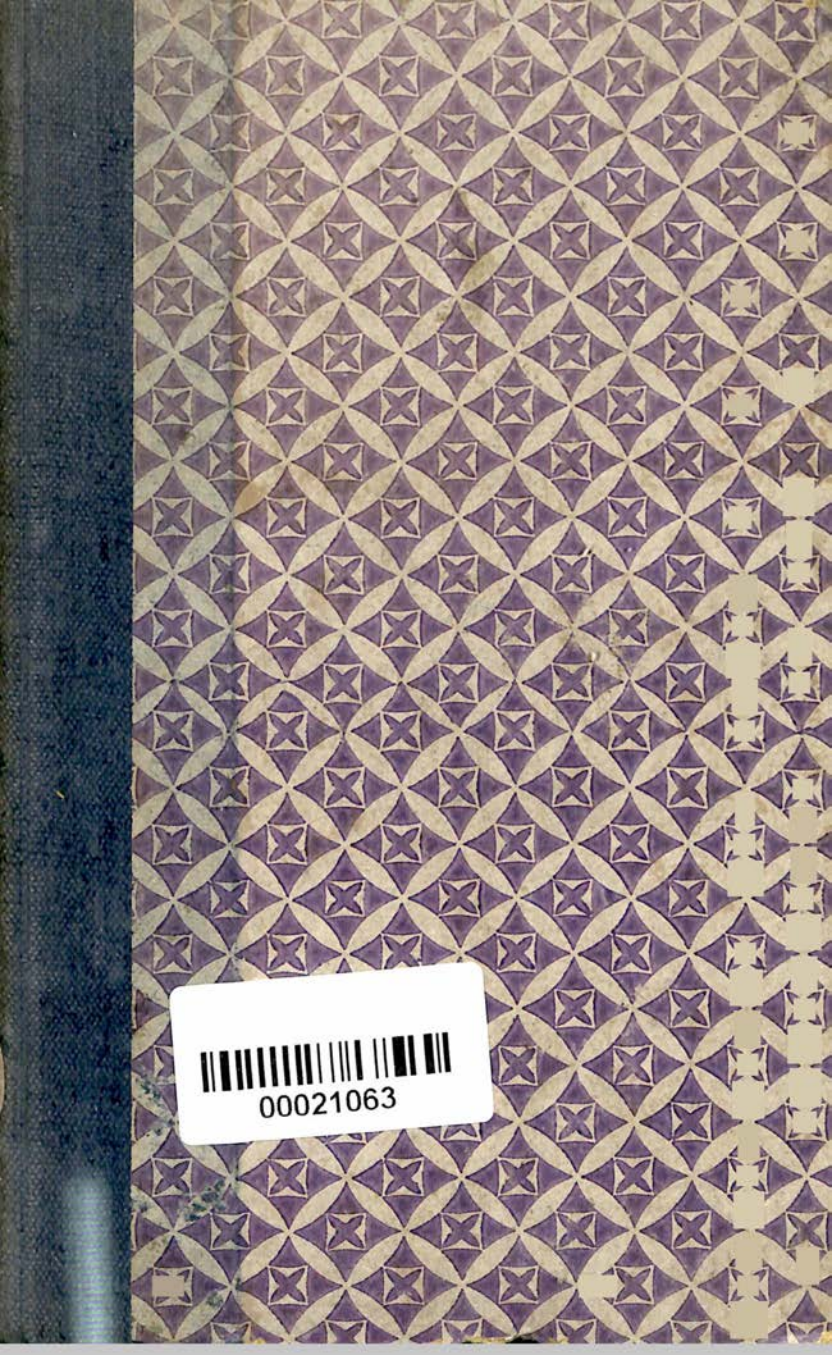
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TWENTY YEARS

IN

RETIREMENT.

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CONTENTS

OF

THE FIRST VOLUME.

CHAPTER I.

The Author's reasons for resuming the pen—His feelings on the conclusion of the war—Soldiers' dreams—Lays siege to a fair fortress—Ordered to America—Interview with the Adjutant-General—Obtains leave of absence, and resumes the siege—Matrimonial metamorphose—The joining of a regiment with a wife—Opinion on married officers—Napoleon's escape from Elba—Fans the latent spark—Return of Author's regiment from America—Their discontent at proceedings in that quarter—Brother Jonathan . *page* 1

CHAPTER II.

Sail for Ostend—Too late for Waterloo—Critical remarks on that battle—Qualifications of British soldiers—Waterloo medal . 15

CHAPTER III.

March to Paris—Position of Je[illegible]ppes—*Difference* between slaves and freemen as soldiers—En[illegible]asm of the French revolutionary armies—Prussians after the [illegible]tle of Waterloo—Cambray—Tomb of Fenelon—Party *en voiture* to Paris—Indignation of the Prussians at being disappointed in their vows of vengeance—Arrival in Paris—Remarks on the same—The Louvre—Allied troops—English visiters—Louis le Désiré—His situation—Cab-driver—Encampment at Neuilly—Review of the English army—Appearance of the allied troops—Blucher—Foreign bands—Cossacks in the Champs Elysées

—Clearing out of the Louvre—Taking down the brazen horses—Female aëronaut—Theatres—Henri Quatre—An American dictionary—Waterworks at Versailles—English women—Effect of languages on personal beauty—Execution of Labedoyere—Remarks on the death of Marshal Ney . . . page 49

CHAPTER IV.

Return to England—Author doffs the harness and takes leave of his military friends—Remarks on the British army—Comparison of infantry and cavalry—Butterfly regiments—Intemperance of British soldiers—Remarks on corporal punishment—The author's opinion of war . . . 65

CHAPTER V.

The change to civil life—Being one's own master—Settling in the country—Furnishing a house—Remarks on the phrase *genteel*—Stocking a farm—Auction—Farming blunders . . . 79

CHAPTER VI.

Knowledge of the world—First appearance at church—Parson—Clerk—Choir—Beadle—Tradition the Second—A domestic scene . . . 93

CHAPTER VII.

Killing one's own mutton—Pig—Virtues and virtues of the pig—Sporting anecdote—Pig-hunting—The father of the hunt—Mr. Meynell—Tom Sebright—Pernicious evil—Qualifications of a huntsman . . . 105

CHAPTER VIII.

Fuller resumed—Interesting dialogue—The Rev. Simon Lavender—Election and reprobation—Curious explanation of the Trinity—Extempore preaching—The *in* and the *outs*—Parish business—The stage—Scandal—Mistaken charity . . . 120

CHAPTER IX.

The Thumkins Family—Shyness in female society—Curry and rice—My fat friend . . . . . *page* 150

CHAPTER X.

Tom Duffin—A musical fracas—Droll soliloquy—A clerical set-to—The privileged man—Daisy Fardle—The post-captain . 168

CHAPTER XI.

The Country-town ball—Lord Greatly—Halsborough . 193

CHAPTER XII.

Mr. Pitt's financial policy 210

CHAPTER XIII.

The grammar-school—Remarks on public schools—The maiden lady 230

CHAPTER XIV.

My grandmothers—Mr. Coddleskin—The brother surgeons—Dr. Butt 246

CHAPTER XV.

Now-a-days—Squire Leicester—Aunt Kitty . . . 267

CHAPTER XVI.

Time-killing—Mr. Shallow—Gaining credit—External indications of character 281

CHAPTER XVII.

State of the Labouring Classes—Of the Farmer—Change of Quarters—Rover 302

CHAPTER XVIII.

The breaking up [illegible] Producers and consumers—The carnival face—Isle of Wight—General and Mrs. Jeremy—The regatta . . . . . page 318

CHAPTER XIX.

Embark for France—Havre—Custom-house—French hotel—Table d'hôte—French gesticulation—Coarse appearance of the women—Porters—Dray-horses—Docks—Proceedings of Rover—French Diligence—Rouen—Gothic architecture—Elizabethan style—Norman arts—St. Germain—Versailles—Gardens—Water-works—Churches and black jobs—Garrison 343

CHAPTER XX.

Fraiteur's wife—Facilities of living—English servants—More of Rover—His loss—Fêtes de village—Petite Trianon—Ornamental gardening—Ferme ornée—Marie Antoinette 369

CHAPTER XXI.

Mr. Weaver and family—Sacre of Charles X.—Porcelain-works at Sevre—Execution by guillotine 375

CHAPTER XXII.

Move to Paris—Extraordinary boat—Paris dust—Fate of Rover—Cemetery of Père la Chaise—French morals—Habits—Hyperbolical character—English and French boys—French and English languages—French theatres—Public feeling—Restaurants 386

TWENTY YEARS IN RETIREMENT.

CHAPTER I.

The Author's reasons for resuming the pen—His feelings on the conclusion of the war—Soldiers' dreams—Lays siege to a fair fortress—Ordered to America—Interview with the Adjutant-General—Obtains leave of absence, and resumes the siege—Matrimonial metamorphose—The joining of a regiment with a wife—Opinion on married officers—Napoleon's escape from Elba—Fans the latent spark—Return of Author's regiment from America—Their discontent at proceedings in that quarter—Brother Jonathan.

HAVING already written a work which has been well received by the public, I have been often asked why I have not followed up my first essay. The fact is, I do not know what to write about, and invention is not my *forte*. I am, moreover, and have been from my youth, of an exceedingly indolent disposition, which makes me reluctant to set about any thing. When I am

once fairly embarked in an undertaking I can go on swimmingly: *c'est le premier pas qui coute.* I feel that I have a good many ideas floating in my mind, which I think original. Whether they are so or not I cannot pretend to say, as I am not much of a reader; but should the greater part prove to be such, it were a pity that the world should lose them from any lack of confidence on my part.

I am determined, therefore, at length to let loose my pen. I have formed no plan for a literary voyage; but shall allow the quill to follow the bent of its volatile nature—too happy if it do not give evidence of more than one relation to that bird which was honoured by the Romans as the saviour of the Capitol, and which is familiar to Britons as the indispensable requisite of a Michaelmas dinner.

By way of connecting this work with my former labours, it may not be amiss to begin where I left off; and, though my life has since been comparatively monotonous, I may, by interlarding it with my notions and opinions on various subjects, together with a description of some singular cha-

racters I have met in the world, manage to serve up an *olla podrida*, which, though wanting in the spice of military adventure, may prove not altogether unpalatable.

Now, reader, if you never read my memoirs, entitled 'Twelve Years' Military Adventure,' I beg leave to recommend them to your perusal, in order that we may have the advantage of a twelve years' acquaintance before we commence this my second literary excursion.

Presuming, then, that you have perused the said delectable work, you must know that my adventures concluded with the war, in the year 1814.

Now it happened, just at the precise moment of the cessation of hostilities, that I fell over head and ears in love; and, what must seem still more extraordinary, the object of my adoration was some hundred miles distant. How could this be? I will explain the enigma. I am one of those persons who can never do more than one thing at a time; and who, while in pursuit of any favourite object, has no thought of any thing beside. During my short sojourn in England, after my return

from India, my mind was engrossed with the ardent desire to combat the enemies of my country. In this mood, though I saw and admired many charming specimens of the softer sex, my heart was, to all appearance, so steeled against the darts of Cupid, that, although a shaft had actually penetrated my præcordium, I was not aware of its existence, till the sudden removal of the hard coating displayed to my wondering senses a wound deep and incurable. This interval between cause and effect was somewhat like that which occurred in the case of Munchausen's trumpet, which emitted on a thaw the sound injected during a frost.

I now became as anxious to return to England as I had before been to quit it; so, having obtained leave of absence, I bade adieu to my old mistress, Bellona, and set off without delay to throw myself at the feet of the newly-discovered object of my affections. That the intervening space of time should be as a blank in my existence is but natural; so, as I had neither ears to hear, nor eyes to see, the reader will not expect that I should have any thing to relate.

I have heard it said that the dreams of a soldier, slumbering on the field of battle, are generally the direct opposite of his waking thoughts. Instead of a tattered tent, or a roofless bivouac, he finds himself the contented inhabitant of a snug cot on the side of a woody hill, far removed from the strife of quarrelsome man: no noisy-stirring camp, or bloody battle-field, excite the stormy passions of his soul; his fancy luxuriates in verdant meads and purling brooks; "Home, sweet home!" in dulcit notes, takes the place of rolling drums or trumpets shrill; his tympanum resounds to village-bells, not to the cannon's roar; he kills not the enemy, but his own mutton; and, lastly, instead of closing in deadly combat with the stubborn foe, he finds himself sighing at the feet of his mistress fair. Not that I have found this to be the case; for I have already related, in my memoirs, one of my dreams on such an occasion, and it was as far removed as possible from any thing resembling the above. But now, I confess, even while wide awake, my mind was wholly employed in building rural castles in the air, and my dreams were but the echo of my waking thoughts.

If the reader be below the age of cool, calculating, forty, he will readily suppose that, on landing in England, like a true knight errant, I lost no time in seeking the presence of my dulcinea. A single glance showed me that my hopes were not disappointed. Accordingly I opened the trenches in form, and had already advanced as far as the second parallel, when an unforeseen event forced me to raise the siege, and to hasten to London. The regiment to which I belonged had, with a portion of the army of the Duke of Wellington, embarked at Bourdeaux for Canada, to join in the war then raging with the United States. Would you believe it, reader? I actually went to the Adjutant-General to request an extension of furlough!—even to the very same person whom, in all the ardour of military zeal, I had, not eighteen months before, solicited permission to run into the cannon's mouth! Behold the effect of love, all-powerful love! How true the French couplet—

"Qui que tu sois, vois ton maître,
Il l'est, le fut, ou le doit être."

Sir Harry Calvert, as well he might, stared at me. The words, "Do you know that your regiment is on service?" brought me to my senses. I stammered out something about an engagement to be married, and slunk out of the room without waiting for an answer.

Now, though heartily ashamed of myself, I was not cured; so, as I was informed that the war was likely soon to end, I availed myself of permission to join the second battalion of my regiment then in England.

This matter being adjusted, I resumed the siege of the fair fortress, and was happy to find that no advantage had been taken of my absence, either to strengthen the works or to destroy my approaches. Under these circumstances I was not long in bringing the siege to a close; and after six weeks' open trenches the citadel surrendered at discretion, and my happiness was complete.

Here I am, then, a sober married man. Really the name has an awful sound! While an unsmitten bachelor, I never could think of the state of matrimony without a shudder; and even for some time after I entered that state, about which there

are so many conflicting opinions, I could not pronounce the words "Mrs. B." or "my wife" without some degree of awkwardness, particularly among my former associates.

Now a lover in his blissful ignorance is much alike to a blind pup; with this difference, that the eyes of the latter are opened on the ninth day, while those of the former are not supposed to see clearly till about the termination of a lunar month. During this time, in which the doting couple are changed from angels to mortals, it has been the practice of the world to leave the poor creatures to themselves. As soon, however, as I was satisfied of the accomplishment of the metamorphose, I thought it best, for my own sake, to cut what is termed the honey-moon as short as possible, and to take my wife into the world, where, instead of being contrasted with the idol of her maiden fancy, I might at least have the advantage of being compared with beings of no greater pretensions to perfection than myself.

Accordingly, not long after my marriage I joined the second battalion of my regiment in the Isle of Wight. The joining of a regiment with a

wife is an affair of delicacy. There is the desire for society on the one hand, and the dread of improper intimacy on the other. There is the repugnance to vulgarity, and at the same time the fear of being thought proud. In short, there is what cannot well be explained, but what every man who has joined his regiment, with a young, inexperienced, and pretty wife, well knows. There is the Captain just exchanged into the regiment, with his doubtful face, and not less doubtful partner. You are puzzled how to act with them. There is the gallant Colonel to keep at a distance without giving offence; and, lastly, there are puppies of all grades to hold at arm's length. To live in the barracks, unless where there is an overabundance of room, is out of the question, for your own sake; and a married officer in barracks is always voted a d——d bore.

But, after all, if a married officer has a few hundreds a year above his pay, he may pass a very pleasant time in home quarters; for in most regiments there are a few ladies with whom his wife may associate; and in all there are real gentlemen, whom, as a married man, he may select as com-

panions without offence to others. With the advantage of soldier-servants he is enabled to enjoy more luxuries than he could command in private life, while the superiority of his income over that of his associates makes him appear in comparative affluence. As long as there are no *incumbrances* the change from one part of the United Kingdom to the other is rather agreeable than otherwise ; and even on foreign stations, where the climate is good, the life is pleasant. But in time of war it is another thing. My opinion has always been that a good husband is a good-for-nothing soldier. The two duties are incompatible. What appetite can a man have for fighting when his heart is at home? Will the man, with a wife and children whom he tenderly loves, volunteer to lead the storming party up the deadly breach? When his whole soul should be centered in the awful strife, must not involuntarily a portion of his thoughts be directed to those whom he may soon leave desolate on earth? Will he then risk his life with his wonted courage, coolness, and self-possession? No! no! The thing is impossible. Holding these opinions, therefore, I considered that when once

I became a married man, I had given up my profession; and I lost no time, as soon as the American war had closed, in making my request to be placed on half-pay. As regarded my military duties, the change was certainly great from what I had been accustomed to. As an engineer officer in India, I was generally at the head of the department, and was master of my own time. Subsequently, while on service with the Duke of Wellington's army, I was not pestered with the routine of any duty which was not connected with active warfare. But here, as a regimental officer, I had duties to attend to quite at variance with my former habits. Nevertheless I took it all pretty coolly, supposing I should soon be a gentleman at large.

Things were in this state when the escape of Napoleon Bonaparte from Elba came as a thunder clap upon Europe. I always cordially hated Bonaparte. I call myself a liberal in politics; and I considered him as the greatest foe to liberty—a selfish tyrant, who had done more to insult his species than any of the conquerors recorded in history; but above all, I looked upon him as the

sworn and implacable enemy of my country. This electric shock certainly did revive the almost extinguished embers of my military zeal, and I immediately withdrew my application to be placed on half-pay. But yet "*quantum mutatus ab illo!*" The first battalion of my regiment, at this moment, returned from America, and was forthwith ordered to join the army assembling in the Netherlands under the Duke of Wellington. The third battalion, to which I properly belonged, was on its way home for the same purpose. Now, had I been my former self, I would have moved heaven and earth to have joined the first battalion; but no, I was content to take my course of duty. The first battalion was in time for the battle of Waterloo, and this would have been a glorious winding-up of my military career.

The officers returned from America were loud in their complaints of the way in which the war had been carried on in that hemisphere. The veterans of the Duke's army, who had carried every thing before them in the Peninsula, were transplanted to the new world to have their laurels tarnished—not by superior prowess on the part of the enemy,

but by the incapacity of their leaders. They spoke with indignation of the retreat from Platsburgh, where they declared that, had they only been permitted to advance, the American lines would have been carried in half an hour, and our fleet on Lake Champlain have been saved.

The disaster at New Orleans, though not disgraceful to the British arms, was the most "bull by the horns" business that can well be imagined; and is another example of what I have stated in my Memoirs, that in general the Duke of Wellington's subordinates were tools, and nothing but tools. Of such was Sir Thomas Pakenham —a gallant officer as could be, and a good brigadier, but no general. It makes one's blood boil to think how our poor fellows were mowed down without the power of striking a blow.

But there is a fatality attending our operations with the Americans; and it would seem as if Providence, in punishment for our early injustice to our offspring, had decreed that in all our transatlantic wars fortune should favour the young republic. To be sure, whenever John Bull came fairly hand to hand with Jona-

than, the transplanted sapling could not stand against the old sturdy oak. Nor do I think the inhabitants of the United States ever will rival in stature, or hardiness of frame, the race from which they have sprung; for though the climate of North America agrees better with the European constitution than any yet known, yet the men grow up lathy and sallow, like a drawn-up plant, and the females are old women at thirty. In time, when they become more naturalized, these defects may wear off. But whether their frames differ more or less from ours, I hope the hearts of both nations may ever be united in the bonds of amity, to the advantage of both countries and of the world in general. For my part, I never feel any jealousy of Brother Jonathan; and, on the score of national vanity, if I am to be beaten at all, I would sooner be beaten by his than by any other hand, knowing that he is of our own flesh and blood.

CHAPTER II.

Sail for Ostend—Too late for Waterloo—Critical remarks on that battle—Qualifications of British soldiers—Waterloo medal.

SHORTLY after the battle of Waterloo the third battalion of my regiment arrived from America; and, without being allowed to land in England, was immediately ordered to Ostend. Here I joined it, having parted from my wife for the first time. We proceeded by canal to Ghent; where, having halted a few days, we commenced our route for Paris.

I regretted that we did not pass sufficiently near to view the field whereon the fate of Europe had just been decided; but as I promised in my Memoirs that I would make some remarks on this celebrated battle when I should have fulfilled my pilgrimage to the Marquis of Anglesea's Leg, and having since not only paid my devotions

at the sacred shrine, but actually seen and touched the boot which once encased the limb when in its full vigour and beauty, (an honour which I consider will henceforth entitle me to wear the green feather,) I shall take this opportunity of redeeming my pledge. But before I do so I shall give a short extract from my former work alluded to, in order to pave the way for my observations on the battle:—

"Some pretend that the Duke of Wellington was taken by surprise at the battle of Waterloo. This I deny. No doubt he was surprised to find Bonaparte come so suddenly on him and Blucher; but, in a military sense, he was not surprised,—that is, taken off his guard. His rendezvous, as I have already observed, is always so situated, with regard to his cantonments, that, at whatever point the enemy may penetrate, or however rapidly they may advance, his army can always be concentrated before any considerable portion of it can be attacked. It would have been so, in the instance alluded to, but that Blucher thought proper to take up a position in advance; the Duke was therefore compelled to

move up to his support. Had it not been for this he would doubtless have fallen back to some position in his rear, probably Waterloo.

"Was it because the Duke was in his silk stockings at a ball in Brussels at the time of Bonaparte's irruption, that he was taken by surprise?

"How completely in the end did he out-manœuvre Bonaparte, and how different was his generalship from that of Blucher! That honest, brave veteran, at the first intelligence of the advance of the French, threw himself directly across their path, and encountered almost the whole of their army. As might have been expected, he received a sound drubbing. This very error the Duke of Wellington turned into the principal means of defeating the French army. Blucher retires precipitately after his defeat, but in good order: Bonaparte detaches, of course, a considerable force in pursuit of him. The Duke retires also; and, on the morning of the 17th, sends word to Blucher, who, he was informed, had intended to concentrate at Wavre, that he purposed to offer the French

battle at Waterloo, and that the Prussians must march in the night of the 17th, or early on the morning of the 18th, to join him. Now Bonaparte could not possibly know that the Duke of Wellington intended to give him battle at Waterloo till the morning of the 18th, when he saw our army in position: he himself says he could hardly believe it then. Well, this being the case, he did not, and could not, send to Grouchy to join him till then. But Blucher, having been warned the preceding day of the Duke's intention to fight, put, or ought to have put, his army in motion to join the English, either on the night of the 17th, or early on the 18th, leaving a sufficient force to mask the movement, or to keep Grouchy in check for some time. Blucher must, therefore, have joined the Duke long before Grouchy could have joined Bonaparte. Nothing but a combination of untoward circumstances prevented the Prussians from coming up sooner. Blucher should not have allowed his army to have been detained by his artillery, which, from the heavy rain the preceding night, could hardly proceed, but should

have pushed on with his cavalry and light troops. Had he done so, the battle would have been decided at an early hour."

It was on the anniversary of the battle, about two years ago, that I set out from Brussels to view this far-famed field. The sun shone bright, and the heat was intense. Happily for the combatants on that day the solar rays were broken by intervening clouds, for the work was warm enough of itself.

From the moment of leaving Brussels I seemed to identify myself with the whole proceedings of that day. Every tree, house, or other object appeared to have an interest attached to it. I moved on with a breathless anxiety, which kept increasing as I approached the scene of action, till the great mound or pyramid, raised in honour of the victory, arrested my attention. This mass of earth, surmounted by a lion, has been formed by scraping off about ten or twelve feet of the soil from nearly half a mile's length of the British position, which it has completely defaced; for the inequality of the ground was so little, that a few

feet taken off from the surface has made a material difference in its appearance. A smaller pyramid of stone would, in my opinion, have had a better effect. If it was intended as a favourable spot from which to view the field, the object has failed; for when standing on such an eminence the inequalities of the ground are scarcely perceptible, and no defined position can be made out. The best spot from whence to view the position occupied by our army, is the small farm-house of La Belle Alliance, which stands immediately in the front of the centre of our line.

The position occupied by the allied army had no natural strength from the profile of the ground, but was extremely well taken up. The main line was in length about a mile, stretching east and west, its centre crossing the high road from Brussels to Namur, at right angles. The right wing was thrown back *en potence*, and extended about half a mile from the angle to nearly opposite the village of Braine-la-Leude. The whole occupied a range of heights of very trifling declivity, except on the right, where the ground was stronger. In

the rear the hills sloped off irregularly, so as to afford cover to the reserves, except from *ricochet* shot.

Opposite, and close to the centre, on the west side of the Brussels road, was the farm-house of La Haye Sainte. It stood on the slope of the hill, its northern side almost within pistol-shot of our position; and consisted of a quadrangle of buildings, with an extensive yard in the centre, having a small re-entering angle in its southern side, in which were two gates, one leading into a barn, and the other into the yard. The main entrance opened on the high road to Brussels. A garden or orchard covered its southern side, which it screened from the heights occupied by the enemy. The walls were loopholed, and the whole was put into as good a state of defence as the time would admit of, with one exception, of which I shall have to speak presently.

The chateau of Hugomont stood about a quarter of a mile in front of the angle formed by the retiring flank of our right. It consisted of a mass of irregular buildings of more extent than La Haye Sainte, having on its eastern side a large

walled garden or orchard, with another orchard beyond it extending in the same line. The whole front of the building was covered by a wood (which, however, no longer exists). This wood constituted the chief strength of the post, because it prevented its being seen and battered from the heights occupied by the enemy. Along the southern side of the garden-wall there ran, at the distance of about twenty yards, a thick hedge, which, masking the wall, added very considerably to its strength. The building, as well as the garden-walls, had been carefully loopholed, and a stage, or *banquette*, was raised along the latter so as to double the fire. There were two gates, one on the northern, and the other on the southern side. This was by far the most interesting spot in the field, for every thing remained nearly in the same state in which it was left after the action. I suppose the inhabitants find their account in leaving it *in statu quo*.

La Haye Sainte has been repaired, all but the gates by which the French forced an entrance, and these are completely riddled with musketry.

Excepting these two posts, the only attempts at

strengthening the position consisted in the construction of a battery *en barbette*, at the salient angle of the position opposite Hugomont, and here and there some breastworks along the line. There was, however, a small cross-road running the whole length of the position, which, being in general lower than the adjacent ground, afforded some shelter to our troops when lying down.

The strength of this position consisted,—first, in its angular shape, by which any part could be supported with facility from reserves in the rear of the centre; secondly, that it could not be turned on its right without a great extension, and a consequent weakening of the attacking force; thirdly, that it could not be turned on its left without the probability of the force, so employed, being placed between two fires by the advance of the Prussians; and, lastly, which is always an advantage to British troops, there was a smooth front to fight on.

The French army occupied a range of heights about half a mile in front of our position: at least their batteries were placed there; their troops, except when brought forward for action, being

under cover behind the ridge, or in hollow ways formed by the undulating surface of the country.

Having now described the position of the contending armies previous to the action, I shall proceed to offer a few critical remarks on this celebrated battle, and to communicate to the reader those reflections which occurred to me in going over the field, but without attempting a detailed account of the action; for I was neither present there myself, nor do I profess to be the historian of the war. A competent and eloquent pen has already undertaken this latter task; and, I trust, when it has completed its Peninsular labours, that it will take a northern flight to the plains of Waterloo.

I shall commence my remarks by making what some will think rather a startling assertion, namely, that the battle ought to have been lost to the allied army, and this from the most simple circumstance—the want of a communication between the post of La Haye Sainte and our position. This post, as is well known, was garrisoned by a part of the Hanoverian Legion. These troops defended it as long as their ammunition lasted; but

when that failed, the enemy forced the entrance next their own position, which was unprotected by the fire of our line, and bayoneted the garrison. But why were not the defenders supplied with ammunition, or why were they not reinforced? Simply, because there were no means of entering the post except under the fire of the enemy, which completely commanded the gate on the road-side. Two men with crow-bars would in half an hour have cut a hole through the wall next our position, large enough for every purpose. What our engineers were about I cannot imagine. This omission, trifling as it appears, was sufficient to have neutralized all the able movements of the Duke previous to the action, which I have already described in my Memoirs.

It was at this point that Napoleon directed his principal attacks during the early part of the day; for he knew that if he succeeded in forcing our centre, the defeat of our army would be so complete, as to prevent our deriving that advantage from the proximity of the Prussians, which, under any other mode of attack, must have resulted to us.

By the capture of La Haye Sainte our line was almost cut in two; and it is no wonder that Napoleon should then have despatched a courier to Paris to announce a victory, which nothing but the most extraordinary bravery and steadiness of the British, and the firmness of their General, could have prevented him from gaining. And here I cannot avoid remarking, that the conduct of the twenty-seventh regiment, which occupied the ground immediately behind La Haye Sainte, from which it suffered a murderous fire during the greater part of the day, has never had justice done it. This gallant regiment, in fact, lost more men, in proportion to its numbers, than any regiment engaged; and this in the most trying situation that troops can possibly be placed.

Great stress has been laid on the importance of the post of Hugomont; but it was not, in my opinion, of near so much consequence as that of La Haye Sainte, though when the latter was taken, it became an object of the utmost importance to maintain it, as it flanked the French columns in their advance to attack our line be-

tween it and La Haye Sainte. It was gallantly defended, as is well known, by the Guards, who, however, had the advantage of being supplied with troops and ammunition from the line. The guide who showed me round assured me, that, behind the hedge already alluded to, which screened the orchard-wall, the French dead lay in heaps. They advanced with confidence to the hedge, which they considered as the only obstacle they had to overcome; but no sooner had they attempted to penetrate it than they saw, within a few yards of them, a wall, from which a deadly and incessant fire was kept up. The orchard to the eastward they succeeded in occupying, but there they were again opposed by the retiring wall of the inclosure. Not a tree in the outer orchard but still bears marks of the fire of our troops.

In the early part of the day, after the capture of La Haye Sainte, the attacks of the enemy were chiefly made on Sir Thomas Picton's division, to the left of the high-road. Here many murderous encounters, both of horse and foot, took place. A hollow was pointed out to me where, in consequence of the muddy state of the ground, from

the preceding night's rain, a body of Cuirassiers actually stuck fast, and were slaughtered in heaps. This portion of the French cavalry certainly behaved nobly, and so did our Life-Guards and heavies. But towards the latter part of the day, I presume our cavalry must have been drawn off to rest themselves, for the Cuirassiers frequently crowned the crest of our position, forcing our infantry to form squares for their protection. Our guns were left standing in the intervals, the artillery-men taking refuge in the squares; from which, as soon as the French cavalry had retired, they issued, loaded their guns, and gave them a round or two in their backs. This having been frequently repeated, at the last time of their retreat a French officer remained behind, threatening defiance to the artillery who were running back to their guns to have a parting shot at his comrades. *Poor fellow!* he fell by an ignoble bullet: I could not have had the heart to have shot him.

In some accounts of the battle it is said, that the Duke frequently looked at his watch, and then anxiously in the direction of his left wing, in expectation of seeing the Prussians. No wonder,

indeed! for having on the previous morning apprised Blucher of his intention to give battle at Waterloo, he had every reason to expect them early in the day. Not so Napoleon, who, whatever he may have pretended, could not possibly expect Grouchy on the field, as I have already explained, I think, to the satisfaction of all persons.

During the crisis of the battle, when our men were falling in numbers, I have been told that a general officer of some eminence, who was at the Duke's elbow, kept saying it was impossible we could hold our ground for half an hour longer; till at length the Duke, losing all patience, turned sharply round and said, "Do you think it will take only half an hour to kill all these fellows?" I cannot answer for the fact; but it is characteristic, and I believe it. It showed the firm resolve of a brave and determined soul; and it showed the just confidence he had in the stamina of his troops.

I stood on the spot which Napoleon occupied when he harangued his guard on their advance to the last attack, which was so nobly repulsed by our Guards; and I said to myself, why did he not

put himself at the head of this column instead of deputing the gallant and devoted Ney? But it was in character with the man who deserted his army in Egypt and in Russia. Some have pretended to say that if the Prussians had not come up, our army would have been defeated. This I deny. I say the French were repulsed at all points before a shot was fired by the Prussians; and the last attack by Napoleon's guard was but a desperate and expiring effort. Doubtless the victory would not have been complete without the assistance of the Prussians, and the French might have maintained their position for that night; but still the battle was gained by the Duke of Wellington's army, and he was quite justified in refusing to have it distinguished by the appellation of La Belle Alliance instead of Waterloo.

Although we islanders have been satisfied from our infancy that one Englishman is equal to two Frenchmen, foreigners, who are not convinced of the fact by such early impressions, may, and no doubt do often, ask (themselves at least, if not others) how it is that the English soldier beats all the world? The true reason is, that he combines

the principles of both *attack* and *defence*. If in position, he does not await the shock of his enemy; but when the latter arrives within distance, he instinctively pounces upon him with a strength and velocity, which his astonished opponent, out of breath perhaps, and weakened by the steady fire of the British ranks, has not the power to withstand. Another reason for the superiority of the British infantry is their mode of attack in line, which, *I believe*, is peculiar to our army. I know of no other that has adopted it. Since the invention of gunpowder the formation in column has lost its chief power. It is peculiarly exposed to the effect of artillery, and, when opposed to a line, it cannot possibly return a fire by any means equal to that which is directed against it. It is besides wholly dependent on the few men which compose its front; and if these turn tail, it is all over with the column. The Duke of Wellington's mode of resisting these attacks was this:—he doubled up the battalion in their front, placed one on each flank; and then, when the fire from the artillery and the line had produced its effect, he charged the column simultaneously in front and

flank. This manœuvre has invariably proved successful.

In ordinary cases the assailants have the advantage in the open field; first, because they are generally able to bring to bear on one point a larger force than the defendants have to oppose it; and next, because the circumstance of their being the attacking force gives them confidence, and *vice versâ*. But on the British system of defence the superiority of force is more than compensated by the advantage of ground, by the fire of well-placed batteries, as well as of the line itself, the freshness of the defenders, and the exhausted state of the assailants: while confidence, as long as he is well commanded, is never wanting to the British soldier. The greater part of our victories from Crecy downwards have been achieved when acting on the defensive; when on the offensive, more depends on the skill of the General.

And here I may remark that courage and activity, unless combined, are of little avail in military matters. Activity without courage will only make a man run away the faster; and courage

cannot be brought properly to bear without activity. The two qualities are to each other as weight and velocity in mechanics.

But, after all, confidence is the soul of battle. That body which possesses the most confidence on coming to the charge will be successful. In the whole course of my military career I never saw two bodies of any size cross bayonets. I have heard that such a thing occurred at the battle of *Maida*; but it will require stronger evidence than I have yet seen to make me believe it. Before such a collision takes place, one side always gives way: and I hold it as a maxim in warfare that, if one body will only stand still, another of equal size will not come up to it. Any one who has seen a charge by the best troops will be convinced of this fact. Before the assailing body arrives within twenty paces of their enemy it will be found to be divided into three parts: the first composed of your rash dare-devil fellows who outstrip their companions; the next, of your steady hands, who will do their duty and no more; and the last, of those who would stay behind if they

could. They are, in fact, something like a pack of hounds in full cry. The foremost dogs do as much mischief by overrunning the scent as the hindmost by lagging. Fear is the most powerful of human passions, and is more evinced than the world generally supposes. We hear of armies and corps "covering themselves with glory;" but we seldom hear of their covering themselves from the fire of the enemy. Yet doubtless any man, who has seen much service, has observed more of fear than of courage: witness the difficulty often experienced in getting men from under cover into an exposed situation. What stooping, and bobbing, and running back! Indeed I have seen a great deal more to make me ashamed of my species than proud of it. Individuals may be found certainly in whom fear seems scarcely to exist; but in bodies it is always very apparent. It is not, however, your harebrained fellow who is the most courageous. I have observed that those who have the least thought of danger generally display the most fear when the danger comes upon them. That man is the best prepared to do his duty who

has given the subject the most thought: and I myself have found that the actual presence of danger was less distressing than the anticipation of it.

Another result of my observations is that bravery and talent do not often go together. If good sense be joined to timidity, a man will often be enabled to do his duty respectably; and a strong sense of honour may also have the same effect on a timid person. When you see a genuine coward, you may be sure he wants either sense or shame; so that poltroons are generally great fools, or most impudent fellows; but mostly the latter. It is this which brings upon them the scorn of mankind. Were they modest, their natural defect would entitle them to pity rather than to reproach. When courage and abilities combine, then a hero is formed.

In like manner when talent and principle are found together, (which is rare,) a great and virtuous character is formed. As talent therefore is too often without principle, it is well for the world that the former is not often found associated with courage, otherwise mankind would be more frequently exposed to those

scourges of their race (by courtesy yclept great) who are, for the most part, remarkable for the combination of courage, talent, and want of principle.

Nor are personal and moral courage very frequently combined. Your *sabreur*, who will face any man, often wants the courage and determination to encounter difficulties, and is frequently what is termed a weak man. The French describe two kinds of Generals by the names of General *Allez* and General *Allons*. Now I like to see these two combined; but in a General, if any thing, the *allez* should preponderate. Your man of great personal courage is too often a croaker, and in reverses is too much disposed to despair.

Had I the command of a British army, I would never shut it up in intrenchments. Of course I would put into a state of defence all villages, houses, &c. which lay within my position, as so many points of *appui;* and at certain distances redoubts may be advantageously thrown up, chiefly for the purpose of sheltering the artillery. These, however, should be only palisaded in the

rear, so that, if captured, they would be of no use to the enemy; nor have I any objection to breast-works, not for a defence, but to shelter the troops till required to charge. But by all means, with British troops, there should be a clear front to fight on. When intrenchments are resorted to, as in the case when a long line is to be defended, such as at Torres Vedras, the works should be so constructed as to be safe from a *coup-de-main;* and, although so planned as to contribute to their mutual defence, should, in other respects, be independent of each other: for the main defect of a continued intrenchment is, that if one point is forced, the whole is lost.

Some critics have pretended to find fault with the Duke of Wellington for giving battle at Waterloo with a wood in his rear; but, when the nature of that wood is considered, the objection falls to the ground. The forest of Soigné is composed of trees without underwood, in which troops can move with facility. Out of such a wood it would be impossible to drive a resolute army, while nothing can be more easy than a retreat through it. The

Duke might have placed his cavalry and artillery on the high road, and flanked them by his columns of infantry; and the enemy could not have pursued on the road without being exposed to attack on both flanks.

What adds greatly to the merit of the commander in this battle is, that his army was composed of the troops of various nations which had never acted together, while many of the British battalions had never seen a shot fired. I have been told that the Duke was heard to say, that with his old Peninsular army he would have beaten the French in half the time; and this I verily believe might have been the case, for, with such an army as he had, he could not attempt to manœuvre. However his proper game was to act on the defensive; for if he had forced the enemy to retreat before the arrival of the Prussians, the victory would not have been half so complete as it was.

This brings me to the subject of the Waterloo medal. Without meaning to detract from the glory of that gallant army, which

in one day effected the liberation of Europe, I say that it was an invidious act to confer any marks of distinction on the individuals composing it, without extending the same to the old Peninsular soldiers, who bore the brunt of a long and fatiguing war, in the course of which they gained many and splendid victories without having suffered a defeat, and who, by raising the fame of the British arms, paved the way for the final triumph at Waterloo. Many an old campaigner, covered with wounds, now goes ribandless and unnoticed, while his more fortunate fellow-soldier, who, perhaps, never saw a shot fired before or since that one occasion, struts about with his Waterloo medal!

CHAPTER III.

March to Paris—Position of Jemappes—Difference between slaves and freemen as soldiers—Enthusiasm of the French revolutionary armies—Prussians after the battle of Waterloo—Cambray—Tomb of Fenelon—Party *en voiture* to Paris—Indignation of the Prussians at being disappointed in their vows of vengeance—Arrival in Paris—Remarks on the same—The Louvre—Allied troops—English visiters—Louis le Désiré—His situation—Cab-driver—Encampment at Neuilly—Review of the English army—Appearance of the allied troops—Blucher—Foreign bands—Cossacks in the Champs Elysées—Clearing out of the Louvre—Taking down the brazen horses—Female aëronaut—Theatres—Henri Quatre—An American dictionary—Waterworks at Versailles—English women—Effect of languages on personal beauty—Execution of Labedoyere—Remarks on the death of Marshal Ney.

After this long digression I will return to my regiment, which I left *en route* for Paris. Near Mons we halted at the village of Jemappes for a day. I did not lose the opportunity of viewing the scene of this memorable battle. The position consisted of an isolated *plateau* of no great extent, but of considerable height and precipitous sides, and is so strong that it is wonderful how the

Austrians allowed themselves to be beaten out of it, and that by a comparatively undisciplined rabble. The fact is, that the *Sans-Culottes* of Dumourier either were, or fancied themselves to be, fighting for liberty; and that is a motive sufficient to animate men to the performance of wonders. To fight well, one must have a feeling in the cause. In this lies the chief advantage which freemen have over slaves. Discipline, no doubt, may, and often has, more than compensated for this individual advantage; but the members of free states always have, and always will, fight better than the subjects of despotic governments —witness the contests between Greece and the Persian empire, and in modern times between Switzerland and its oppressors, between the united provinces of Holland and Spain, and the war of independence in America. In the civil wars of England, the Roundheads, whatever their faults may have been, felt more strongly in the cause which they supported than the Cavaliers, and were consequently victorious. What has since made the armies of revolutionary France so formidable, but the strong feeling they had in the cause? And,

though they enjoyed any thing but liberty under Napoleon, they were pleased to consider him as the offspring of their revolution, and fought well in his service. Under their kings the French were not considered such good troops as many of their continental neighbours. No doubt a feeling of attachment towards a king or a chief may so operate on the minds of soldiers, as to make them combat with more than ordinary courage and zeal; yet this feeling, strong as it may be, cannot be put in competition with the spirit of freemen, who, from the state in which they have lived, have acquired a manliness of character and a self-confidence requiring no adventitious circumstances to stimulate them to action. I despise your mere dog-like fidelity—it is beneath the dignity of man.

Napoleon, when he assumed the reins of France, found it a nation of soldiers; therefore suited to his purpose. The love of glory was the only noble quality that remained to them. To use their own words, "the national honour had taken refuge in the camp." It was his object to keep it there. They were in a fever of conquest; and to keep the

flame alive, by supplying it with fuel, was both his interest and his pleasure. He knew that a usurper must always be *à-cheval.* How, then, could the dull automata of Germany, or the boors of Russia, although possessed of more physical courage than their southern neighbours, be expected to stand against a people, whose feelings and whose energies were all concentrated in one object—that of national glory, and who were directed by such a leader? A nation of freemen could alone resist them: and this honour was reserved for the sons of Britain.

On the road to Paris we did not pass through any town of consequence, and the country generally was uninteresting. At our billets we found the people quite worn out with the succession of troops of different descriptions and nations. They complained loudly of the treatment they had received from the Prussians. The landlord of one of the houses in which I was billeted assured me, with tears in his eyes, that, not many days before, a large party of Prussian officers had sat down in his house to a dinner provided at his expense; that they tasted the wine as it was brought

in, and, if it did not please them, the bottles were chucked out of the window, and more called for; and so on till they were suited to their taste. In this manner his cellar was completely emptied. This was, however, only receiving a few of the blessings of war in return for what they had conferred on other countries. They were but too happy in getting off so well: I told him he was fortunate in not having been sent after his bottles.

When near Cambray I did not fail to make a digression to visit the shrine of the truly Christian Bishop of Cambray. It consists, if I recollect rightly, of a full-length figure of the prelate, beautifully executed. Had the catholic priesthood been in general like the good and pious Fenelon, there would have been no need of a Luther. As I contemplated his benignant countenance, as expressed on the marble, I almost forgave him all the rubs I endured over his Telemachus in the mistaken days of juvenile coercion.

When we arrived within a few marches of the capital, being desirous of proceeding without delay,

I joined a party of Prussian officers in a *voiture* for Paris. Of course I had a good deal of conversation with them on the late campaign. They spoke with indignation of the Duke of Wellington's having interfered to stop Blucher in his plans for humbling the French, by serving their capital, as they had done that of every nation they had conquered. Every monument of French glory, said they, should have been levelled with the ground, not forgetting the *Pont de Jena;* and the Museum should have been stripped of its contents, to ornament the capitals of the allied nations. When I remonstrated, they silenced me by saying, "Oh, it is very fine for you to talk thus; but you never had these fellows in your country!" This was the *argumentum ad hominem*— it was unanswerable!

I arrived in Paris about the beginning of August. As I am not going to give a description of that capital, I shall confine myself to the appearance it presented at this period, when occupied by the allied forces.

As a city, of which one has heard so much, I was disappointed in it. It has not a public build-

ing to be compared to our Somerset House, nor a church that is equal in beauty to our St. Martin's. The Boulevards are certainly the main and distinguishing ornament of Paris.

The grand receptacle for stolen goods, the Louvre, was at that time in the zenith of its splendour. None of the plunder of conquered nations had yet been restored. There the far-famed Venus attracted her crowds of admirers of all nations. There the Apollo, with all the majesty of a god, received the homage of successive numbers. There Laocoon with his children, writhing in the folds of the giant serpent, was still, in the words of Virgil, *magnâ comitante catervâ*. There, in a noble saloon worthy of such guests, were met, probably for the last time, the *chef-d'œuvres* of the pictorial art. It was quite cloying to the senses to view so many beauties at once. To see them to advantage and without fatigue, I never took above a few pictures at a time for my daily study.

It was curious to see our soldiers, with wondering eyes and gaping mouths, parading the length of this superb gallery—a thing so unusual

in their own country, where, with all our boasted liberty, the comfort or pleasure of the lower classes is less consulted than in any country I know. The fact is, that in pure monarchies it is the interest of the sovereign to keep the people in good humour. Not so in a country ruled by the aristocracy, as England has been for a long period. The aim of this body has been to preserve its influence by means of a subservient Parliament, and the mass of the people were only thought of as the means of contributing to their luxury. But happily by the Reform Bill, *on a changé tout cela;* and henceforth the people, on whom this power now lies, will take care of themselves. Nothing certainly tends more to humanise a people, than familiarising them with all that is excellent in the arts; and while we endeavour to store their minds with instruction, we should not neglect to improve their tastes.

Paris was at this time full to repletion; and the presence of so many crowned heads, and of persons who had distinguished themselves in some way or other in the eventful drama, of which Europe had been the theatre, could not fail to give a

peculiar interest to this memorable occasion. The scene was moreover both novel and gay. It wanted certainly the tasty equipages that fill the streets of London; but, for variety of costume, splendid uniforms, and all the paraphernalia of war, it would be difficult to produce a parallel. There was the wild, bearded cossack, and his still wilder horse; the square-built Russian boor, the heavy Austrian, the dark Bohemian, the fierce Hungarian hussar, the coxcombical Prussian, with powter-pigeon chest, and sandy mustachios,—all clad in dresses more various than their physiognomies. But, amidst all this splendid display of martial figures, the British soldier appeared conspicuous, not so much for his martial bearing, as for the modesty of his carriage and demeanour.

While the whole of the British army lay within the precincts of Paris, the guards alone of the allied sovereigns were there; the remainder of their troops being quartered at some distance, observing the French army, which, by the convention of Paris, had retired behind the Loire. As, therefore, there was no attempt at thrusting forward our most showy troops, the British army

did not appear to advantage. Besides, our army was at that time disfigured by that paltry and inconvenient cap which preceded the present *shacót*.

The command of Paris had, very properly, been confided to the Duke of Wellington, who established a regular military police throughout the capital. To every *arrondissement* a field-officer was appointed, who, in conjunction with the mayor, was responsible for the peace of his district. The inhabitants seemed to put as good a face upon it as could have been expected. No doubt the immense influx of strangers, most of them with plenty of money, must have been a source of great gain to the shop and tavern keepers, and such like, serving as an antidote to the wounds inflicted on the national vanity. There were no attempts at disturbance that I could perceive, except occasionally a *rencontre* in the *Palais Royal* between some French officers, *en bourgeois*, and those of the allied army. The British were seldom insulted.

John Bull was, of course, not long in crossing the Channel to witness this splendid scene; so all

the lodgings and hotels were full to overflow. Groups of English families, with their smooth faces, were to be seen at every point, forming strong contrasts to the more marked features of their continental neighbours. But in point of garb, the difference was not so great as it was on the first abdication of Napoleon, when, from a long cessation of communication, the English and French in particular had become to each other the very antipodes in fashion. This contrast formed the subject of numerous caricatures, which still filled the windows of the print-shops. There Mr. and Mrs. Bull, followed by a long train of sons and daughters, like Noah and his family issuing from the ark, with slouching gait and vacant look,—the men dressed in long-waisted coats, and the women in little cottage-bonnets,—were to be seen encountering a party of Parisian exquisites, differing as much from them in appearance, as if they had just dropped from another world. The Russians too came in for their share of Parisian wit. But what struck me as most extraordinary in the print-shops, was the number of copies of a funereal design in honour of the old

French guard, which, as was reported, had allowed itself to be cut to pieces, rather than surrender after the Battle of Waterloo. The inscription recorded the words of the officer who came forward to answer the summons of the surrounding troops: —

"La vieille garde meurt, mais ne se rend pas."

More fools they! I say. What good could they do by dying? There was nothing Spartan in the act. There was no pass of Thermopylæ to defend. But this is quite of a piece with the general character of the French: they prefer the showy to the sterling.

Old Louis (*Le Désiré,* as he was called by the few, and *Le Gros Cochon* by the many,) had returned to his capital in the wake of the allies; and every day at a certain hour he was to be seen bumped about on the *pavé,* in a carriage driven, according to the old regime, by postilions in cocked-hats, to give him an appetite for dinner. I did not observe that any notice was taken of him, except by foreigners and a few gouty returned *emigrés* like himself. In fact, he seemed as much a stranger

among his subjects, as a humble bee would be in a wasp's nest, surrounded by a body-guard of hornets. Nothing could prove more the national aversion to their old race of kings, than the readiness with which the people submitted to Napoleon on his return from Elba, notwithstanding all the evils he had brought on France, and the further sacrifices which his presence would inevitably entail on them. This, however, can very naturally be accounted for. Louis XVIII. came not back like the Stuarts, at the spontaneous call of the nation; nor was he restored by the re-ascendency of a party; but he was forced upon them by foreign bayonets. Napoleon, on the contrary, when he returned from Elba, threw himself at once into the arms of the people; thus acknowledging himself the monarch of their own creation. He stood forth as the personification of French glory, and in his person they worshipped their own image.

I had not been many days in Paris before my regiment arrived. It was encamped, with some others recently arrived, near St. Denis. I took a cabriolet and went out to join it. The driver

proved to be an old soldier of the *chasseurs à cheval de la garde* (every one belongs to the *garde*). By his own account he had been present at the battle of Waterloo, where, of course, he performed wonders. The horse which he was driving had been his *camarade* on the occasion; and as *sauve qui peut* was the order of the day, he thought he could not do better than cut the concern and set up for himself; so, making a *détour* to keep clear of his former comrades, he betook himself to Paris, shaved his mustachios, equipped himself *en bourgeois*, procured by some means or other a cabriolet, and there he was driving his old charger before him. I was amused with the fellow's story, and encouraged his loquacity. He had encountered in the battle two of our *garde de corps—des fiers coquins!* and had a great deal of difficulty in dispatching them. One was a desperate strong fellow, and held him a severe tug! The coolness with which a Frenchman tells these kinds of lies is astonishing to us. The truth is, that, in their intercourse with each other, they expect to be believed under the tacit agreement of a like return.

The Duke of Wellington came out to inspect us

at St. Denis. When he arrived opposite to our battalion, which he had well known in the Peninsula, and which had particularly distinguished itself at the battle of the Pyrennees, he saluted us in the words, "Brave fellows! glad to see you!"

We joined the division of our army to which our first battalion belonged, and found it encamped in the gardens of the *chateau de Neuilly*, which, under Bonaparte, had belonged to the Murat family, and under the Bourbons to the Duke of Orleans. The grounds had been tastefully laid out in the English style; but, as may be supposed, did not long retain their beauty. The trees were cut down to supply us with fire-wood, and the shrubs to make huts.

The greater part of our army was in the *Bois de Boulogne*, the sylvan glories of which were not much improved by the camp-kettles of our soldiers. But this was *à la mode de guerre;* and the French were the last people that ought to complain of it.

As a proper precaution against any sudden ebullition of feeling on the part of the Parisians

piquets were thrown out every night between our camp and the city, the same as if in the presence of a hostile army.

While I remained with the army, it was several times reviewed by the Duke of Wellington. On one occasion, when all the crowned heads were present, he gave them a fac-simile of the battle of Salamanca, on the plains of St. Denis, making the heights of *Montmartre* do duty as the Aripilles. The advance of our divisions in line astonished the foreigners. More than once I observed the Emperor Alexander ride close up to our ranks, and, stooping down, look into the men's faces, as if he were saying to himself, "I should like to know what makes these fellows beat all the world!"

The appearance of Alexander is familiar to the English from his visit in 1814. That of his successor Nicholas is not so, I believe. He was a very tall, handsome man, superior in appearance to his brother, and considerably younger. Francis of Austria was a prim, sedate, middle-aged man, of unassuming exterior, and plain manners. The King of Prussia was a tall, grave-looking, but handsome man, about forty. I frequently saw

him riding about *en bourgeois*, with a single groom behind him. Upon the whole, the specimen of crowned heads assembled here was rather favourable than otherwise. It is not always that God's anointed are gifted with beauty either of mind or person.

There might have been also some secondary planets at Paris on this occasion; but I do not recollect them. There were many military stars of the first magnitude, (constellations they might be called, for they themselves were covered with stars,) to particularize which would be tedious. Blucher, the true *ursa major*, whose hug was no trifle, I well remember at a grand ball given by the Duke of Wellington. He entered in the middle of the entertainment, having come post from the army of observation which he commanded; and walking straight up to the Duke, he accosted him, as he stretched out his hand, with the familiar salutation of "*Bon soir, camarade!*" He was truly a game old cock, and justly a favourite with the English.

There were, of course, several reviews of allied troops. The only one at which I was present was

that of the King of Prussia's guards; when an attempt was made to imitate the English advance in line; but it was only an attempt. To perform this manœuvre with steadiness requires a great deal of practice. They were fine-looking troops, and appeared in excellent order; but I had afterwards an opportunity of seeing some of their regiments of the line as they passed through Paris; and they were much inferior in stature to the general run of our men.

Each of the potentates had a magnificent band, which played every morning before their doors. It was a delightful treat to listen to them: they were of great strength, and every performer, as I was told, was a professor of music.

The Cossacks of the Emperor of Russia's guard occupied the *Champs Elysées*, and had their horses tied to the trees, the bark of which they had quite stripped off. The allied troops in general were all comfortably housed. The Prussians had erected temporary barracks in the gardens of the Luxembourg Palace: but the British were all under canvass—what the Duke's object was in this I cannot imagine. Towards the latter part of my sojourn

near Paris we began to call out for more comfortable quarters.

During my stay, the Duke of Wellington's "moral lesson" began to be put in practice, to the great annoyance of the French; and workmen were employed in taking down and packing the pictures and statues, preparatory to their being returned to their owners. The inhabitants used to come in numbers to the Louvre, *sacré*ing and *pesti*ng as they saw the work of restoration in progress; so that it became necessary to double the guards. Presumptuous wretches! to suppose that, after having been twice conquered, they were not to disgorge their plunder! They ought to have considered themselves fortunate that no retaliation was resorted to.

Foremost among the trophies of the French arms stood, on the triumphal arch in the *Place du Carousal,* the famous brazen horses, said to be the work of Lysippus, and brought from Constantinople to be the ornament of St. Mark's at Venice. To remove these was a task of some difficulty; and it was intrusted to our staff corps. The job was to be done during the night, in order to spare the

feelings of the old king, as it was just before his windows. I happened to be breakfasting with the Duke when the commanding-officer of the working party came to report that the French guard at the Tuilleries had charged his men and driven them off. The Duke laughed heartily at the circumstance ; but said that he would fill the square with troops, and take the horses down before their faces. Accordingly, the next day the square was lined with Austrian troops, and the work of lowering the horses and the French pride at the same time was commenced and duly executed amidst the groans and hisses of the assembled citizens.

One evening when I was strolling along the banks of the Seine near the beautiful *Pont de Neuilly*, I observed, at no great distance in the air, what at first appeared to me a most extraordinary phenomenon ; but on looking more attentively I saw that it was a human form descending by a *parachute*. The velocity with which it approached the ground was not dangerously rapid, but it kept oscillating like a pendulum. I hastened to the spot where I thought it would descend, and was just in time, along with some other officers, to

receive in our arms a very pretty young woman. We soon extricated her from her trappings; and, though a good deal flurried, she appeared to have suffered only from a few slight bruises by striking against a tree in her descent. This happened close to our camp; so, after shewing her every possible attention, we procured a cabriolet, and sent her back to Paris, *parachute* and all. I forget what her name was. She had ascended in a balloon from some part of the city, and had adopted this means of descent.

The French take these things very coolly. If such a circumstance had happened in England, the papers, from one end of the kingdom to the other, would have been full of it. In fact, at every public evening in the Tivoli Gardens a man used to ascend in a balloon for the entertainment of the company; but what became of him afterwards no one seemed to know or care.

Where there were so many idlers, the theatres were of course objects of attraction, and they must have had a fine harvest of it. Here our ears were fairly tired with the eternal *Henri Quatre*, the God-Save-the-King of the Bourbons. One of our

officers, who had taken a fancy to this tune, asked me, one day when I was going into town, to buy him the air of Henry Carter. "Henry Carter!" said I; "what do you mean? They don't sell English music here."—"It is not an English air," he replied; "it is what they are always playing at the theatres." The man meant *Henri Quatre!*

This same sapient youth, when the regiment was about to embark from Bourdeaux for America, having, as he said, during the Peninsular war experienced the inconvenience of not knowing the language of the country, and being determined to take advantage of the leisure afforded by the voyage, so that he might not suffer from a like deficiency in future, actually went about the town trying to buy an American dictionary!

One Sunday afternoon, the waterworks of Versailles were let loose for the first time since the Revolution, and all Paris set out to see them, for it was a novelty to most of its inhabitants. Of course I went with the crowd; every vehicle and every beast of burthen were in requisition for the occasion, and the whole road was like a fair. The English four-in-hand was not wanting to

grace the scene; and Russian drotschkas, drawn by three horses abreast, and driven by bearded coachmen, were numerous, for every Russian officer of any rank is attended on service by his equipage.

The immense Palace of Versailles, that monument of the extravagance of the *Grand Monarque* rather than of his taste, has few pretensions to architectural excellence. The town itself is handsome, but has a cold and desolate appearance: it might have been otherwise, had the whole been tenanted by a magnificent and brilliant court. The gardens have been admired and abused according to the tastes of the visiters. To appear to advantage, the long alleys and the broad terraces should have been occupied by crowds of courtiers in hoops and fardingals, *chapeaux-bras*, bag-wigs, and swords: as for the *Grandes Eaux*, I was certainly much disappointed in them; to use a French phrase—*Le jeu ne valoit pas la chandelle*. The designs and execution of the groups of figures of which the fountains were composed were certainly fine; but when they came to play, the effect was by no means striking. What takes away

from the grandeur of this seat of royalty is the want of a good view from the windows, and the generally uninteresting country in which it is situated.

I scarcely ever saw such a crowd as was collected in the gardens; and the rush to get a sight of the great fountain of Neptune was excessive. Nearly opposite to the centre of this group there stood, on a sloping bank, as if placed there on purpose to be viewed, an Englishwoman, who surpassed in beauty any person I had ever seen before or since. Neptune, his sea-horses, and his tritons, spouting their volumes of water into the air, were almost unheeded, while all eyes were turned on this beautiful work of nature, who, to add to her charms, seemed unconscious of the admiration she excited. I could not learn who or what she was.

Certainly our fair countrywomen do bear away the palm of beauty. Much of this depends on our climate; something on our simple diet; but more, I think, on our language, which requires less movement of the muscles of the face than that of any other European nation. The French, in par-

ticular, from the pronunciation of their language, have, after a certain age, the lines about the mouth very strongly defined, which certainly does not add to their beauty. The gesticulation of the English is also much less than that of foreigners; but whether this arises from the copiousness of our language, which needs no accessories to convey the meaning of the speaker, or from the phlegmatic character of the people, is more than I can pretend to say. This, however, I have observed, that after having been long accustomed to the faces of Englishwomen, the features of the French appear hard; and, *vice versâ*, when in the habit of seeing French countenances, those of my countrywomen appear insipid.

While I was in Paris the unfortunate Labedoyere was shot: the justice of the sentence could not be questioned. He had staked his life on the success of the cause he espoused; and if fortune turned against him, he had no more reason to complain than the gamester who risks his all on the cast of a die. Not so with the gallant Ney, who afterwards suffered. His was not a deli-

berate act of treachery; for when he left Louis, professing to bring back Napoleon a prisoner, he was doubtless sincere in his loyalty: but he was wanting in moral courage; and when he found himself in the presence of his old master, and that the troops could not be depended on, he yielded in an evil hour to his old predilections, and forgot his recent pledges. That his sentence was just cannot be doubted; but every soldier, of whatever country he might be, felt an interest in the fate of the "bravest of the brave;" and, though I am not among those who hold that his life was guaranteed by the Convention of Paris, yet I think it would in no degree have derogated from the honour of the Duke of Wellington to have interposed to shield him from Bourbon vengeance. Had Bonaparte been in his place, I would not have held up a finger to save him. But perhaps had the choice been given him, Ney would not have lived, for death wiped off the only stain upon his honour.

CHAPTER IV.

Return to England—Author doffs the harness and takes leave of his military friends—Remarks on the British army—Comparison of infantry and cavalry—Butterfly regiments—Intemperance of British soldiers—Remarks on corporal punishment—The author's opinion of war.

About the end of September I obtained leave of absence to return to England, with the intention of taking out my wife, in case my regiment should form a part of the army of occupation. I proceeded through Rouen to Dieppe, crossed the Channel to Brighton, and reached home safe after a bloodless campaign.

I had not been long in England before the arrangements regarding the army of occupation were promulgated, and I found that my battalion was to return home immediately to be disbanded. In a short time, therefore, I found myself on half-pay, and a gentleman at large.

But before I retire behind the scenes to doff the harness, and to habit myself *en bourgeois*, allow me to say a few words at parting to my old fellow-players in the military drama.

Twenty years, my friends, have now elapsed since I took my leave of you; but this length of time has in no degree diminished the respect and attachment I had to the cloth. Youth is unquestionably the season for forming friendships; and if those ties have been formed amidst scenes of difficulty and danger, they become associated with recollections which render them doubly strong and doubly dear. Such then being the feeling which I cherish towards you, my old companions in arms, it cannot be expected that, even while fulfilling my earnest desire of retirement, the change should not be accompanied by some degree of melancholy. But enough of sentiment. I have been well quizzed by some reviewers for my former attempts at it, so I suppose I have no turn that way.

With respect to the British army, I have already expressed myself pretty fully, but my remarks have more particularly applied to the

infantry. As, however, on a former occasion, I gave it as my opinion that the British cavalry was inferior to the infantry, stating at the same time that I should take some future opportunity of giving what I conceive to be the cause of this inferiority, I shall not now shrink from the consideration of the question, although my former remarks, slight as they were, have subjected me, as an author, to the severe animadversions of the gentlemen in mustachios.

I think it will hardly be denied that the instances in which our cavalry have prevailed over that of the French, bear no proportion to the successes of our infantry over their opponents of the same arm. To what is this owing? I say at once, to the officers. The officers of the British cavalry in general are unfit for their situations. They are mostly either men of property, or of too high a grade in society, and go into the army more for the sake of the show, than to do their duty. They cannot therefore know much of their profession: they know nothing of their men, and their men

know little of them: they are effeminate in their habits, and weak in their constitutions. Their regiments are to them a secondary object: they leave them whenever they can, throwing all the duty on a few old stagers, who are content to do the *dirty work*, as it is called, for the honour of a shake of the hand in St. James's-street, or an occasional invitation to the seat of the noble father during the shooting season.

It is a well-known fact that the best officers our cavalry ever had have come from the infantry. What stronger proof can there be than this of the inefficiency of their own officers? and yet, were they only taken from a proper class, this very power of exchanging between the two services would be the worst thing possible for the cavalry; for to make a good dragoon it requires that a man should be initiated into the profession early in life. The best cavalry-officers I know are those of the East India Company's service; and there no exchange is allowed with the infantry. To make a good cavalry-officer demands many qualifications besides those required in an infantry officer. He should be a good horseman, and a good swords-

man; and his character for intrepidity should be such as to secure him the confidence of his men, for in action the squadron officer is always in front. There is no need for him to be a professed *sabreur*, but he should be both able and willing to lead the way. It is surprising what effect the example of a dashing commander of a regiment or a squadron has on his men. If he have the reputation of being a little mad, so much the better. Give me such cavalry-officers as Sir Colquhoun Grant,—Col. Brotherton, formerly of the gallant Fourteenth,—and Major Wyndham, of the Greys.

Against the men I have nothing to say: they are among the finest-looking in our army, and would be all that is desired with good officers.

The horses too are now excellent (though at one time during the war some of our Hussar regiments were mounted on animals too nearly approaching to the cat-tribe); but they are not broken sufficiently on their haunches for single combat. For hard service no horses can be better adapted than ours, from the hardy manner in which they have been reared as colts; but subsequently they are

rendered much too tender by being kept in warm stables. One thing has perfectly disgusted me; that is, seeing the officers of our Life-Guards frequently mounted on slight blood horses of all colours, along side of those noble black chargers on which the men were mounted. It would seem as if they wished to distinguish themselves by appearing contemptible. On service, what a figure would they cut! Surely they might find horses, who, to strength and size, would add the necessary activity, without having recourse to animals, who, if it came to a charge, would be shot out of the ranks like a bean from a pod.

I am sorry to say that I think this complaint against our cavalry-officers bids fair soon to be applicable to those of our army generally. This perhaps, in a country governed, as ours has been, by patronage, is the necessary consequence of a long state of peace, during which interest and money prevail over service and merit. When persons such as I have described enter the service, they are not only inefficient themselves, but they do mischief by their example among other young men, who, trying to vie with their superiors in for-

tune, often get into difficulties injurious to their characters as gentlemen and as officers. I have no objection to give these butterfly soldiers a few puppy regiments to themselves; but don't let the whole army be contaminated by their presence and example. As long as there were some steady old hands in a regiment to keep these chaps in order, their presence did not so much matter; but the breed of old campaigners is fast wearing out.

It must be admitted that the domestic habits of the Englishman (it is different with the Highlander and the Irishman) are not such as to capacitate him for undergoing the hardships of war. He wants that moral and constitutional strength combined, essential to a good soldier. In fighting he is, comparatively speaking, perfect: in moral and physical endurance he is deficient. The Russian has these latter qualifications by habit, and the endurances of campaigning are to him merely a change of hardships. Every one who has been on service knows that it takes a campaign or two before a British regiment, whether of infantry or cavalry, is inured to its duty, or is fit for hard service. Indeed, how many examples have we not

seen of regiments falling to pieces even before they came in sight of the enemy? Whence then is the private soldier to derive this moral force, that should keep him in a state of efficiency for the moment of trial? Surely there can be no surer source than the example of the officers. Is our army then so officered as to insure this indispensable source of subordinate efficiency? Who can venture to answer this in the affirmative?

I have before remarked on the intemperance of our soldiers compared with those of other nations. Drink is their besetting sin, and is often sufficient to neutralise their valour, for men of intemperate habits are unequal to the hardships of a campaign.

I know no way of curing them of this love of drink but by raising them in the scale of society; and this can only be done by treating them as reasoning beings, and not as brutes. Corporal punishment, I don't hesitate to say, should be abolished in the army. But the defenders of the system say, that the army is composed of such a description of men that you cannot possibly do without it. Admitting this to be true, what do the opponents of the system say on the other hand? Why, that as long

as corporal punishment exists, you will get a bad description of men; but that, if this stigma on the profession were removed, a more respectable class would enter the army. Thus a continued action and reaction is going on: if you flog, you get bad men; and if you get bad men, you must flog. To stop this, you must begin somewhere—you can't begin by getting better men, because better men won't enter the service as long as the practice exists: in fact, every one knows the prejudice that exists among the lower classes against the service. Therefore the only alternative left is, to abolish the system of flogging. Some inconvenience will no doubt be experienced in the transition; but show me the change that is not liable to this objection? Now, in the sepoy regiments of the East India Company's army, when a man is flogged, he is turned out of the regiment: and why should *it not* be so with us?—with this difference, that, instead of being turned loose on society, he should be handed over to a condemned regiment, kept for that purpose, wherein flogging was allowed. Now is the time to begin the experiment, when we are at peace with all the world; and when you have

obtained a better description of men, you will not be subject to the objection so much dwelt upon by the defenders of the system; namely, that, from the impossibility of substituting solitary confinement as a punishment on actual service, you cannot dispense with flogging.

It was supposed at one time, by a too literal interpretation of Solomon's proverb of "Spare the rod, and spoil the child," that there was no managing boys without flogging; but there are now many public schools in which the practice has been discontinued, and with advantage. Indeed, I do not know a more effectual way of making a hardened rascal or a sneaking villain, than corporal punishment.

Every one who has seen much service must have noticed the superior courage of the officer over the private. To what is this owing? Certainly not to stronger nerves; for all the early habits of the latter tend to render him harder and more fearless. It must then be to the higher sense of honour, and the greater dread of shame in the former. This shows that it is possible to improve our soldiers, and even to render them

braver than they now are, by encouraging a sense of honour and a proper pride among them. But the task is hopeless as long as they are subject to the cat-o'-nine-tails.

I feel confident that even before this work, which I am now writing, is published, this degrading practice will be discontinued by an Act of the legislature. But at all events, it will not long survive many other abuses, handed down to us from barbarous times, which are now in the progress of removal. It would be hard indeed if the defenders of our country are to be the only persons who do not benefit by the reform in our institutions. But some say, "flogging forms a part of our penal code, and why are not soldiers to be flogged?" To this I reply: If a soldier be guilty of such a crime as to subject him to the punishment of a felon, let him suffer as such; but let him no longer be a soldier: let him not be returned to the ranks with the brand on his forehead, and be still considered as a fit companion for his former comrades.

The foregoing remarks have been dictated by a warm feeling towards the profession, in the pros-

perity of which I cannot but feel a strong interest. Nevertheless, I feel convinced that the necessity for its action as a body will never again occur. This seems rather a bold assertion; but it is my confident opinion, that in the civilised portion of the world wars have ceased for ever. Mankind is fast throwing off its leading-strings, and is becoming too sensible of its own interests to be set to the work of cutting each other's throats for the gratification of individual ambition, or falsely-called national glory. One by one, nations are throwing off those trammels which ignorance alone could have submitted to. These are the fruits of education, which, while it prepares the people for the enjoyment of freedom, teaches them the best means to attain it. Liberty now advances with sure and steady steps: France, England, Spain, Portugal, and Belgium, are already ranged on its side. Its enemies keep aloof, not daring to attack it, knowing that they stand on a magazine, which a single spark from without might ignite. But though wars between nations have ceased in Europe, the internal struggles of each must be great, before governments are fixed on their only true basis—the sovereignty of the people.

If the foregoing remarks are just, it would seem that there is no need for our troubling ourselves about the efficiency of our army. But there can be no more mistaken notion than this, for the sure means of preserving peace is to be prepared for war. It therefore particularly behoves those nations which have raised the standard of freedom, to keep themselves in a fit state to defend it, and to afford their countenance and protection, as far as a fair interpretation of the principle of non-interference will allow, to every people which shall, by honest means, endeavour to free themselves from despotism.

CHAPTER V.

The change to civil life—Being one's own master—Settling in the country—Furnishing a house—Remarks on the phrase *genteel*—Stocking a farm—Auction—Farming blunders.

I HAVE often laughed at the humour of that man, who, for some time after he had quitted the army, desired his servant to call him every morning at the usual hour of drill, that he might have the satisfaction of damning all bugles, drills, and commanding officers, and then turning round cosily in his bed to take his morning nap. There was true philosophy in this—in comparing his present state with something which he knew to be worse. In general, we are too apt to pursue the opposite course, and to draw our comparisons from those situations in life which we think are happier than our own. The man who has always his nose in the air must often stumble: to move smoothly in

the path of life, we should rather cast our eyes below.

Now, though I did not actually follow the example of the above-mentioned facetious *demisoldé*, yet I must confess, on doffing the red coat, I did, on waking of a morning, feel somewhat as I had done when, in an Indian camp, my ears were regaled with the sound of the *reveillée* instead of the *général*, or, to use a more homely simile, like a school-boy of a Sunday morning. In short, for the first time in my life, I felt that I was my own master.

To settle down quietly was, of course, my first thought; but *where?* was the question. To live in a town would not be settling down *quietly*. There was too much of the din of life in that, and every second face I met was some fellow-actor's in the scenes I had just quitted. I was, besides, extremely fond of field-sports, and my wife (bless my soul, I almost forgot her casting vote!) was always partial to a country life. So down to the country we must go. A visit to the parents of my wife, who lived in a fine hunting county, decided the thing; and forthwith I set about looking for a box in their neighbourhood. This I was not long in

discovering! and after having set a country friend to make all the necessary inquiries about taxes, poor-rates, highway levies, &c. &c. (of which I knew about as much as the man in the moon,) as well as to bargain for the rent, I was told that I might take possession of the premises on *Lady-day*. Lady-day! thought I; what the devil's Lady-day? The Lord's-day I knew well enough, though I had spent ten years in a heathen land; but I could not, for the life of me, make out what Lady-day meant. Then there was old Lady-day and new Lady-day; which did I choose to enter upon? Oh! the young lady, by all means.

The house, which I had taken on a lease of seven years, was rather old-fashioned, but of a good size, and comfortable. It stood on the confines of the counties of Leicester and Derby; so that, if I expected any unpleasant guests, a hop, skip, and a jump would take me across the road into Derbyshire. It stood on the edge of a tract of country called A— Wolds, at that time only partially enclosed, and there was a growing establishment of potteries not a quarter of a mile from my door. Thus the immediate locality was not very delight-

ful. The windows, however, both before and behind, commanded extensive views over a fine country; and, what added much to its attractions, I had the promise of excellent shooting over a considerable extent of land. My farm consisted of about thirty acres of strong, clayey soil, in a wretched state of cultivation.

All the preliminaries being adjusted, the next thing to be done was to furnish the house, and to stock the farm. Hearing of a sale in the neighbourhood, I rode over to inspect the furniture. As I was looking through the rooms, I heard the lady of the house (as I supposed) say to another, "We shall have a good sale of it, I think, to-morrow; for B— House (that was the name of my place) has been taken by a *genteel* family. Now, of all words in the English language, I most hate the word *genteel*. In my mind it is always associated with a knock-kneed foot-boy in red plushes and dirty stockings. So, having satisfied myself, by a glance, that the furniture answered to my ideas of the *genteel*, I mounted my horse.

After this, reader, you will perhaps take me for one of the silver-fork school. By no means! I

scorn to ridicule any thing homely; but it is pretension under the garb of the red plushes that I detest. I dislike, above all things, seeing a single servant in livery. It may be consistent with aristocratic notions (and to those we must submit, I suppose, for some time longer) that a train of dependents should be clad in a uniform, upon the same principle as soldiers wear regimentals; but, if we are to have uniformity in *one* servant, the coat, waistcoat, and breeches should be of the same colour. But to return to the word *genteel:* pray, reader, how would you like me to address you as genteel reader? Gentle reader sounds smooth and pretty enough, and comes very naturally from the pen of an author who wishes to conciliate him on whom the fate of his work depends; but "genteel reader" has so disagreeable a sound, that I am sure, were I to address it to you, you would feel a strong inclination to knock me down, and break my bones, I was going to say, but I mean—boards (for I can hardly expect that you have yet done me the honour to esconce me in calf). La! how funny! exclaims some miss just escaped from a *seminary*, for there is no such thing

as a girl's school to be found now a-days. How funny! Now this word *funny* is another to which I have a most particular antipathy, especially from the mouth of a young lady; and if I thought my lucubrations deserved the epithet, I would lay down my pen, and never write another line.

Turning my back on the auction, I proceeded to the nearest market-town, where I agreed with an upholsterer to furnish my house in a plain substantial way.

The next thing to be done was to stock my little farm; which a sale of some magnitude in the neighbourhood afforded me an opportunity of doing with advantage. Accordingly I went there, accompanied by a country gentleman who knew something of those matters. On our arrival, we found a substantial collation laid out in the parlour, the discussion of which seemed to be considered by all as a necessary preliminary: in fact nothing can be done in Leicestershire without eating and drinking. Let a man call, at any hour, a luncheon is set before him; and if a servant bring ever so trifling a message from a neighbour,

he is set down to a substantial meal. Your genuine Leicestershire-man is always ready: he never loses the chance of a belly-full at another person's expense: if he has just breakfasted, he is ready to anticipate his luncheon; and if he has just lunched, and a dinner should offer itself, he will not refuse. He approaches nearer to the German in his gastric powers than any people I know; with this difference, that the German, though he has his five meals a day, will not be put out of his way, while your true Leicestershire appetite is like a pocket-telescope, which can be drawn out at pleasure to any length required. Truly, their guts must be made of India-rubber! While I resided in the county, I had a groom, whom I hired in the neighbourhood: he turned out a lazy fellow. Finding fault with him one day for neglecting some particular business, he complained that he had not time to do it: "Why, what have you to do?" "Why, sir, first I have to clean and feed my horses: then I have to eat my breakfast: then I have to exercise my horses, and to clean my carriage: then I have to eat my

dinner:" and so on, till bed-time; eating being regularly set down as so much work to be performed.

But to return to the sale. The principal performer, a dignified functionary, mounted on a waggon, with a table before him, and an assistant clerk at his elbow, began, like all true orators, with the air of a man who is reserving his powers for a grand push. Like his prototypes in the senate, he had evidently a design on the understandings of his audience, and thence by deduction on their pockets; but this was carefully concealed from vulgar eyes by an affectation of indifference. He commenced by knocking off the articles of least value, to give time for the efforts of John Barleycorn, which had been liberally handed about, gradually rising in voice and gesticulation as the subjects presented increased in value. At length he came to the cattle: here his countenance brightened; he seemed as one inspired by his subject. "Now, gentlemen," said he, "I have to call your attention to a stock which it has rarely been my lot to offer to the public. Mr. S— has been noted throughout the county for the

excellence of his breed; but seeing the company that is around me, that is a subject upon which I need not dwell." Beast followed after beast, and each having received its share of praise was duly knocked down. Now, there came a remarkably fine cow, with its dripping bag pendant to the ground, having a calf by its side struggling to reach its long-deferred meal. "Here, gentlemen, is a beast, such as you will not see every day: Nature was in her happiest mood when she formed this beautiful animal. Mark her well, gentlemen; she is perfect in all her points; and this is only her second calf. What shall I say for her?—Will no one give me a bidding for this splendid animal?" "Ten pounds." "Thank you, sir. Ten pounds only offered for this extraordinary fine beast!" "Ten pounds ten"—"Eleven pounds"—"Eleven pounds ten"—"Twelve pounds." A pause. "What, no rise upon twelve pounds! This is not half her value: why, the calf is worth the money, for the breed only.—John, come here: stand up in the waggon. Now, John, I am going to put you on your honour—on the honour of a cow-keeper, and that is as good as

an oath—tell the truth, as you hope to be shaved" (*a laugh*). John's chin showed a stubble of near a week's growth. "Now answer, on your conscience; how much does this cow give at a meal?" "Twelve quarts." "Twelve quarts at a meal!—Do you hear that, gentlemen? You have taken that quantity from her yourself, have you, John?" "Yees, sir." "Are you sure you are not mistaken?" "Noah: you may milk yoursel if you loike." "Has any gentleman any questions to ask John?——That's enough, John; you may go down. Now, gentlemen, supposing this cow to milk at the rate of twenty-four quarts in a day, and for only two hundred days out of the three hundred and sixty-five, and that the milk be worth three pence per quart, it amounts to the enormous sum of sixty pounds per annum!" I was caught by this calculation, which I had followed in my head; and not seeing my friend near me, I nodded to the auctioneer—"Twelve pounds ten:" thirteen pounds soon followed from a voice in the rear of the functionary: thirteen pounds ten from me: fourteen pounds, from the same voice. My blood was up; and I went on

till the cow was knocked down to me for sixteen pounds. "The cheapest bargain that has been sold to-day:—Your name, sir, if you please?" "Captain B——." The announcement of my name brought my friend to my side. "Why," said he, "you have bought a confirmed kicker: why did you not trust to me?" I remonstrated with the auctioneer; but all the satisfaction I got was, that the cow might be a little difficult to milk, but that was of no consequence: besides, I might have put any question to the cow-keeper I chose. I pocketed the affront, and, retiring to the background, left my friend to finish the business by buying me two more cows of less questionable character, and a proportion of gear fitted to the size of my farm.—So much for my first essay in the buying way.

Lady-day is past, and I and my family are regularly installed, for the first time in my life, in a comfortable house of my own. Now, I know what you are about, Reader. You want to peep into my dressing-room,—*sanctum sanctorum*, study, or den, as it is called, according to the habits or whim of the master,—just to see whether my

sword is not hung over the chimney-piece, with my sash in a graceful festoon over it. You may enter if you like; but you will be disappointed. Neither one nor the other is to be seen; they were both lost. When placed on half-pay, I wrote down to the regiment to have my military paraphernalia given to my servant, except these two articles, which were to be forwarded to me by the coach; but they never arrived: so that, in all probability, that formidable weapon, which had so often cut firewood in a bivouac, is now bound over to keep the peace in some pawnbroker's window, while its less guilty companion, stained with no blood but my own, is perhaps separated from it for ever. Nothing in fact remained to me of all my military gear but my old camp bedfellow—my trusty cloak, which had sheltered me in many a cold wet night. This was hung up in my "friendly hall;" but I am sorry to say that I left it some years after on the top of a French diligence. One thing, however, there was which betrayed the old soldier—this was an excellent bust of the Duke of Wellington, which stood enthroned on a pedestal in the corner of my room, doing duty as a

household god; which office it still retains in my family, notwithstanding that I differ widely from his Grace in politics, and that personally I have since had reason to complain of him.

You must have observed by this time, Reader, that I am not one of those persons who do things by halves; so, as I am now a country gentleman, as a country gentleman I must be equipped. View me, then, going forth before breakfast to take a stroll over my farm, decked in what a facetious friend of mine used to call 'his pig-sty regimentals,' with a spud in my hand, which, from the force of old habit, I can with difficulty prevent from finding its way over my shoulder.

My wife, who was brought up in the country, was quite at home in her dairy and poultry yard. Not so I. Many a ridiculous mistake did I make, to the amusement of my own people and the neighbours. One day I astonished the seedsman by asking for a pound of peas to sow in my garden. Another day I fagged for two or three hours in wheeling *cow*-dung from the farm-yard to make a cucumber-bed. At another time, as the spring advanced, and blight showed itself on the

wall-fruit, I lit some straw underneath one of the best trees in the garden, by way of smoking out the insects, and burnt all the leaves off. In the farm I did not interfere so much; but whenever I did, I showed a total ignorance of every thing connected with husbandry.

I had a couple of nice horses, which my wife and I used to ride, and which went together in a phaëton. These of course must do the farming work; so they were forthwith yoked to the harrows. For the first half hour they went on quietly enough, rather astonished than otherwise at the strange drag behind them; so, after viewing the team with satisfaction for a short time, I retired to the house, well pleased to find it behave so well. But I had scarcely been at home a few minutes, before a boy came running up to tell me that the horses had broke loose, and were playing the devil. I hastened to the spot, and there I beheld them scampering full tear over the field, kicking and plunging, with the harrows at their heels, till at last they were brought to a stand-still, the one being stuck fast in a black-thorn hedge, and the other sprawling on his back in the ditch. With

considerable trouble, and by cutting the harness, they were relieved from this predicament; not, however, without having received sundry severe cuts and bruises, which laid them up for some time. After this they could not be brought to look at a pair of harrows, or to bear the cart-harness to be put on them, without kicking in such a way as to compel me to give up the attempt. I was forced, therefore, to hire my team work; and this was lowering my agricultural pride not a little.

A little reflection taught me the cause of this failure. Had the horses been early trained to the plough, the promotion to the saddle or the carriage would doubtless have been esteemed an honour; but after having been treated as gentlemen's horses, to be degraded to farming business was more than even brute nature could stand.

As the summer advanced, my hay was to be cut. I hired some mowers for the purpose, and they were to begin early in the morning. I visited them before breakfast, and the work was going on merrily; but, about noon, when I walked down to the meadow, I found them all rolling

on their backs beastly drunk. They had been supplied with as much Burton ale from my cellar as they could drink, and this was the consequence.

CHAPTER VI.

Knowledge of the world—First appearance at church—Parson—Clerk—Choir—Beadle—Trulliber the Second—A domestic scene.

NEXT to self-knowledge, there can be no knowledge so valuable as that of the beings among whom we move. Thus an acquaintance with the ways of the world has always been considered to form one of the principal characteristics of a wise man.

While moving through the varied and adventurous scenes in which I passed the first years of my military career, though I must have obtained some knowledge of things and circumstances—a knowledge which has served to store my mind with many useful and pleasant reminiscences—yet I cannot say that I obtained much insight into human character, or that I became at all conversant with the secret springs which actuate the

human mind. I passed from one scene to another with a rapidity which prevented my fixing my attention on any thing which did not immediately affect myself or the concerns I had in hand, or which did not possess features sufficiently prominent and striking to leave an indelible impression on my memory.

Thus, on the close of an active military career, I found myself almost a child in knowledge of the world. A person of my own age, who had stood still in a corner of society, had in this respect more practical wisdom than myself, and was an overmatch for me in the common concerns of life. I found, when I came to settle, that this kind of knowledge gradually grew upon me; not, however, without compelling me to buy my experience, and that sometimes at rather a dear rate.

Every society, however small, is composed of the same materials that are to be found generally in the world; with this difference, that, in the former case, they appear in a cruder and more primitive state. The same motives, the same passions, actuate all; and, in the petty intrigues of a little community, these are brought into action

in as great a degree as on the larger theatre of the world. They form as good a study for the inquirer into human nature, and may be viewed to greater advantage in proportion as they are divested of the extrinsic qualifications of more polished society. Man may be classified as well in a village as in a nation; and the smaller the field of view, the closer will be the analysis.

While engaged in increasing my stock of worldly knowledge, I was imperceptibly led to study the characters of my fellow-actors in the drama of life; and it is with the notion that my observations in this respect have not been fruitless, that I venture to present to the reader a few specimens of human nature, either copied from the originals, or of a generic character. Where I have dealt with living subjects, whose portraits are none of the most amiable, I have, by changing the locality, avoided all personal application; but should persons think proper to fit any of the caps, there presented, on themselves, or on their neighbours, the fault is not mine.

On the Sunday succeeding the taking possession of my house, we of course made our appearance

at the parish church. In a small community the addition of what is called a respectable family is always an event. Therefore I have reason to think that the unusual fulness of the congregation on this day—for so I understood it to be—was more to be attributed to our expected appearance than to any extraordinary attraction in the pulpit. Had the latter been occupied by the Reverend Mr. Longaiters of the neighbouring parish, or had this been the time of my Lord Greatley's summer visit to his estate in the vicinity, I might have shared the honour of so large an attendance with the aforesaid personages; but, as things were, I was forced to take the compliment, if such it was intended, to myself.

The service was performed by a thick, short-necked, middle-aged man, with a coarse red face, whose reading was between a mumble and a grunt, and so fast that it was impossible for the mind to keep pace with him, whatever the eyes might do; so that the only way in which you could be at all devotional, was to reserve your pious aspirations for the concluding *Amen* of the clerk. To be sure, on the average, the quantity

of ground gone over was not greater than takes place with an ordinary reader; for he was frequently interrupted by violent fits of coughing, during which his face turned perfectly blue, conveying to strangers the alarm of instant suffocation. On these occasions the clerk, who seemed quite accustomed to the interruption, would take the opportunity of wiping his spectacles, or looking over a vestry notice.

I am aware that contrasts are always striking, and that, like the antithesis in logic, they add pungency to description; but still I cannot for the sake of effect swerve from the truth. I must, therefore, state the plain fact, that parson and clerk were as like as two peas—that is, in the proportion of the imperial marrow-fat to the early frame: but their voices were totally dissimilar, one being guttural, and the other orthodoxly nasal, as became a country parish-clerk.

Singing, of course, there was between the different parts of the service. Singing did I say? If the clerk had given out, "Let us *screech* to the praise and glory of God," he would have been nearer the mark; and yet it was not a screech:

it was a compound of villanous sounds; it was —if such a thing can be conceived—a musical Pandora's box set a-going. Then, to see the faces of the singers, as they stood ranged in rows one above the other. There, indeed, was harmony; for truly their countenances harmonised with their voices. One old fellow magnified the Lord through a pair of spectacles, which, however they might assist his visual organs, did not add clearness to his tones. Nor, reader, is this a caricature: there are persons living who can answer for the fidelity, if not the beauty, of this description.

The sermon was delivered much in the same style as the prayers; but here I must not omit to mention an important functionary, who till then had escaped my notice. This was a tall lank figure, who perambulated the aisles with a long white stick in his hand, which, ever and anon, he applied to the heads of those whose optics denoted them to be under the narcotic influence of the pulpit tones; and this wand was applied with such force on the hard sculls of the rustics as to produce an effect by the sound as well as the

weight, thus awakening a whole bench of sleepers at one stroke. The old fellow, although he looked as demure as possible, evidently enjoyed the sport, as much as the dominie when he deplores the necessity of applying the birch; for I have watched him creeping along quietly for a shot, like a school-boy after sparrows, happy if he could catch two or three sleeping heads in a line; and I have, on more than one occasion, known the sudden whack succeeded by an involuntary "oh!" from the astonished waker.

The sermon lasted not quite twenty minutes. I don't think it was the parson's own—first, because it was a cut above him; and next, on account of the way in which it was delivered; for no man can produce a thing of his own making, be it ever so trifling, without letting you know it somehow or other.

I much fear that, during the service, my wife and I were the innocent cause of the minds of some portion of the congregation being diverted from the purposes for which they were assembled—at least if their thoughts followed their eyes; nor could I help observing a good deal of whispering

among persons who ought to have set a better example.

At the door of the church we were met by the parson's wife,—a little pale-faced, care-worn woman, who, having introduced herself, invited us into the parsonage, which was close by. Soon afterwards we were joined by the parson himself. He did not see us at first, as we sat on the side of the room by which he entered. Pale with rage he walked straight up to his wife, and began to upbraid her in no very gentlemanlike language for her confounded carelessness in not filling his lozenge-box; when, following the direction of her eyes, he perceived us. His countenance then resumed its natural hue, and he turned to us with as much politeness as his nature admitted. He was below the middle height, but exceedingly broad and strong built, with a pair of calves stout enough to bear the sins of the whole parish. He hoped we should be good neighbours; was glad to hear I was fond of farming; and should be happy to shew me over the country in the shooting season. For this latter offer there was a reason which I afterwards discovered.

Presently there came in a sickly-looking boy, about twelve years of age, with a head nearly half the weight of his body,—but whether filled with brains, water, or other matter, I could not guess. He was full of an invitation he had just received to join the squire's son in a rabbit-hunt the next day: he wished to know whether Pincher might form one of the party; and, with a kind of spiteful grin, he told his mother that he should want one of her needles to sew up the ferrets' mouths. On her remonstrating with the urchin on his cruelty, the father took up the cudgels, and retorted on her by bringing up the very feminine occupations of skinning eels and boiling lobsters. At this moment Pincher, who had raised his head at the sound of his name, espied a large black cat, which had just put her head within the door to reconnoitre; he rose with a growl, and, with all the bitterness of a rival favourite, flew at her. Puss, by a lateral spring, dexterously gained the cover of her mistress's chair, where she remained spitting and swearing with her back up, while Pincher was trying to get at

her. Thus they went on sparring—parson and wife, Pincher and the cat — the boy standing by grinning, and evidently enjoying the fun. To put an end to this interesting scene, we took our leave.

At the door we encountered the clerk aforementioned, who saluted us with a low bow. There had, I suppose, been a funeral of some consequence the preceding week, for he was decked out in ample hat-band and scarf, one of which extended down his back to his hips, and the other to the calves of his short bandy legs, giving him altogether the appearance of the knave of spades in mourning.

In the course of the following week most of the neighbouring gentry called, and had their visits duly returned. These were not many in number, but we lived within three miles of a market-town, some of the inhabitants of which also did us that honour. As the most prominent of these characters will hereafter be introduced to the reader, I shall say nothing about them at present, but proceed to take another look at the farm.

CHAPTER VII.

Killing one's own mutton—Properties and virtues of the pig—Sporting anecdote—Fox-hunting—The father of the hunt—Mr. Meynell—Tom Sebright—Dare-Devil—Qualifications of a huntsman.

EARLY in the summer I had provided myself with a small flock of sheep, chiefly for my own consumption. They were of the black-faced forest sort. I had no taste for your true Leicester, which, however beautiful in the eye of a *connoisseur*, is, after all, little better than a walking chandler's-shop.

Towards the autumn some of these began to be fit for the table; so I could no longer resist the ambition of being a true country gentleman by killing my own mutton. O, the dignity of killing one's own mutton! To kill one's own venison, and to be able to send a

buck to the hunt dinner, a side here, and a haunch there, is magnificent! but to kill one's own mutton is pretty well. To have a family of sufficient size to consume a whole sheep in a week, gives one a degree of consequence in the world; besides, what one grows oneself is always so much better than other people's.

Sheepy, then, must die! But here I had miscalculated the gastric powers of my family; for, notwithstanding Leicestershire servants and numerous poppers-in, the weather was too warm to enable us to get through a whole sheep; and my wife, who was a better economist than myself, called out: so, to the evident satisfaction of the butcher, the muttons were reprieved till a colder season.

Now, for the gratification of my own vanity, I have been guilty of a manifest injustice to the most important member of the farm-yard, by allowing the sheep to take precedence of the pig.

The pig is worthy of a page or two to himself. We will first consider his moral qualities. The pig is a gentleman every inch: he

can eat, drink, sleep, and snore with any man: he is a true aristocrat; for, though he can do a dirty job, he is peculiarly sensitive about his honour. *Noli me tangere* is his motto. He is lord of his own sty, and "will do what he likes with his own," even to the eating his own progeny; and no beast makes so much noise in the world. For gratitude nothing can come near a pig. I can stand for half an hour at a time scratching a pig's back with my spud, only to see the look of ecstasy and gratitude with which he turns up his snout at me, while he moves himself backward and forward to give greater effect to the friction. To one who feels a pleasure in contributing to the happiness of others, surely the scratching of a pig's back must be a delicious occupation. One thing, however, I must confess to his discredit; he is no Stoic, for no one can bear the rubs of life with less indifference. This, however, proceeds more from an excess of sensibility, than from any want of sense.

In learning, the pig certainly bears the palm from all the brute creation; for, I believe, he

is the only animal that has yet gone beyond the alphabet, and he has moreover the honour of having given his name to the prince of philosophers, for the learned Chancellor must have been pig before he became Bacon.

I once saw one of these learned porkers exhibited at a fair—Toby was his name; and I never shall forget the look of pity which he cast on the picture of an enormous beast of the same species which was shown in a booth across the way. It was like Chancellor Brougham eyeing the Duke of B————m. But Toby was truly a *talented* pig; and I thought to myself, as I contemplated his intellectual features, how proud his parents must be, if they were alive, to witness the fame of their son; and I could almost read in the eye of the showman the same feeling which animated the tutor of George III., when, on the delivery of his Majesty's first speech to parliament, he exclaimed—"It was I taught the boy!"

This aptitude to the acquirement of knowledge in the pig race has sometimes led me to suppose that there must be some connexion between learn-

ing and brawn; or else how comes it that our universities of Oxford and Cambridge are the only places famous for the latter article? Both are no doubt the effect of sedentary habits. Can it be then that the pigs, whose flesh has been turned into this very palatable viand, have regularly matriculated at the universities? or is there any thing peculiar in the *cramming* system that should send forth such *shining* characters to *grace*, and to *say grace* at the tables of the great?

Now for the physical qualities of the pig. He is unquestionably the most useful beast in the whole creation; inasmuch as food is the first of man's wants, and a pig is food from top to toe. He is fattened in a shorter time, and at a less expense, than any other animal; and there is no part of him which cannot be turned to account. Poultry of all kinds claim companionship with the pig, and are improved by his society; and no fish can fry without his lard. His skin serves us for saddles: his bristles clean our teeth, and brush our coats; and, to sum up all, he multiplies his species in a degree proportioned to his utility.

Entertaining, then, this high opinion of the porkine race, it will readily be supposed that I had a fair share of grunters. A friend, who had a famous breed, favoured me with a young lady, who in due time promised to stock the yard; but in the interim I was obliged to content myself with such as I could purchase at the fair. *Amateurs* of all kinds always fancy themselves particularly clever in what they take up; thus every gentleman farmer has a particularly fine breed of one or more kinds of animals, a scion of which—if you will only listen to what he has to say as he parades you over his farm—you are sure to have as a present. Mrs. Primrose was very generous with her gooseberry; and there are plenty of Mrs. Primroses, male as well as female, all the world over. Our poultry-yard, therefore, was well-stocked with fowls, ducks, and geese—all of the very best sort.

In this manner, also, I had the offer from neighbouring gentlemen of the best kinds of strawberry plants, &c.; and my wife, who was fond of flowers, and took a great interest in her garden, had no room for all the slips, cuttings, pipings, &c., that were tendered to her. Besides, she was

young, good-looking, and did not talk much,—qualities that always insure the patronage of ladies of a certain age.

Although we possessed every comfort essential to the enjoyment of life, the health of my wife, who was taken seriously ill not long after we had taken up our abode in the country, was a great drawback on our happiness. A few weeks previous to our arrival, we had the misfortune to lose our first child; the effect of which on the mother, though not experienced at the moment, was such as to lead to consequences some time after, which left her in a delicate state for some years.

When the shooting season arrived, I availed myself of the permission I had received to shoot over a large manor, abounding in partridges; and though by no means a good shot, I had plenty of sport. Having abundance of brothers on both sides of the family, we used generally to start a good strong party. On one of these occasions, an old dog which had been given me by a friend—not, I suppose, for any good qualities she possessed—and which was not only fond of finding

game, but of catching and mauling it, accompanied us. Moll set a hare; up got puss, and Moll after her. But the gun was quicker than Moll, and over rolled poor puss not many yards before the dog's nose: Moll seized her immediately, when the shooter ran up to rescue his game, exclaiming, "Fair play's a jewel: Molly, let go my *hare!*" The effect of this sally was irresistible, and we were obliged to sit down and have our laugh out before we could proceed.

As the hunting season approached, I made purchase of another horse, which, with one of those I already possessed, I intended should serve as my hunting stud. Though previously to sailing for India I had not been able to join in the pleasures of the chase, yet I partook largely of the wild sports of the East; and having been accustomed to ride all kinds of horses, I was no bad equestrian. I therefore anticipated great pleasure in fox-hunting; for which, every one knows, the county of Leicester is famous. I considered the sport as second only to war in manliness and enterprise. As Dr. Johnson said of the profession of arms, "it carries with it the dignity of danger," and it requires

nearly the same qualities to excel in one as in the other. "'Tis," as Walter Scott says, "the mimickry of noble war." To be a good huntsman demands strong nerves, a cool head, a good eye, and a correct judgment; and to these you may add also a good voice. Fox-hunting also I considered as a kind of step from war to peace,—a kind of letting down from the turmoil of the camp to the quiet of domestic life; and in this respect it well suited the state of my mind and body. But one is never in want of a good reason to justify any favourite plan or pursuit.

A regular Meltonian would laugh at the idea of a man pretending to hunt with only two horses; yet I think I have had as good sport as some of those who could boast their stud of twenty. At first, certainly, I had a good many severe falls; for I could not afford to buy ready-made hunters, but had to break them for myself. However, after all, the worst that happened to me was, to break the joint of my little finger.

Truly, when well mounted, with a fine country, a good scent, and a game fox, the sport is noble. Even the meeting at the covert, with all the

beautiful horses, gay-dressed riders, and handsome pack, is a fine sight. To hear the first challenge of the hounds, makes one's heart leap: the crash of the whole pack just before the fox breaks covert, is music to the ear: to see a dozen or two of red-coats charging the same fence abreast, is grand: but the acme of the sport is, when the pace has thinned the field to a select party, to find yourself one of the happy few, your horse strong under you, and the hounds going breast-high;—O, 'tis glorious!—Hurrah for fox-hunting! Even now my blood warms at the thought!

I have often been perfectly astonished at what an English horse will go through in hunting. It is common to talk of the blood and bottom of the Arab; but I have never seen any thing to be compared to the performance of the English horse. In India, it is thought a great matter to ride a horse fifty miles without stopping; but an English horse will go nearly twice the distance in a day. Take the horse of a huntsman or whipper-in, for instance; he rides, perhaps, twelve or fourteen miles to the place of meeting; then,

while the rest of the field are looking on, he is riding up and down the coverts, perhaps in boggy ground, over the fetlocks at every step; or scampering after stray hounds over the heavy fallows: then, when the hounds come to a check, and others are standing still, he is still at work casting his hounds or whipping them in; and when all is over, he has, the Lord knows what distance, to ride home. In this way how often are the horses out full twelve hours, going, on an average, at least eight miles an hour, making in all near one hundred miles—most of the time over heavy ground and taking severe leaps!

Every hunt has of course some singular characters: a few of these, taken from the life, I will now present to the reader:

THE FATHER OF THE HUNT.

The father of the hunt, be he ever so commonplace a character, is sure to be an object of interest. To have kept at it so long, he must have had an inherent love of the sport, which would, of itself, demand the respect of the younger

portion of the field, whose warm blood and buoyant spirits capacitate them for the full enjoyment of the diversion.

But independently of the above claims to the respect of his fellow-sportsmen, the father of our hunt was in himself a character. He was by profession a clergyman, and had filled the living, which he still enjoys, upwards of forty years at the time I knew him; and during the whole of this period the hounds were scarcely ever out without him.

In person and years, both he and his quadruped were well matched, forming together a modern centaur; so closely had time and practice fixed him in the saddle, and so completely had long association adapted them to the habits of each other.

The face of the old gentleman had been handsome; but, by exposure to wind and weather, had become none of the smoothest. His dress used to be a coat of Oxford-mixture, cut in the sporting fashion of his youth, leather breeches of a greenish yellow, boots with short tops never profaned by oxalic acid, and fastened to the breeches by a

buckle behind; the whole surmounted by a low-crowned, somewhat clerical hat.

He was generally accompanied by three sons, whom, as his living was a good one, he could afford to mount tolerably. These might have been called his satellites, but that their occasional divergence from the primary planet in a smart burst, likened them more to comets. In point of character, they took after their father wonderfully; and not having been allowed to imitate the dandies of the day, the old gentleman having a most insurmountable dislike to innovation, their dress and appearance was more like that of farmers' sons than of gentlemen sportsmen. Instead of scarlet, they were habited in woodland green; white cords were specially interdicted; and their boots, though the tops might have been partially blanched by the corroding mixture, bore evident signs of their rustic origin.

As the old gentleman was partial to the old style of hunter, which had more bone than blood, his sons, from the speed of the modern hounds, were not always found among the foremost in a sharp burst; but over a difficult country they

were sure to lead, and from a rasper they were never known to turn.

It was a fine sight to see the group of father and sons, of a hunting morning, issuing forth from the stable-yard, the portals of which were held open by the old groom, who cast a parental eye at each quadruped as he passed, carefully examining their legs to see whether they betrayed any symptoms of the thorns and rubs of the last day's hunt. Huntsmen and whippers-in were cap in hand to the father of the hunt, at whose house they were always sure of a glass *en passant*, and gruel for their horses if necessary. The hounds knew him as well as they did their master, and greeted his arrival at the covert by jumping up on his horse, while he returned the welcome salutation by stooping down and patting their heads, and calling them by their names; for he knew the name and pedigree of every dog in the pack.

With the younger red-coats he was an universal favourite: he talked to them of their fathers, and had a fund of old sporting anecdotes for their amusement. His sons, however, were

not quite so much at home in this society, but were generally to be found conversing with the huntsmen or whippers-in, or among the group of farmers.

The old gentleman used to be consulted on all occasions as the oracle of the hunt. But though flattered by the deference and attention of the young, he was more at home among the old hands; and he had a friendly salutation even for those sportsmen, whose characters, in other respects, were none of the fairest. Indeed, I have observed that fellowship in dangerous sports produces as strong a feeling of reciprocal kindness, as companionship in war.

To see two or three of these old ones meet after a considerable absence, was quite a treat; and to hear them discourse of the Meynells and Sam Lawleys of those days, when, in their eyes, hunting was at its acme, was highly edifying and amusing.

Although both he and his horse were, at the time I knew them, grown too old to follow the hounds over hedge and ditch, he was often enabled, from a thorough knowledge of the coun-

try, to see more of the sport than some straightforward riders, and certainly than those who, waiting for well-broken gaps, could do little more than follow the red-coats at a distance, and could seldom see the hounds till they came to a check.

Should he not have been fortunate enough to see the chase to the end, he never failed to question the boys closely on their return, and was never satisfied till he knew every twist and turn of the run, with all the "adventures of flood and field;" and, from having the *carte du pays* in his head, he enjoyed the narration almost as much as if he had been present himself.

On the eve of a hunting day at a favourite covert, he was almost as anxious about the weather as the boys themselves, and he was at his window with the first dawn.

Knowing his zeal and capabilities, all the large proprietors in the neighbourhood deputed to him the superintendence of their coverts; and the earth-stoppers, for some miles round, took their orders from him. He was as proud of his litters of foxes as the huntsman was of his whelps; and if, through the ardour of the master of the pack

or his young companions, a bitch-fox should have been killed in the spring, he was almost as loud in his remonstrances as if the vixen had been his wife.

But, though my old friend was in his soul a sportsman, this did not lead him to the neglect of his duties. He was an exemplary domestic character, seldom slept from home, and was never to be found at any of those meetings where the noble character of the fox-hunter is but too often lost sight of in that of the gamester or the sot. He never sold a horse; but when one died, he buried it in a horse-cemetery, which he had in the corner of one of his fields, and planted a tree over it.

He never took a gun in his hand; so his whole sporting faculties were concentrated in this his favourite diversion. But, wedded as he was to fox-hunting, he never would allow it to interfere with his clerical duties; and, though I verily believe the killing of a fox was, in his eyes, one of the greatest of crimes, yet his heart and his hand were ever open to the calls of humanity among his own species. Hence, so beloved was he by all

classes, that, though the neighbourhood was neither wanting in sulky farmers, nor cross housewives, sly Renard was allowed to pursue his depredations unmolested, more for the sake of the old rector, than from any sympathy with the master of the pack or his whole club to boot.

I was very intimate with the old gentleman above described, and used to have long conversations with him over a bottle, chiefly about his favourite sport. With him old Meynell was the coryphæus of huntsmen. He was the father of the modern system. Before his time the hounds used to meet at day-break, generally in the neighbourhood of some farm, whence, if Renard had been paying his nocturnal visit to the poultry-yard, they would hunt the drag; so that half the day's sport was over before the fox was unkenneled. Then, as the rogue had generally his belly full, the hunting was much slower than it is now; and, as they seldom or never tried for a second fox, the party was commonly home to dinner at one or two o'clock.

Mr. Meynell began by meeting at ten o'clock,

which gave time for Renard to digest his night's meal; and he drew the coverts at once. But for this kind of hunting, it required a much swifter hound than was formerly used: he therefore set himself to improve the breed, in which he was eminently successful.

According to the old rector, Mr. Meynell was a remarkably gentlemanly man in his manners, and piqued himself upon carrying on the sport in the highest style. He first set the fashion of red-coats; always came to covert clad in the neatest manner possible, with his hair well dressed and powdered; in his postchaise-and-four—not hacks—but his own horses, with postilions and servants in elegant liveries.

When I first came to the country, the Atherstone hounds, with which I used chiefly to hunt, were kept by Mr. Osbaldistone. He was then a young hand, but his pack was a good one; and with such assistants as Tom Sebright and Dick Burton, he could not fail to have sport.

TOM SEBRIGHT.

Tom Sebright was the very *beau ideal* of a whipper-in: he was a small, good-countenanced man, with a keen eye, and a sharp rather hooked nose, somewhat like a ship's cutwater inverted. His legs were rather bowed; and so little was he accustomed to the use of them, that when he walked, he looked like a duck just stepped ashore; but when mounted, he was verily a part of the saddle—I cannot say of the horse, for if the saddle had come off, it is more than probable that Tom would have accompanied it. No one could ride better or bolder. He was, moreover, a good-tempered fellow, by no means savage with his hounds, and was civil to all, even to those who never gave him a tip—and this is more than can be said for all of his class.

Mr. Osbaldistone hunted the hounds himself; but, without meaning any disrespect to the squire, (who has since proved himself one of the first sportsmen in England, in almost every department) I must say that, at that time, he had better have left the business to Tom.

A practice prevailed in this pack which I never saw in any other; and which, though favourable to sport, was by no means so to the safety of the hounds. At every check the huntsman took half the pack, and the head whipper-in the other, and then made their casts right and left; so that when the scent was hit on, one half of the pack were sure to be tail hounds; and in this manner many an unfortunate dog was rode over.

Tom Sebright has since become huntsman to Lord Fitzwilliam, where I understand he has an excellent berth. He must now be approaching the winter of life; and when he can no longer cheer his hounds, or lead the way in the merry chase, he will feed on the recollection of past glories, and have the satisfaction of knowing that he carries with him to his quiet fire-side the affection and good-will of many an old brother sportsman.

DARE-DEVIL.

There was a chap frequently out with the hounds, who, from his expertness as a rider, and his recklessness of all danger, went in the hunt by the name of Dare-Devil. He was a chubby-faced

little fellow, of a mild countenance and quiet demeanour, but with the nerves of a lion. He used to be chiefly employed in riding raw horses for gentlemen; but whether he had any other occupation or means of livelihood, I never could learn. If there was any thing in a horse, he was sure to find it out; and if any one could make it go, he was the man. Falls he had without number; but they seemed to have no effect on him. With him the law of gravitation was a nonentity, or else his bones must have been made of the most pliant part of a whale's anatomy. One hunting day, when he had ridden a horse for me, after he had had his dinner, and been pretty well primed, he set off on his own hack pony, full gallop, taking a straight line to his own house, over hedge and ditch, without any girths to his saddle! The song tells us that

> "A sweet little cherub was perch'd up aloft
> To keep watch o'er the life of poor Jack;"

and surely some sprite must have sat on the cantle of Dare-Devil's saddle, or else he could not have been alive when I last saw him. Whether the poor fellow has since been equally successful in

escaping a broken neck, I do not know; but when he does pay the debt of nature, I hope his Satanic Majesty will not take a paltry revenge on him for having so long borne the name of defiance to his power.

Sir Bellingham Graham succeeded Mr. Osbaldistone in the Atherstone country, and subsequently Lord Anson. Both packs were rather raw at first; but in a good country, with abundance of foxes, they soon gave us plenty of sport.

To be the owner of a pack of fox-hounds requires a good deal of temper, particularly if he hunts them himself; for numberless crosses and accidents will happen, which it demands some philosophy to bear. Feeling, therefore, as I do for the master of a pack, I think I could, when I had been in error, bear a d—n or two without retorting. But there are bounds beyond which no gentleman should go; and I should have been better pleased, for the honour of fox-hunting, if I had never seen these limits transgressed.

I heard a good anecdote on this subject, which, if not new to some fox-hunters, they will excuse

my repeating for the amusement of the general reader: it occurred, I believe, either with Lord Vernon's or Lord Lonsdale's hounds. While the hounds were drawing a covert, a gentleman, either a stranger to the sport or to the country, had taken post near the very spot where the fox was likely to break. My Lord, vexed at seeing the position of the gentleman, but not liking to address him personally for fear of giving offence, sent one of the whippers-in to stand by him. As soon as this latter had reached the point, a volley of abuse was opened upon him, for being such a fool as to go and place himself in a situation to head the fox. The innocent victim of his master's rage trotted off; and the gentleman, taking the hint, retired also.

For the first year or two after I settled in the country, the Quorndon hounds were kept by Mr. Ashton Smith, then commonly known by the appellation of Tom Smith. I was out a few times with him. He was certainly an admirable sportsman, and one of the boldest riders in England.

It was indeed a splendid sight to see a Melto-

nian field at a favourite covert — two or three hundred red-coats, mounted on the finest horses in the world, and as many more of the latter ridden by grooms: not that these were all sportsmen; for after the first mile or two of a smart burst, over a difficult country, they would be seen "pretty considerably" scattered. In fact, the greater part of these sprigs of nobility join in the sport, more for the fashion of the thing, than for the love of it. But, any how, it does good; for, while we are blessed, or cursed—as the opinion may be—with an aristocracy, it is as well that it should be prevented from degenerating, which is its natural tendency. An indulgence in field-sports, for want of other manly occupation, together with the desire of recruiting their fortunes by alliance with commercial affluence, has prevented the noble blood of England from suffering, in the same degree, as that of the high-born of other countries, either from excessive refinement, or from effeminate habits.

CHAPTER VIII.

Trulliber resumed—Interesting dialogue—The Rev. Simon Longaiters—Election and reprobation—Curious explanation of the Trinity — Extempore preaching — The *ins* and the *outs* — Parish divisions—The stage—Scandal—Mistaken charity.

I MUST now, to use a hunting phrase, "hark back" a little, and say something more of our parson, to whom I have already introduced the reader. He went in our family by the name of Trulliber the Second; and, like the well-known character of Fielding, had a farm which he cultivated himself; not that he exactly fed the pigs with his own hand as that distinguished personage, for he bore about the same proportion to the Trulliber of those days, as the year 1817 did to that of the half century preceding it. The soul was the same in both; the difference was in the ages in which they lived.

I have already described our parson in the pul-

pit, and eke in his own parlour, with the wife of his bosom. Let us now view him in other points. Trulliber was a capital shot; but as his own glebe did not supply him with sufficient game, and as he was no great favourite in the neighbourhood, he was forced to make up for it by poaching. He had been warned off every estate within a circuit of some miles; and it was a regular game of hide-and-seek between him and the keepers. This was the secret of his offer to show me over the country. But his company was well-nigh fatal to my sporting prospects; for the first day he was out with me, we met the agent of the estate who had given me permission to shoot. Trulliber, I observed, tried to avoid being seen, but did not succeed; for the next day the agent called on me to say, that I must not attempt to take him with me again.

But where Trulliber most excelled was in a rat-hunt: there he was, indeed, in his element. Have you ever, reader, been in situations of difficulty or danger among a crowd of your fellow-men?—and have you not noticed some master-spirit that seemed to rise up at the moment, and to which all

seemed instinctively to yield a willing obedience? Such was Trulliber in a rat-hunt. Then did his coarse heavy countenance brighten up into animation; then was his eye lit up with all the fire of conscious genius; then did he tread the earth as one confident in his power. See him cheering his dogs, watching the ferrets, and then wielding his club, and dealing out his blows at the ejected vermin with all the vigour and success of a Samson!

Before I had learned enough of his character to fight shy of him, we had exchanged a few dinners. I scarcely ever saw such an eater. Mutton, veal, and all the poultry tribe, goose excepted, he eschewed. Nothing less than beef or pork would go down with him, washed down with potent ale; and though he was not exactly a sot, he was very fond of his port. He relished a good story—the *richer* the better; and as his cloth would not admit of his bringing out an oath on his own account, he was very fond of telling stories in which oaths were introduced, that he might have the pleasure of swearing at second-hand.

One day I met him in the village just as a

shower of rain was coming on. He just recollected, he said, that an old woman, whose house was close by, had sent for him, some time ago, to visit her—"Had I not better walk in, and wait till the rain was over?" I did so. The sick person lay in an adjoining room, and Trulliber went in to her. While there, I overheard the following conversation, which, as the parties are now all gone to their long account, I may, without any breach of honour, disclose.

Trulliber. "Well, Mrs. D——, I am sorry to hear you have been so ill: I hope you are better now."

Woman. "Oh no, Sir! I fear I shall never be better in this world."

Trulliber. "What book have you got there?"

Woman. "Only a good book a kind gentleman lent me, Sir."

Trulliber. "Oh! I see: so Mr. Longaiters has been here—has he?"

Woman. "The gentleman was so kind as to come and pray with me."

Trulliber. "That fellow's always poaching in my manor."

Woman. "Sure, Sir, you mistake. I never heard of Mr. Longaiters shooting at all."

Trulliber. "Shoot he does, though; and with a deuced long bow. Now, I suppose, he told you something about the new man, and being born again—didn't he?"

Woman. (*raising her voice a little.*) "He taught me in whom to put my trust, Sir."

Trulliber. "Very well; then trust to him, if you like, and let him take care of your body as well as your soul; for I 'll go this minute to the parish-officers to get your allowance stopped." So saying, he bounced out of the room, and I out of the house, without waiting to wish him a good morning.

This naturally leads me to another very prominent character in our neighbourhood,—namely,

THE REVEREND SIMON LONGAITERS.

This gentleman was curate of our market-town. He was about thirty-five years old, small in stature, with a face between a ferret and an eel, and of a sallow complexion. He dressed finically

neat, and his lower man was encased in a pair of long black gaiters. On the whole, he had a kind of coxcomi-puritanical air, seeming to be a cross between a dandy and a Praise-God-Barebones.

Fame said that he had been more than gay in his youth, and that, having been rejected at one university, he was forced to retire a little to qualify himself before he could take his degree at another. All this, however, might have been the invention of his enemies; though certainly his countenance was not prepossessing, nor did it indicate any talent.

In his preaching he was not exactly one of those opposition drivers who profess to take you to Heaven for half price by demanding *faith* only without *works;* nor was he one of those venders of cheap salvation who will smuggle contraband souls into heaven to avoid the *duty;* but, if logically followed up, his doctrine led to the same conclusion. Faith, with him, was the one thing needful: works followed as a matter of course, and were taken only as an evidence of that faith. If you pressed him hard, he admitted the doctrine of election as preached by the Genevan

Reformer; but he denied that of reprobation, as if it were possible to separate the two. In this, however, he was not singular; for there are persons who are well content to stop half way in an argument, and will give their assent to, or seem to comprehend, a thing which superior minds cannot understand. This proceeds from the fact that one mind is content to found its opinions on less solid grounds than the other. I will give an instance or two in point: I was examining a newly-invented horse-shoe one day, and asked the groom if he could explain to me the advantage of it. The answer was, "It gives him a better chance of his feet." Now this explanation, I have no doubt, was quite satisfactory to his own mind, and, of course, he thought it would be so to mine.

An old lady of my acquaintance, who fancied herself an experienced polemic, and who, for want of a better ear, would often hold conversations with her coachman, as she rode behind him on a pillion for exercise, was taking her usual jaunt one Monday after Trinity Sunday; John, who knew his lady's weak side, and who felt

it his interest to tickle her hobby by propounding questions for her solution, said to his mistress, "I could not exactly understand our parson's explanation of the Trinity yesterday, Ma'am."—"Well then, John, I'll explain it to you." John was all attention. "Now, John, you've a head, haven't you?"—"Why yees, Ma'am, I suppose I have."—"Then, John, you've got an arm?"—"Yees, Ma'am."—"And a leg?"—"Dang it!" says John, jumping to a conclusion at once, and giving Dobbin such a cut of the whip as almost to destroy the unity of himself, mistress, and beast; "I understand it all now as clear as daylight."

But, to return to the question of election: the supporters of this doctrine, to prove that it is consistent with the justice of God, bring forward this argument. If an hundred persons are deserving of eternal punishment, and God should choose to pick out a certain number of these for salvation, what injustice is that to the others? I answer, None. But that is not putting the case fairly. The question should be as follows:—If a certain number of men are born in sin, and liable

to condemnation from the transgressions of their parents, and God should then say—"Out of these persons, all equal as to guilt, I will select a certain number, and, by inspiring them with my grace, I will lead them to holiness in this life, and to bliss in the next; while the others, although they have just as much claim to mercy as the favoured ones, I will leave to their natural dispositions, which must lead them to condemnation,—what injustice would there be in that?" I answer,—A great deal; because the persons so left were not, in the first instance, deserving of punishment for their *own* sins.

The only way in which I can reconcile the doctrine of election with any thing like justice, is by supposing that one portion of mankind come into the world as God's children, and the rest as the devil's. In this light it is natural and just that each should look after his own.

One of the main attributes of the Deity seems to me to be the perfection of justice; and any thing that militates against that is, in my opinion, derogatory to his nature.

Mr. Longaiters did not venture on extempo-

rary preaching of a morning; and in this he was wise, for his effusions could hardly have borne the criticism of a fresh morning intellect. But when, towards night, the brains of his congregation had become rather conglomerated by the fumes of dinner, and their critical acumen somewhat dulled, he would launch forth with his precious nonsense for an hour together. In fact he had not talent for an extemporary preacher. Where there is the talent, I prefer it to a written discourse; for, though it may not be so methodical or so logical, it impresses one with a respect for the abilities of the preacher, and therefore secures more attention, while it admits of a more impressive manner and action. I consider, besides, that an extemporary discourse comes home to the understanding much easier than a written one,—for this reason,—the ideas, as first conceived by the speaker, and delivered fresh from the mind, will pass into the understanding of the hearer nearly by the same road that they found their way out of the mind of the former; and in this manner they will receive a readier assent than if

they came clothed in the garb of studied diction.

But though the majority of Mr. Longaiters's congregation, or, to use a modern phrase, those who "*sat under*" him, were not well pleased with his sermons, his church, especially during the evening lecture, was crowded with strangers. The doctrine was different from what is commonly preached in the establishment, and that was sufficient to produce this result. It is the same in religion as in politics; the *outs* will ever be more popular than the *ins*. By some it is considered to be an incontrovertible argument in favour of the doctrine of Calvin, that his followers—namely, the evangelical party in England—lead more holy lives than their opponents. But only turn the Arminians out of their benefices, and put the Calvinists in their places, and you will find the reverse to be the case. It is not the doctrines of either, but their relative positions that make the difference. The *ins* are naturally snug, fat, and negligent—the *outs* hungry, watchful, and zealous. Many piously-disposed persons will join the *outs*, attributing their greater sanctity to the effects

of their doctrine; and thus the superiority in point of true devotion may be on the side of the *outs*, without its being any proof of the truth of their religious tenets.

As may be supposed, Mr. Longaiters was not long in setting the parish by the ears. In the time of his predecessor, Mr. Smoothly, things went on quietly: reform had not then begun to agitate men's minds; and there was nothing to ruffle the surface of society. The church was like a mill-pond,—smooth, though not clear; but there was an under-drainage going on, and Dissent increased at the expense of the Establishment. Mr. Longaiters, however, seemed to think and act as if he were the angel sent down to the pool of Bethesda to trouble the waters.

The parish became divided into Longaiterites and Anti-Longaiterites: "The son was set against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law:" in short, the poor town was turned inside-out: the footman refused to say his master was not at home when he knew him to be in the house: the housemaid threw the cards, "devil's

books," as she called them, into the fire: the cook gave warning because she was told to make a devil of a cold turkey, although, to spare her feelings, her mistress had called it a fallen-angel: the bakers' boys refused to attend the ovens on the sabbath, and the poor people went with cold dinners: and the scullion "took up her cross" when called upon to wash potatoes.

Mr. Longaiters was always harping on the necessity of religious people separating themselves from the world. If so, how was the world to benefit by their example? Every time the players made their appearance in the town, he commenced a regular attack on the poor devils; and all were denounced who should attend their exhibitions. He would have made a capital inquisitor.

But it has always been the practice among people who call themselves *serious*, to decry all places of public amusement, particularly theatres. If they argued against play-houses as they have been, or even as they are now in some respects, they would be right; but this will not content them—plays must be put down altogether. They argue as if the enjoyment of pleasure was a crime;

never considering that man has passions which must be gratified in one way or another. They think that young persons brought up in their principles, will begin their career in this world with that degree of holiness, which it has perhaps taken themselves a whole life to acquire, and with that disinclination for worldly pleasures, which, even among themselves, is more owing to the advance of age, or some peculiarity of taste, than to the influence of religion: they argue, in fact, as if holiness were an inheritance; or, at least, they think, if no obvious means of enjoyment are presented to youth, that youth would not naturally seek it. This is showing a lamentable ignorance of human nature. Now, as the enjoyment of pleasure is a strong passion, particularly in youth, I hold it to be a duty to supply the youthful part of the public with the means of innocent amusement; and what kind can be more innocent, or more instructive in a moral point, than dramatic representations of a proper description? and what kind of amusement is it possible to present to the public which can be placed more under control than theatrical exhibitions? Over amusements,

where the persons enjoying them are themselves the active agents, there cannot be equal control, because much of their morality or culpability depends on the agents themselves; but, in plays, the audience can enjoy nothing but what is offered to them; and, though in a free country the legislature seldom interferes, they are under the control of the majority of the society which frequents the theatres, and from this majority they must take their tone. But if the more moral portion of society absent themselves from theatres because they consider them injurious, then the stage will be left under the control of the less principled portion of the public, whose influence will have any thing but a chastening effect on its representations. It behoves, therefore, the religious and moral to give their countenance to theatres, and to endeavour to reform them; but by no means to put down what may be made the vehicle of much good.

But is there no mean to be found between Smoothly and Longaiters—no truly Christian pastor, who, while he preaches salvation through the merits of our Redeemer, inculcates, by example

and precept, peace, good-will, and charity, among his flock? I know there are many; and that such may increase in number and influence is my sincere prayer.

The foregoing character of Mr. Longaiters, though not personally applicable to any one, has been drawn from life; and the accompanying remarks have been dictated by any thing but an hostility to vital religion. The greater part of the clergy of the evangelical party are, no doubt, sincere in their opinions; but I may at the same time be allowed to say, that some take up these peculiar tenets for worldly advantage. Having no hope of advancement through the ordinary channels, they think, by embracing a doctrine differing from the common, they may meet with favour from some of the possessors of church-patronage among the evangelical laymen, or may establish for themselves congregations both able and willing to contribute to their support.

Among such persons, of course, hypocrisy is found. This is a vice which it is the custom of worldly people to charge on the *serious* in religion.

But this is by no means fair; for though hypocrites there are, and always will be, in those communities where superior sanctity is expected, to charge the vice on the body in general is the height of injustice. In fact, hypocrisy among individuals of religious bodies is a proof of the superior morals of the aggregate.

It is common enough to talk of hypocrisy among dissenters; but who ever talks of hypocrisy among members of the church of England? Why is this? Because among the former a man must maintain a decent and moral exterior to preserve the respect of his fellows, and, in some cases, even to be admitted to communion with them; but among churchmen, let a man be ever so great a sinner, provided he do not offend against the law, no one calls him to account, or troubles his head about his morals; unless indeed the offender should be of the softer sex. Then, to be sure, there is talk enough in the way of scandal; but often no other indication of disapproval. In fact, I have frequently heard a father and mother commenting in society, before *their own daughters*, on a gross and flagrant breach of chastity in a married lady, ac-

companied by the most unblushing outrage on public decency; and yet, on the same day, take those very daughters to dine at the house of the scandalized lady! What a lesson for the young people! In this manner persons of respectability do more injury to society than even the vicious themselves; for unblushing vice generally carries with it a disgust sufficient to counteract the evil tendency of its example; but the countenance of moral persons to vice tends to destroy the landmarks of society, and to lower virtue to the level of crime.

But while I would condemn the indulgence of scandal, particularly when accompanied by an indiscriminate association with persons of all characters; on the other hand, I cannot help commenting on a line of conduct, which, though not apparently so unamiable, is equally injurious to society,—that is, the glossing over, or extenuating, the vices of others. This apparent charity, I have generally observed, proceeds from persons of vicious propensities. They desire to lower the standard of virtue, that their own practices may appear the less guilty, as well as to set the exam-

ple of a toleration which may be extended to themselves. I do not like censoriousness, or a desire to detract from the good qualities, or to exaggerate or bring to light the failings of fellow-mortals; but these propensities, however disgusting, are not nearly so injurious to morals as the habit of speaking indifferently of crimes, or of palliating the faults of persons of notorious bad characters. I would extend this principle to words as well as things. I do not like to hear a bad action designated by any other than its true name. A *lie* I do not like to hear called a *story;* for a story is associated with many pleasing ideas, and thus the crime may be prevented from making that distinct impression on the youthful mind which it is desirable that it should. We might as well call theft by some milder name. Had it been so treated in our common vocabulary, its enormity would have been much diminished in the eyes of the world. Indeed, if it were a prevailing vice among the higher classes, I have no doubt that it would have obtained a milder appellation; but being generally associated with poverty, of which every one is ashamed, it draws

down nothing but opprobrium and contempt. How many vices, equally heinous, and even more injurious to morals, have been permitted by the courtesy of modern language to assume even the names of virtues! Have not seduction and adultery taken the name of gallantry!

CHAPTER IX.

The Thumkins Family—Shyness in female society—Curry and rice—My fat friend.

THE THUMKINS FAMILY.

I NOW beg leave to present to the reader Mr. and Mrs. Thumkins, and their two daughters, who inhabited one of the principal houses in our town.

We will begin with the gentleman. Mr. Thumkins was an ugly, insignificant, little man, with a pair of eye-brows like the brushes which they use at some tables to clear away the crumbs, and a cocked-up nose, which he carried *en l'air*, as most short people do—I suppose from the habit of looking up when speaking to others. Fame said he had been waiter at an inn before fortune had shuffled him up into the property he enjoyed.

This report his appearance did not gainsay; for he was always on the *qui vive*, looking as if he was in the act of saying 'Coming, sir,' while your eye naturally rested on his coat-pocket, expecting to see a napkin emerging therefrom.

Mr. Thumkins was a magistrate, of course. Who would not be a justice of the peace? But to see him at the petty sessions and at the quarter sessions, you would not suppose him to be the same person. In the justice-room he was a tyrant and a bully; in the grand jury-room a sycophant. He was a high tory, in the bitterest sense of the word; a strong supporter of the Greatly interest, and a great getter-up of public dinners. As a magistrate, he was the terror of poachers; but the friend of publicans and sinners, when they voted on the right side. He played justice like a school-boy cheating at blindman's-buff: the bandage was so cunningly placed that he could catch whom he liked.

He was always talking of *mi* lord this and *mi* lord that, taking bore not to omit the preceding monosyllable of the title; while in speaking of *Sir John* Anybody he always pronounced it *surgeon*.

When walking with any person, you could always tell the rank of his companion by the attitude he assumed: if a peer, he presented half his front to his lordship, the off-leg keeping in advance of the other, while his ear was cocked up, showing deference and attention; and as the rank or riches of the person diminished, so did his body turn away and his ear drop.

His wife, whom he had married in the country, was altogether dissimilar. She was as tall and large as he was small and thin; so that when you saw them entering a room together, you felt tempted to ask her where she *picked up* her husband. But this feeling was dissipated on the first address, for he took care always to answer for her, in order to counteract first impressions, by showing you that he was master.

Both were very vulgar people (I am not satisfied with the word vulgar, but I have no better); but with this difference, that the lady was *naturally* vulgar, and he *affectedly* so. She, good soul, had nothing artificial about her: he was made up of conceit and pretension.

They had two daughters, who took after the

mother in appearance, and after the father in character. *She* would have made a good figure-head for the Britannia first-rate: *they* always reminded me of the maids of honour, who used to treat Gulliver with so agreeable a ride of a summer's morning.

The girls joined their father in a sovereign contempt for their mother, who was condemned to do all the drudgery of the family. On a dinner-party day, they would be sure to parade the streets till late, in order to show that they had no hand in the preparations, while the poor old soul was working like a horse in the kitchen; so that, on the arrival of the guests, she was more fit to go to bed than to do the honours of the table. Taking advantage of their education at a *genteel seminary* in the precincts of the metropolis, and a select course of reading from the town circulating library, when by themselves they were always reproaching mamma with her ignorance, or schooling her for her conduct in company; and at table with fashionables one daughter always sat near her, to parry any questions the answers to which might betray her want of breeding. But all would

not do—out it would come. One day at a large dinner-party, Mr. Thumkins, who had just recovered from an illness, was complimented by one of the company on his improved looks. Mrs. Thumkins, hearing the remark, called out from the other end of the table, "Why, to be sure, he 's charming well again. I tell Mr. T. he 's got quite collops."—"Collops!" whispered Lord Greatly to me;—"what 's collops?" Collops! looked inquisitively the greater part of the company. A general titter ensued. Thumkins knit his shaggy eyebrows, and looked daggers at his wife. The Misses attempted to slur it over by saying, "La! how funny Ma is!"—"Now I am sure you need not laugh about it," said the old lady; "it 's true enough; for it 's only yesterday that he made me loose the strings of his waistband after dinner." The titter grew into a laugh; the laugh was succeeded by a roar, till at length all the table—father, mother, and daughters excepted—were in convulsions. "Collops," as my neighbour told me, as soon as he was able to speak, meant fat—"collops of fat" being a common Leicestershire term. To those who knew the meaning of the

phrase, the contrast with Mr. Thumkins's lantern jaws and meagre frame was still more ludicrous.

The good woman was indeed a natural, and all endeavours of father and daughters could not make her otherwise. On another occasion, at a dinner at their own house, Mr. Thumkins, wishing to do the grand, when the first course was nearly finished, called to his wife, "My dear, what have you got coming?"—"Coming," said the wife, "what a question! why you know that as well as I do." There was a cross-buttock for his pride, reader! With her *thumping* daughters, and such a father to back them, I would not have been the poor woman that night.

If you happened to praise a dish within the hearing of the old lady, she could not resist the gratification of letting you know that she had made it herself, although under express injunctions never to divulge those secrets of the household. It was painful to see her endeavouring to listen to the conversation of her neighbour, and to have an eye on the dishes at the same time. O the agony of that look with which she contemplated the jelly, which she had left standing in all

the pride of isinglass, now lying flat on the dish—"fallen, fallen, fallen, from its high estate!"

But if she was vulgar, the daughters were worse. They were coarse and forward in their manners, wretchedly affected, and by no means good-tempered. After the ladies had retired to the drawing-room, there would generally be a squabble between them, whether there should be music or a quadrille,—for Bell was fond of dancing, and Di squalled, Italian of course.—O Rossini! thou wouldst have wrung the head off thy *Gazza Ladra*, ere thou hadst heard it so murdered! Then the dancing of Miss Bell—it was quite a treat to see her. It was first one side, and then the other; it was, as a wag of my acquaintance used to say, "Here's my hip, and there's my hip!"

Both sisters were unremitting in their attacks on the hearts of all the bachelors within their reach: but wisely they both tried different points; one assailed the eye, and the other the ear. They were no longer very nice in their quarry: they had failed hitherto in all their partial attacks on the sex: time waned, and they were not of the

right-keeping sort, that can't be touched till after Christmas.

It must not be supposed that our society was generally composed of such materials as Mr. Thumkins and his family. There were some gentlemanly and well-educated families in the neighbourhood, with whom it was a pleasure to associate. The life, however, which I had led in my youth, in camps, and out of the reach of female society, or perhaps somewhat of a saturnine disposition, had incapacitated me for the full enjoyment of social intercourse. Though a great admirer of the softer sex, I never could feel quite at home in their society. I was always in want of something to say. Is it possible that this shyness towards the sex could have had its origin in the following circumstance? When about eight years old, I went to see an aunt, only a few years older than myself, who was at a boarding-school; and I well recollect the girls getting me up into a corner, and quizzing me so confoundedly, that I was delighted to make my escape. But, from whatever cause proceeding, it is a feeling which

I have not yet, nor perhaps ever shall, get over. O how often have I envied the prattle of persons who, in other respects, I despised! and how frequently, when seated near a lady, hard pressed for a little small talk, and biting my fingers from nervousness and vexation, have I been tempted to ask them to give me change for an idea!

I do not recollect to have ever made myself really pleasant but once, when, standing up at a dance next to a sprightly dandy, whose observations to his partner I transferred verbatim to my own: "Very pretty dance—music too slow—room very full—weather very hot—was at the race-ball—archery meetings very pretty—was she a good shot?" (Something might have been made of this last, if I had had presence of mind to have followed it up.) "Did she think Miss So-and-so pretty? Only look at Mr. Cayenne's dancing—how funny!" and so on. But, instead of such *babillage* as this, the most *outré* remarks would suggest themselves to my mind; and I once caught myself asking a lady if she could swim, and at another time whether she wore flannel.

To avoid the awkwardness which I felt in female society, I would generally take refuge at the whist-table, although not much of a player and a constant loser: but if music were going, the remedy was almost as bad as the evil; for if bad, the irritation on my nerves prevented my paying attention to the game; and if good, while my soul was absorbed in the "concord of sweet sounds," some fellow, only "fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils," was winning my money.

Every man has his weak side; and one of my weak points was a dislike to be taken for an Indian: and it would seem as if all the housewives in the neighbourhood had entered into a conspiracy to annoy me; for wherever I dined, curry was sure to make its appearance, and I was as certainly called upon to give my opinion on its merits. This was just as much as to say, "What a yellow face you have!" Curry, to be sure, is a very useful dish, and I am fond of it when at home and no company. With its accompaniment, rice, it fills up a gap or two at a table famously; and you can curry so many things—fowls, rabbits, veal, lobster, and *id genus omne*. Then, if

hard pushed, you can *curry* a horse; and when your funds are low, and you are in want of a dinner, you can *curry* favour.

Hitherto I have furnished you, reader, mostly with unfavourable specimens of human nature; I will now, therefore, with your permission, introduce to your notice a somewhat different character.

MY FAT FRIEND.

I had not been long settled in the country, before the good-humoured round face of my fat friend became familiar to me. Our dwellings were not far apart, and we often crossed in our walks. We had exchanged several "good morrows," and I had, in fact, become acquainted with the man before I knew his name. I was always sure to meet him in the same place at the same hour; and, as the way to his farm lay past our door, he was as good as a clock to our household.

From "good morrow" we got to the state of the

weather—a hacknied, though, to an Englishman, a most important topic; from the weather to the crops; and from the state of the crops to the state of the nation. Our chats gradually lengthened, till our legs, having no share in the colloquy, naturally courted the assistance of a gate. A walk over my small farm, and then one over his large one, was the natural consequence of our growing intimacy. From the farm we got to the garden, and from the garden to the house. In short, we became as intimate as two persons of such opposite education and habits could possibly do. He was not, however, so much at his ease in my house as I was in his. Before my wife he was always a little awkward; and the arrival of a brother or a friend was sure to make him fight shy altogether.

Consistently with a sturdy uprightness of character, he was the most modest and unassuming man I ever met with. He inherited a good-sized farm, in which he was born and bred, and which he cultivated himself. He was an only son, and his mother kept house for him. I have seldom seen a more attached pair; they seemed all in all

to each other. But the pleasure which one took in viewing such unalloyed affection was somewhat embittered by the reflection, that the disparity of their years must render it of no long duration. While I knew them, time seemed to stand still with him. Like the sun near the meridian, its descent could scarcely be perceived: not so with her; a few warnings had taught her, as well as others, to observe that her course was down hill, and that, like the orb in its evening path, she was fast descending towards the horizon of life. His views and hopes pointed but one way: hers lay on both sides the grave; and it was both a pleasing and a painful sight to witness the conflict of feeling thus working in the breast of the mother, the widow, and the Christian. Still she appeared contented, and he was happy. Once, when I expressed surprise that he had never sought a partner to partake of the comforts of such a home, he said he was so happy as he was, that he feared any change must be for the worse. But I could not help thinking that he feared to create a rival to his old parent in his heart; for, though his appearance might have been called coarse, and

his manners unpolished, he had a mind truly delicate and refined—he had the politeness of a happy nature, without the gloss of the world,—and the tact of good sense and feeling, without high breeding.

Although fat, he was—as most fat men are—surprisingly active for his size. In all field-sports, except hunting—for which, I suppose, he thought himself too heavy—he was well skilled. He kept a stout, short-legged nag, a leash of the best greyhounds in the parish, and a brace of staunch pointers, with all the requisite gear. He became my constant companion in the field, and my Mentor in the farm. He knew every inch of ground in the manor; and, indeed, in all the localities he was thoroughly versed. The only thing he did not seem acquainted with in the parish was the characters of his neighbours; and of scandal—the *sauce piquante* of conversation, whether in the palace or the hovel—his palate did not seem conscious. Of the subtleties of politics he had about as little idea; for though his faith in "the powers that be" did not extend to the belief that "what is, is right," yet he heard of des-

potism abroad, and felt that he was comparatively free. He paid his taxes with cheerfulness, for he was sufficiently versed in political economy to know, that liberty and security of property must be paid for as well as every thing else; though he thought that some less odious means might have been adopted for raising the revenue than making people pay for their day-light.

He was a staunch churchman, because his father had been a churchman before him,—and he did not see the use of dissenting. He had taken his place, and, what's more, paid his fare—meaning, I suppose, tithes—in one coach, and he had no idea of making the passage in another.

With a manly independent spirit, he was confiding as a child, and credulous of every thing but ill-fame. Yet was he no simpleton. He could give a good reason for most things he did; but whether this was the result of his own good judgment, or whether he had received part of his maxims by inheritance, I never could make out. He had a veneration for every thing old, and would never change a thing or an opinion, till experience had fully proved its inferiority to the new

one. He had the same furniture that was in the house when his father died, and only such additional implements in the farm as his tardy change of system rendered absolutely necessary.

When any thing generous or charitable was on foot, he was to be seen in the van; but in every thing of fashion or novelty he brought up the rear. He preferred the face of an ugly old friend to that of a handsome new one; and this prejudice extended even to their characters. His charity covered a multitude of sins; but they were the sins of *others;* his own character needed it but little. Yet it must be confessed he had—as all men have—his failings. He had a decided *penchant* for a boxing-match, which he would go a long way to see; and if he saw two boys bruising, instead of endeavouring to part them, he would promise sixpence to the conqueror.

He had a great dislike to Sunday-schools—those child-gaols, as he used to call them; for, though favourable to the education of the poor, towards which he would have handsomely subscribed, he did not see why the poor striplings were to be worked so hard, that time could

not be afforded for their schooling of a week-day; or why the Sabbath, intended for recreation and rest, as well as for religious worship, should be turned into a day of mental labour and personal restraint; nor could he be persuaded that the cause of religion could be advanced by implanting an early disgust to every thing belonging to it. He even went further; he thought there was no harm in the poor being allowed their game of cricket after church-hours.

Though forty years old when I last saw him, he still, in the village, bore the name of Master Thomas,—an appellation which he had retained from the time he left off petticoats.

Though his life was, to all appearance, monotonous, time seemed never to hang heavy on his hands. He had occupation sufficient in his farm: he enjoyed the present like a true philosopher: he had no retrospect to give him pain; and if any forebodings of the future seemed to oppress him, it was in the prospect of losing his beloved and respected parent. How unlike the state of the man of the world, to whom time is an enemy, occupation a bore, thought a rack, the past full of

reproach, the present full of pain, and the dreary future too often enlivened but by one spark of unhallowed hope—the death of the author of his being!

The hand of this simple-hearted man was the last which I shook on leaving the village; and should I ever again bend my steps that way, my first and longest visit shall be to the roof where dwell my fat friend and his kind-hearted old mother.

CHAPTER X.

Tom Duffin—A musical fracas—Droll soliloquy—A clerical set-to—The privileged man—Daisy Fardle—The post-captain.

TOM DUFFIN.

THERE was a singular character that used to come down to our village every shooting-season—no less than a cockney newsvender and sportsman. He possessed a tolerable house and some land, which had been left him by an old lady, whom he had served in the capacity of footman,—but whether there was any other duty annexed to the office, did not come to my knowledge. The property was rented by a kind of gentleman-farmer—that is, a farmer and would-be gentleman—with whom he sojourned when in the country.

He was known by the familiar appellation of Tom Duffin; and was a true cockney of the old school, ere steam-vessels, good roads, and rapid

stage-coaches, had succeeded, by circulation, and intermixture of the population, in reducing local peculiarities, or the increased friction of society had rubbed off the rough edges of character.

He was a stout, fat man, about forty-five years old, with a face like a Norfolk biffin, and a pair of splay feet like a camel's. His head was surmounted by a light-coloured wig, which assorted so ill with the colour and texture of his skin, that no one could possibly have taken it for his own hair, even if the whiskers had been so kept under by the razor, as to prevent their telling tales. His lingo was of the true Cheapside Doric, wherein the v's and the w's have, by mutual consent, changed places.

Though equipped in sportsman-like style, you never could mistake him for any thing but what he was. Cockayne had stamped him as her own. It was a rich treat to see him in a turnip-field with his brace of pointers, and boy, who, while he performed the effective duty of shot-bearer, was not, any more than his betters, ashamed to fill the sinecure-office of carrier of the game-bag. At the first flutter of the birds off went Tom's gun, and

down went—not the game, but the boy—not shot, but to avoid being so. Then again, pop—pop—not a feather touched! Let alone his eye-sight (for I believe his optics were generally closed when he fired) he must have had a bad ear; for if he had only fired in the direction of the sound, he must sometimes have hit. But he was always positive he had killed his bird, and he would keep the boy and dogs hunting about for half an hour before he would quit the spot. Though his feet covered a deal of ground, he was but a bad walker. Nevertheless, if the old saying be true, that "a miss is as good as a mile," he must have gone a great way every time he took a gun in his hand.

One day, however,—and that was a memorable day—he did contrive to kill a hare; but the unfortunate thing was sitting. He spied it on its form; but, wishing to get the credit of having shot it running, he sent his boy back over the hedge to look for a glove which he had dropped; and then, taking deliberate aim, he managed, for once, to send the shot in the right direction. But murder will out. A countryman working not far off saw the whole manœuvre, and reported it of

course. He never heard the last of it; and, if the ghost of poor puss did not haunt him by night, she never wanted champions to revenge the foul deed by day.

He was a better shot in company, particularly with his knowing tenant, who, to keep the old boy in good-humour, would, when they fired together, generally give him the credit of killing,—a merit which he never failed to claim.

Though without wit himself, he was the cause of wit in others; and being a good-humoured fellow, he was a frequent guest at most of the houses in the neighbourhood. Even some of the spinsters ventured to set their caps at him. Among others, Miss Di Thumkins, who, finding he preferred music to dancing, condescended to learn a few English airs to please him. But with no great effect; for by the time the gentleman entered the drawing-room, he was generally so full of Port as to have little taste for the delights of harmony.

One evening, however, she succeeded in attracting him to the piano, when she placed him at her elbow, with the avowed purpose of turning over

the music for her, but really that he might be within reach of her charms, vocal and personal—for the contemplation of which latter no position can be better than that of a leaf-turner—as well as to keep him out of the way of rivals. In the midst of a high-flown *bravura*, when her voice was at its full stretch, she made him a sign to turn over the leaf. In endeavouring to effect this, his hand, then none of the steadiest, encountered the candle instead of the book, and overset it against her neck, where, coming in contact with a valuable lace scarf, which she had put on for the occasion, soon set the slender fabric in a blaze. Starting up with a scream, her fine new silk gown, arrested by the weight of his great splay foot, was nearly torn from her back. The scarf was soon got rid of; but not before it had scorched her snowy neck. As the rays of the sun extinguish the fire in the grate, so did the flame of the candle extinguish the spark of love in the bosom of Miss Di. Writhing with pain and vexation, she lent the innocent cause of her misfortune a blow, which though intended for his puffy cheeks, encountered his wig, which it dislodged in a twinkling, leaving

poor Duffin in that state which, of all others, bachelors most dislike to be seen in by the fair sex.

She, kind soul, having thus expended her rage, was willing to forget and forgive. But he never could bear to look at her again, and from that day forth would call her by no other name than 'the *striking* beauty,' which appellation she ever afterwards retained.

Poor Duffin, when not under the excitement of company or liquor, was subject to love spirits. One day, as he was walking in the garden by himself, he was overheard soliloquizing in the following terms: "What a fool, Tom, thou art! Go out shooting—never kill!—Play at cards—always lose!—Dine in company—always drunk! Get back to town, you old fool,—you have no business here!"

I had a bachelor's dinner-party one day,—among others Trulliber and Duffin. They both plied the Port pretty freely, and were getting rather fresh, when unfortunately Trulliber began to quiz Duffin about the wig affair. As may be supposed, this was a sore subject.

Duffin retorted by bringing up some poaching business, in which the parson had been concerned. His wrath was kindled: they both waxed warm: high words ensued; and if I had not interfered to pacify the parties, they would doubtless have proceeded to blows. The lull, however, was only temporary. Not long after this, coffee was brought in — for I could not trust them with the ladies—and they took their leave.

Unluckily, however, they had to go home together in the parson's phaeton. Trulliber would not admit Duffin in front, but insisted on his sitting behind with the servant; with which arrangement he reluctantly complied. I remained standing at the hall-door for some time enjoying the fresh air: presently the sound of the carriage-wheels ceased, and a noise as of persons quarrelling followed: then a shout, and a cry of—"A ring!—a ring!—fair play!"

I hastened to the spot, which was close to a public-house, only a few hundred yards from my door; and there, by the light of a bright moon, I saw parson and cockney at it, ham-

mer and tongs—the one without his coat, and the other wigless, and surrounded by a crowd of countrymen, who had issued from the ale-house to witness the fun, and to see fair play. It was—"Well done, parson!"—"Now, squire, give it to him!"—"Parson, that's not fair to strike a man when down!"—"Take him up; here, some gin for the gentleman!"

I interfered, of course; picked up Duffin; pinned the parson's arms; and, with the assistance of his servant and the by-standers, packed them both in the carriage, and drove them to their homes, muttering thunder, and vowing vengeance against each other.

The next day the cockney wisely took himself off to London, to hide his shame and his scars; and the parson's eye being in mourning, the parish had the benefit of the spiritual exhortations of Mr. Longaiters for the two Sundays following.

THE PRIVILEGED MAN.

Mr. Bluff was a gentleman who stood out rather prominently in our community; not from any merit of his own, but from a habit of trespassing on all the common rules of society. He commenced life with but a small capital of native talent, which had been little improved by education or society. But he had none of that *mauvaise honte* which prevents some people from displaying what little ability they may possess. In other words, he was a confounded impudent fellow.

When first embarking in society, he thought to set up as a wit; but finding, to use a sea-phrase, that he could not hold his course on that tack, he bore up for a blunt fellow. Steering thus before the wind, he gave a flowing sheet to his tongue; and, instead of racking his brains for puns and witticisms, he was content to say every thing that came uppermost. Under the cloak of a privileged man, he took the liberty of saying things which would not be

tolerated in others; and having just tact enough to consider times and circumstances, and no very nice sense of honour, he contrived to get on without a broken head or a duel. By attributing to others the same thoughts, notions, and intentions that occurred to himself under similar circumstances, he often succeeded in making a good hit; and, by coupling his remarks on others with some abuse of himself, he thought to avert the anger of those who might be offended at his impudence. He was candied beyond measure, and admitted the failings of human nature in his own person, that he might extract the confession of them from his neighbour, when, dexterously shifting his ground, he would leave his dupe in the lurch. He preferred attacking ladies to gentlemen; and, under the shelter of his privilege, would enjoy the blush of the modest, for he prided himself on making people look foolish. "Now, Miss So-and-so," he would say, "you have not taken your eyes off that young spark the whole of the evening. You had better let me tell him you are in love with him at once. Oh, you may well blush; every body sees it as well as I

do." This was a standing joke of his, and many a poor girl has he almost driven into fits by it. I could have kicked the fellow for it; but then he was a privileged man, and no one minded what Mr. Bluff said! If driven into a corner, he would tell you so himself. He was a constant frequenter of clubs and news-rooms, and made himself acquainted with the private history of every one, which he retailed whenever it suited his purpose. When his stock of information failed, he did not hesitate to draw on his imagination, and, if detected in a lie, he only laughed it off.

He was a regular scandal-monger; feared by the weak, and courted by the malicious. He was "hail fellow, well met" with every one who would allow him; never stopped for an invitation, but pushed himself in anywhere. With most people he passed for a pleasant fellow; with the ignorant, as a wit; but the look of a man of sense and feeling was sufficient to make him draw in his horns, or retire within his shell.

DAISY FARDLE.

Mr. Fardle was one of those persons who, but for his two or three thousand a year, would have been nothing. He was, not in the fashionable, but in the true sense of the word, a *nobody* —a mere consumer. The only thing, except his perfect nothingness, which distinguished him from his fellow gentlemen, was an overweening pride:—it was not conceit, nor vanity, but plain dry pride, without the dignified hauteur of rank, or the richness of vulgar assumption. He was rather a short man, with a long, brown, saturnine visage, somewhat marked with the small-pox. His age was near fifty, but he looked older. He was rather flashy in his dress; wore coloured under-waistcoats, and, of an evening, a golden guard to his watch. In his younger days he used to wear a daisy in his button-hole,—so, as there was nothing characteristic to distinguish him, he went by the name of Daisy Fardle. He was seldom seen on foot, but when he did condescend to place himself on a level with his fellow

bipeds, he walked like the kitchen tongs, or a pair of compasses, as if his skin had been made of alabaster and he was afraid of cracking it. He looked straight before him, and with an air of wonderment at any one who did not step out of his way. He never joined in any manly sports, nor was ever seen on horseback; but he kept a handsome carriage, of which he and his wife made frequent use.

He was distantly related to Lord Greatly, and settled near his Lordship's domain, that he might enjoy the benefit of the relationship, both in consequence and society. A high Tory he was, of course; he could not conceive how it was possible for a gentleman to be otherwise. He was an active supporter—as far as his nature could admit—of the Greatly interests, and even went so far as to cut some acquaintances for no other reason than because they differed from him in politics. Good heavens! to be cut by such a creature! It was death! It was annihilation! He raised his eye-brows with astonishment when he heard the word "independence" from an inferior, and turned off several tradesmen because they

would not vote for the nominee of Lord Greatly. He could not suppose it possible for a man who sold merchandize to have a conscience, while he who sold a nation's rights might be every thing that was great or noble.

He talked but little, but spun his words out with a drawl. He was never known to dance or to laugh: he was incapable of a smile: he never approached nearer to the latter than a sneer. He had a sneer for every thing that was liberal, or above his comprehension; for the fool, you must have observed, my dear reader, has his sneer as well as the Cynic; and grieved am I to say, that when that sneer comes from the titled or the rich, modest genius is often known to shrink from its chilling influence.

Mr. Fardle could never take, nor give, a joke. Of wit he was incomprehensible—a good thing was thrown away upon him. When others laughed or smiled, he raised his eyebrows. He was an ass in the truest sense of the word—obstinate and prejudiced. There was no arguing him out of an error. His opinions were not founded on reason; therefore there was no reasoning with him. But

this was human nature: a man of sense is much easier convinced than a fool. The one, when the truth is laid before him, sees it, and is satisfied: he either assents to it, is silent, or turns the conversation. The fool perceives not the weight of the argument, and, in attempting to controvert it, only flounders deeper in the mire, and exposes himself the more!

But, after all, there was really nothing very bad about the man. Except in the exercise of his political animosities, he was inoffensive. He kept a good establishment, paid his way, gave good dinners, was choice in his company, and kept a few todies, who flattered his pride by praising his equipage, his wines, &c. He liked to be appointed steward at country balls, concerts, &c., which served to give him consequence.

He was, like most proud people, ignorant and rather illiterate. He read little but John Bull and the Morning Post, with now and then a political diatribe from Blackwood. His mind—I suppose for want of exercise—appeared to have little appetite: in fact, it seemed to live on its own pride, for he would sit by the hour without any

apparent occupation, and I never heard that the meditation produced any result.

He had little taste for society, although he went the round of all dinners. I forgot, however, he had one accomplishment;—he had all the peerage by heart, and knew the history of almost every family of distinction in the kingdom. He would never be introduced to a commoner, unless he was an M. P., or one of the Thingembobs of Thingomy, or was of the So-and-so's of such a county. He never recollected the names of persons below him in life, unless on the eve of an election, when his memory freshened in a most extraordinary manner; and I have even known him at this period shake hands with persons on whom he would otherwise have scorned to cast a look.

Such was Daisy Fardle. The daisy was too modest and humble a comparison for such a creature: the *dandy-lion* would have been more appropriate.

THE POST-CAPTAIN.

Captain Benbow was about fifty years of age, of an Herculean frame, with a wooden leg, and an handsome weather-beaten face. His countenance would have been a passport into any society where genuine worth was valued. He had risen from before the mast; but at the same time there was nothing vulgar about him; no pretension to what he was not; and, though his conversation was, from habit, interlarded with sea-terms, it was never offensive. He was the most thoroughly good-natured man I ever met with, and he had a certain *bon-hommie* about him that was irresistible. Like brave men in general, he never thought of giving offence, and could scarcely suppose that any was intended for him; while, like strong able-bodied men, he was not easily provoked. But a voice, which might have drowned a tempest, and an amazing volubility of tongue, rendered him rather annoying in company, and especially to ladies with weak nerves. It would seem as if his departed leg had left all its strength and energy as a legacy to the most

pliant member of his frame. He had risen in his profession from merit alone: when I say merit alone, I do not mean without good fortune; but fortune supplied him with the means of displaying that merit which could not be passed over. Poor merit alone would have stood but a bad chance against interest, in those days of patronage and boroughmongering, when even the opportunity of distinguishing one's-self was too often denied to those who possessed not the key to promotion—parliamentary influence. Thus individual wrong was inflicted, and the public service suffered. There were occasions, however, in which merit could not be kept back,—where favoured incapacity must call to its aid the valour or the ability which was wanting in itself, or where the generous sympathy of a kindred heart broke through the servile bonds of cold calculating interest or selfish nepotism. It was by opportunities such as these that Benbow rose to the rank of post-captain in the British navy,—not, however, without having paid for his commission at the expense of a leg and of sundry scars.

He had made some prize-money in the course

of his service, which enabled him, after providing for sundry poor relations, to build for himself a snug cottage in the neighbourhood of the town which had the honour to give him birth. How unlike the favourites of fortune in general, who have risen from a low situation! These, to avoid the importunities of poor relations, or the acknowledgment of honest poverty, will too often settle in some spot as far distant as possible from the scenes of their youth,—thus sacrificing at the altar of pride the best affections of the human heart.

Captain Benbow was unmarried. He had formed his notions of the fair sex on the Point at Portsmouth, or in the bomb-boat; and he had no notion of trusting his happiness to so frail a bark. But he had a widowed sister, who, in more than one respect, supplied the place of wife. She kept his house for him; and, what is more, she filled it with a legion of brats, the noise and mischief of which he bore with more than a parent's patience: though, like the purser's slops, they came to him ready made, he valued them as much as if they had been made to order, and

was at the whole expense of their maintenance and education.

He was not ashamed of being thought a sailor, as some of our modern dandy captains are; but every thing about his residence showed what he had been. A flag-staff, surmounted by a weather-cock, stood on the lawn fronting his windows, whereon the proud banner of England, under which he had so often fought and conquered, floated in the breeze, on the anniversary of every event connected with his country's glory. On a platform in front of this was ranged a battery of six brass guns on ship-carriages: these, in kindred tones, recorded the triumphs of the wooden walls of Old England. Weather-glasses of all kinds were hung up in his hall; and he kept a regular meteorological table, which was the standing oracle of the country. His dressing-room was a perfect armoury: he had a look-out place on the top of his house, and telescopes in abundance. A portrait of Nelson graced the mantel-piece of his dining-room, and pictures of naval actions covered the walls. He had a short terrace at the

end of his garden, which did duty as his quarter-deck. There he used to perambulate by the hour, with a telescope in his hand, with which he occasionally swept the high road and bridge, of which he commanded a view; the turns in his walk exactly corresponding with the length of the quarter-deck of the gun-brig, which he long commanded before he was "posted."

Captain Benbow was generous to a fault. No beggar ever left his door empty-handed; and he was in constant hot water with the parish-officers for encouraging tramps. Nevertheless, the sailor-mendicants generally fought shy of him, for this reason,—that they were most of them impostors; and his experienced eye could detect at a glance a real sailor from a sham one, while his blood always rose at any thing like deception. But a regular tar was sure to experience his generosity; and if he happened to have been present at any of the scenes where he himself had figured, he might have free quarters for a week.

He was a determined foe to humbug of all kinds. He had seen so much of it in his own

profession, where forward imbecility too often prevailed over modest worth, that he took every opportunity of exposing it among high and low.

He was the terror of Thumkins, Bluff, and Fardle. They all hated and avoided him with a kind of natural instinct: the first, because he constantly exposed his vulgar pretensions, and thwarted his tyranny; the second, because he dared not practise on the weak and modest in his presence,—for a look from Benbow was enough to silence him; and the last, because the honest sailor took every opportunity of mortifying his pride. I have watched Fardle when Benbow entered the room, and have seen him take every means to conceal himself from his view; but it would not do. The Captain seemed to smell him as a terrier would a rat: he was sure to find him out; when, making straight up to him, he would seize his reluctant hand, and, with the salutation of, "Ah, my boy, Fardle! how are you?" would squeeze it with the gripe of a vice, till the tears came into the eyes of his victim, shaking him at the same time with such force as almost to shiver his lath-and-plaster frame to atoms.

In other respects Benbow was the best-natured fellow in existence. He would not, for the world, have hurt the feelings of the meanest of God's creatures, provided they had no humbug in them; but against that his nature so revolted, that his attacks on it almost amounted to persecution.

I have said above, that Fardle, Bluff, and Thumkins were all enemies of Benbow; but it did not follow from this that they were friends to each other. Quite the contrary: Fardle looked down upon Thumkins because he was a vulgar upstart; and they both disliked Bluff, because they suffered from his blunt remarks. They were all three selfish people; and selfish persons never can be friends: they repel each other as like points of the magnet do. Between a generous man and a selfish one, there may be intimacy; because, as the pleasure of one consists in giving, and the other in receiving, the intercourse may be gratifying to both.

Old Benbow was the general peace-maker of the neighbourhood; and no one could make up a quarrel like him; for his good sense and feeling showed him at once who was in the wrong; and, if

the offending party would not come to terms, he gave him to understand that he should have to fight him as well as his opponent. In every dispute that required to be decided by pistols, he was sure to be applied to as a second by one of the party; for the best reason in the world,—that he was almost certain to make up the business. If all seconds would so act, there would be but little bloodshed; but, unfortunately, the office of second gives a man an opportunity of showing a kind of second-handed courage, by driving things to extremities — a proceeding too often resorted to by persons, who, were they the principals themselves, would be glad enough to get out of the scrape, even at some expense to their honour.

When he had to settle a quarrel, he would never allow of those ridiculous, and, I am sorry to say, rather parliamentary, proceedings, of disclaiming the obvious meaning of words. If a man had insulted another, he would allow of no such subterfuge, but insist upon a straight-forward and manly apology, as more honourable to the offending party, and more satisfactory to the offended.

Poor dear Benbow had, I regret to say, a fail-

ing too common to his profession—he could not help swearing. He had cured himself of tobacco-chewing when he first came on the quarter-deck; but then that was early in life; and though he had succeeded in clearing his mouth of the filthy juice, he began too late the attempt to cleanse it of oaths. He followed the first part of the beautiful Scriptural injunction "to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction;" and if he did not "keep himself unspotted from the world," the spots in his character were—to borrow the beautiful idea of Sterne—"such as angels' tears might wash away."

CHAPTER XI.

The Country-town ball—Lord Greatly—Halsborough.

ALTHOUGH our market-town was of no great size or consequence, like other towns, it must have its amusements. There were misses who had not learnt to dance for nothing; there were young men arrived at that age when they like to make themselves agreeable to the misses; there were old people who wished to "trot out" their daughters; there was the innkeeper, who wanted to find the tea and supper; there was the music-master, who would supply the band; there were the milliners to make the dresses, and the hair-dresser to *coif* the ladies; and last, not least, there was the half-pay lieutenant, who officiated as *chargé d'affaires* for his Satanic majesty, i. e. master of the ceremonies, whose special duty it was to cater to the public amusement. In short, there were so many interests concerned in getting

up a ball, that, notwithstanding all the opposition from Mr. Longaiters's pulpit, aided by the efforts of a strong phalanx of hopeless spinsters, and a few families who had been converted to the faith as it is in Calvin, a ball there must be.

Now it happened that our community—I don't know whether it is so in other places—was divided into two parties,—the out-of-towners and the in-towners, or rather into dinner and tea society, for some few of the dwellers in the town were admitted into the dinner set. The former party, of course, held their heads very high, and the difficulty was to bring the two together. This was the task of the *employé* above mentioned; and never had a diplomatist a more difficult card to play. Then, among the in-towners there were all kinds of bickerings and jealousies to be appeased; there was a line of gentility to be drawn; and, as is always the case with borderers, the animosities were stronger as the parties approximated the line of demarcation. Good heavens! the very thought is enough to sicken one! I would sooner be keeper of a county gaol than a master of the ceremonies in a country town!

But, behold the ball-day arrived! Doors are opened at eight. Soon after that hour those persons who felt flattered at being admitted into *genteel* society, as well as those who were determined to get as much as possible for their money, began to arrive. But still, to be the first in a ball-room was a dreadful degradation, and deep were the blushes reflected by the pier-glasses from the faces of the first comers; and mutual were the excuses for early attendance among the first two or three parties that entered the room. But still, so eager were the town misses for a dance, that, notwithstanding the more fashionable tardiness of their mammas, most of the in-towners had arrived before a single party of the out-of-towners had made its appearance. "How shameful! How abominable! What airs people give themselves!" Now, as all the lady patronesses belonged to this latter party, the dancing could not well begin till one at least should arrive. At last, soon after nine o'clock, one of these lady functionaries made her appearance, and the ball commenced.

As long as the town's-people were left to themselves, the thing went on pretty smoothly; but

presently, about ten o'clock, a whole set of out-of-towners, who had been dining together, arrived. These walked straight up to the end of the room, where they formed a knot by themselves, defying intermixture with their grosser neighbours, like oil on the surface of water. This nucleus kept gradually increasing by fresh comers, till at last the room was completely divided—out-of-town quadrilles at one end, and in-town ones at the other. In vain did the master of the ceremonies exert himself to produce a mixture. It was Lazarus on one side, and Dives on the other, with an impassable gulf between. In vain did the Honourable St. John Shanks, who there represented the Greatly interest, set the example of leading out a very pretty town-girl. It would not do. She went through the mazes of the dance like a newly-discovered asteroid among the primary planets, scarcely noticed by the greater orbs. Then did the young Honourable try what he could do by dancing in the town-set; but no one followed his example. There was no amalgamating them. The exclusives would be exclusive, notwithstanding every attempt to prevent it.

At length, what is termed the supper-set arrived; and the gentlemen chose as partners those whom they preferred sitting next. Happy the lady who had secured herself a gentleman with a good pair of shoulders; for candour obliges me to confess, that to obtain a good seat at the supper-table, some personal strength was requisite. Now in private parties, in general, some degree of decorum is preserved; for any transgression of the common rules of politeness would be immediately noticed and condemned. Not so at a public dinner or supper. There, indeed, even in the best society, there is a struggle for places that would disgrace a dog-kennel; and it could not be expected that the company assembled on this occasion should form an exception.

Here the in-towners had evidently the advantage; first, from a better knowledge of the localities of the inn; and next, from the superior keenness of their appetites, they having dined some hours before the out-of-towners.

It happened, however, that the communication with the supper-room was through a long narrow passage, in which of course there was a good deal of

crowding, jostling, and elbowing, occasioning some confusion, and sundry ejaculations and rather sharp words from the offended parties. But in the midst an unfortunate accident occurred, which for the time drowned all minor evils. As Captain Benbow was making his way through the passage, with a lady under his arm, he inadvertently planted his timber-toe right on the very worst corn of poor Mr. Thumkins's foot, and was in the act of swinging round the off foot,—during which movement the whole weight of his ponderous body was thrown on the unfortunate corn,—when a sudden cry of horror issued from the slender frame of Thumkins, accompanied by a convulsive swing of his arm, and such a sudden jerk of the suffering member, as would undoubtedly have thrown the Captain on his back, had not the crowd prevented him from falling. Thumkins roared; the Captain apologized; the ladies screamed; and, from the apprehension of some unknown misfortune, a general rush was made towards the ball-room. But here, unfortunately, the door, which opened inwards into the passage, was shut by the pressure. The alarm increased, and the

rush with it; so that several persons, particularly the weaker ones, were thrown down and trod upon. The alarm, however, at length subsided, and order was restored; but not before some serious injuries had been sustained. Several ladies had fainted; others were bruised; others had their clothes torn; and some few, for which they never forgave the Captain, lost their wigs. Chairs and flys were in immediate requisition to carry home the wounded; and Thumkins was stretched on a sofa, where, attended by his wife and a surgeon, the unfortunate toe was examined, and found to be so injured as to keep him in bed for some weeks.

But amidst all this confusion and dismay, the appearance of Miss Bell, as she emerged from the crowd, was such as to excite the risibles of all who had escaped with little harm. Her hair was all disordered, and sundry ringlets were detached from her head as if they had been cut off with a pair of scissors, and were adhering to different parts of her dress: one hip seemed to have swelled in a most extraordinary manner, while that posterior projection, esteemed as the point of beauty

in Southern Africa, and of which she was not a little proud, had disappeared altogether. But she did not remain long to receive the malicious condolence of her rival beauties; but, unmindful of the situation of her father, retired to a bed-room, where she succeeded in reducing the swelling afore-mentioned, and in restoring the other part of her figure to its usual *embonpoint*.

Before this unlucky interruption of the festivities of the evening, the greater part of the town's-people had managed to seat themselves at the supper-table, and to secure the best places; so that there was not much room left for the out-of-towners, several of whom ordered their carriages and went home in high dudgeon, abusing the vulgarity of the in-towners,—never reflecting that they themselves had set the example of bad manners.

The supper went off—or rather went down—as suppers in general after dancing; and nothing more occurred to disturb the harmony of the evening, till the ladies had retired to the ball-room to prepare for resuming the dance. One of the party then got up, and gave,

as a toast, "The Ladies!" A round of "Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!" followed, the sound of which reached the ball-room. Miss Bell, supposing the words were meant to ridicule her unfortunate accident, immediately bounced out of the room in a violent rage, and remained in the anti-room till a chair or a fly could be procured to carry her home. But notwithstanding the absence of Miss Bell, the dancing was resumed, and some of the company did not retire till a late hour. Thus ended our Christmas Ball.

LORD GREATLY.

The Earl of Greatly, Viscount Spindle, was of the modern family of the Shankses; and if none of his ancestors appeared in Doomsday-book, the present generation cut a good figure in the Red-book, and eke in the Black one.

The present Lord was about thirty years of age. He differed from his order in general in the cast of his countenance. There is something dignified, if not very intellectual, in the faces of our nobility; but his was broadly vulgar. His figure was

tall, lanky, and high shouldered. He had a squeaking voice, and a certain pettishness in his manner, which, notwithstanding all his assumed dignity, likened him to an overgrown schoolboy.

He had gone through the common course of a nobleman's education. At home he had been taught his consequence, in being my-lorded by the stable boys and the tenants; had passed through Eton with a tutor at his elbow, to do his exercises for him, and to prevent his cubship from being cuffed and kicked; took a nobleman's degree—an hereditary legislator's mark!—at Cambridge, where he was tufted and todied; and ended by driving over the Continent in a travelling chariot, with a coat of arms to show his rank, a courier to provide for his wants, and a travelling companion to speak for him. And what did he learn by all this to fit him for a seat in the council of the nation? Did he learn any thing of the laws of God, of nature, or of his country? No! He had learnt to write, to be sure; but was his hand intelligible? No! a good hand is clerkish: it is vulgar, forsooth, to express one's-self intelligibly on paper! Next, I suppose, it will be

unfashionable to articulate distinctly! Had he a knowledge of accounts?—no! that would be vulgar also. Had he learnt to speak and write his own language correctly?—no! Had he learnt any modern language?—no! they teach no modern tongues at Eton! What, then, did he learn? Why, reader, he learnt to quote—I don't mean to understand—Latin, without being guilty of a false quantity! for in the house of hereditary legislation there is no disgrace in murdering the King's English; but to inflict the slightest scratch on the skin of a dead language is next to treason. How comes it then, it may be asked, that some of our Lords are really well informed, sensible men? The truth is, that the *materiel* is good, and that nature is sometimes too strong for education.

As may be supposed, then, his Lordship had no more knowledge of the world than a child; except in those matters which concerned his rents, his privileges, and his borough interests, in all of which he had been carefully instructed.

One of his estates, on which was a splendid mansion and a fine park, was about four miles from our market-town. Some one of his family

had represented the county for half a century, and he had two snug boroughs of his *own*. He did not often visit his estate of Gobbleall; but when he did, it was accompanied by a host of fashionables, enough to "frighten the neighbourhood out of its propriety." All the ostentatious, but stingy, habits of a town life were brought down to the country: the servants' hall was supplied with small beer instead of ale; and the horses and carriages of the visitors were packed off to the inn; while the guests grumbled at the lateness of the dinner hour.

Then, in the sporting season, a migratory herd of fashionable sportsmen, like the locusts of Egypt, just came for a *battue*, and were off again, to thin the preserves of some other noble fool. And this is what is called sport! Thus, for the laudable emulation of who shall show the most game in one day, the lives and morals of the neighbouring poor are endangered.

Unlike most of his own order, he was strangely deficient in natural spirit. He was a cowardly horseman; and, although he kept a stud of fine hunters, and wore a red coat, I have seen him

mounted on a horse which would have carried him over a five-barred gate, with a glass of wine in his hand, and yet hesitate at crossing a ditch about three feet wide !

His Lordship belonged to that party in politics to which the nation owed that pretty little mortgage on the industry of this and succeeding generations, termed a national debt ; and it was to the unconstitutional influence of his order in particular, that that burthen was imposed. The most tyrannical despot that ever trod the earth could not have extracted the tithe of that sum from the pockets of the people. It was only through the false notion that they had representatives in Parliament to look after their interests, that they quietly submitted to be fleeced in their own persons, and to have such a debt entailed on their posterity ; while, all the time, it was not *they* that were represented, but the shearers themselves, for whose profit they were fleeced.

His Lordship possessed, as I before said, two boroughs, which gave him the means of supporting the minister in his extravagance, and of providing for his family. These boroughs were of the

nature of Old Sarum, and their representatives were either his own relations, or some men of talent brought into Parliament to support the cause of corruption. However insulting to the representative system was the existence of these decayed boroughs, and however injurious to the nation, there was another and a worse description of borough, which properly comes under the appellation of rotten. One of these, which was not far from where I lived, I will now proceed to describe under the name of Halsborough.

HALSBOROUGH.

Halsborough was a town containing about four thousand inhabitants. It was well situated for commerce, and consequent extension and improvement; but it was its misfortune to be cursed with sending two members to parliament. When I say it sent members to parliament, I mean its corporation did so. Now, by some juggling means or other, this corporation fell into the power of one individual. This person was Sir Simon

Sellplace, Baronet—a boroughmonger in the literal sense of the word; though in private life, I believe, an amiable man. It was said that this borough formerly belonged to some noble family, before it came into the possession of Sir Simon's father or grandfather. But of this I know nothing. The right of voting for members, it appears, was vested in the corporation. Now, reader, how do you think this corporation was made up? First, of Sir Simon himself, who filled the sinecure office of recorder; next, of three resident burgesses, namely, the parson, the family doctor, and the recorder's brother, with about half a score of nephews, cousins, and personal friends, who lived the Lord knows where: out of these a mayor was annually chosen, whose office also appeared to be a sinecure. These persons were to elect *representatives* for the town of Halsborough! What a farce! No—it was no farce! It was a melancholy truth! Then, how did Sir Simon dispose of these seats? Why, he regularly sold them, at the rate of one thousand pounds per annum for each! But was there nothing to set off against this profit? Yes, there was a public breakfast every time the mayor

was chosen; and there was a public dinner, and beer given away, on a general election. But besides this enormous gain by trafficking in the people's rights, Sir Simon had provided for himself and family out of the public purse, by taking care to sell the seats to those persons only who would support the government.

But has not a man "a right to do what he likes with his own?" Granted; but how came it to be his own? or how *could* it be his own? Then, again, it may be asked, "though undoubtedly a national grievance, what hardship was it on the town? the right was in the corporation." Yes; but had not the town a right to have the burgesses elected from the inhabitants? Was this robbery, or was it not? In the case of Old Sarum, as I before said, the nation only was injured, but here the nation was injured, and a respectable town cheated out of its rights.

But whether it was a grievance or not, the consequence was fatal to the town, for it was the interest of Sir Simon and his dependents to keep it as poor and as miserable as possible: riches would create independence, and independence was the

thing most to be dreaded. In fact, had Manchester and Birmingham been cursed with representatives of this sort, they might have been miserable villages to this day, notwithstanding all their local advantages. But enough of Halsborough for the present: I shall visit it again by-and-bye.

CHAPTER XII.

Mr. Pitt's Financial Policy.

I BELIEVE few persons will deny that the remarks contained in the foregoing chapter give a correct state of the representation, as regarded boroughs in general. That some large constituencies, such as London and Westminster, should have maintained their independence, is no argument against the prevalence of a corrupt system.

Now, though the county representation was less under the influence of individuals, it was far from being in a healthy state. Besides, the agricultural interests had, for the time being, so benefited by the war, in a manner which I shall presently explain, that they were ready enough to support that party to which they owed their

apparent prosperity. The consideration of this subject naturally leads me to make some observations on the financial system pursued by Mr. Pitt, during the war of the French Revolution, in which he was aided by a corrupt parliament and a greedy oligarchy. But should any one feel disinclined to follow me through a comparatively dry subject, he has only to turn over to the next chapter.

When Mr. Pitt engaged the nation in a continental war, his policy was not so much to employ the military as the financial resources of the country, while our poor and less industrious neighbours were subsidized to fight the battles of the common cause. His endeavour was, therefore, to place the nation in as taxable a state as possible; and with this view he gave every possible encouragement to our commerce and manufactures, while he used every means in his power to destroy the trade of our enemies. His naval armaments were, therefore, from the first, most powerful, and soon effected the object in view, as far as regarded France. The early reduction of Holland by the revolutionary arms, which added her to the number

of our enemies, and the junction of Spain to the cause of France, soon enabled him to centre in England almost the whole commerce of the world. The resources thus enlarged, however, were found insufficient to answer the demand for money; so the nation became taxed to an extent hitherto unknown, while loan upon loan kept the national debt on a most rapid increase.

Thinking men, no doubt, foresaw the consequences of this accumulating debt; but still, as it did not press on the people at the time, the interest on it being paid by additions to the annual loans, no great outcry was caused; and the nation allowed itself to be *gulled* by the existence of a Sinking Fund, the income of which was raised, not by immediate taxes, but by additions to that very debt, the reduction of which it was intended to effect.

Mr. Pitt soon found out, or perhaps his penetration had previously informed him, that the more he added to the permanent burdens of the nation by the increase of the debt, the more he enlarged his immediate power of taxation; for the capital of the nation being

augmented in fictitious amount, in proportion as the debt increased, he was enabled, by a tax on income, to produce a corresponding augmentation in the revenue.

In the early part of the war, no doubt, the pressure of the taxes was severely felt by all classes, but particularly by those who lived on the industry of others, i. e. who neither laboured, nor were engaged in trade. The tradesman, of course, did not fail to add his taxes to the price of his goods, while the labourer or artizan, through the demand for men, occasioned by the war, was enabled to raise his wages in proportion. But still prices did not very materially alter.

Our resources had hitherto been supported, in a great measure, by the increase in our colonial trade, owing to the capture of so many valuable colonies and settlements in the early part of the war, which enabled our merchants to come forward with loans to Government to an extent scarcely credible. But when, through the growing power of France, we became cut off from a great part of the Continent, there

was no longer a ready market for our colonial produce; and our manufacturing trade, which had hitherto supplied a great part of Europe, began, for the same reason, to decline.

It was then Mr. Pitt undertook his grand financial scheme, which will for ever leave a stigma on his name. No doubt the situation of the country was most unprecedented and alarming, and called for strong measures. His object being to resist what he supposed a temporary power, he was content to oppose a temporary expedient, apparently regardless of the foundation on which it was laid, or of the consequences it might entail on the nation. The real capital, and consequent income, of the country, being found insufficient to bear the taxation necessary to accomplish his views, he determined to supply the nation with an artificial or fictitious capital, whereon he might erect a structure capable of defying the whole power of Europe, guided by the most extraordinary man, and the most inveterate foe, that had ever been opposed to England.

The first and grand step towards effecting this

was "the restriction of cash payments,"—a measure which I can never consider in any other light than as an act of political swindling. By this means the Bank of England was enabled to extend its issues of paper, without the fear of being called upon to replace it with bullion. Thus, by stopping the outlets of cash from the Bank, he was enabled to draw from it large supplies of money; and, while he applied the bullion of the country to foreign purposes, he encouraged the circulation of paper to supply its place;—just as a thief would rob a cask of spirits, and then fill it up with water.

The Bank, thus freed from the ordinary restraints on such commercial concerns, extended its advances to Government and trade, which example being quickly followed by country banks (the number of which so favourable an opportunity did not fail to augment) an immense quantity of paper was thrown upon the country. These advances of paper, together with the immense sum expended by Government in the country, gave such an impulse to our home

trade, that all the immediate consequences of an increase of capital were produced.

The demand for labour, thus occasioned, gave an impulse to population, which, operating with the rise of wages, caused an increase both in the demand for food, and in the cost of its production. To supply this increased demand, recourse must be had to foreign countries; or those soils, hitherto thought unfit or unprofitable for the growth of corn, must be brought under the plough. As considerable difficulty then attended the importation of corn from those countries at peace with us, possessors of capital were not slow to avail themselves of this opportunity of employing their money; but as those soils required more expense in their cultivation, the produce became dearer, or, rather, they could not be cultivated with profit unless corn were at a certain price: so that what was at first only the effect, became afterwards, in some measure, the cause of the increased price of provisions. Thus we had three causes operating to increase the cost of the necessaries of life—taxes, rise of wages, and the bringing

the poorer soils into cultivation; which two last are here only secondary causes, having been occasioned by over-issues of Bank paper.

The latter cause,—the cultivation of the poorer soils, was also the means of raising rents, (as was most satisfactorily explained by Mr. Ricardo,) so that the rise of rents can only be considered as a consequence, and not as a cause of the high price of provisions.

The only persons then who appeared to suffer materially by the war, were the annuitant and landlord, who had set his land on a long lease; and as all, except these, received higher prices, in a greater or less degree, for the produce of their capital or for their labour, the only effect apparently produced was the depreciation of the currency in the increased price of every thing.

At the same time our foreign trade did not suffer so much as might have been expected from the war; for, although our exports had experienced considerable diminution from the first, such was the vigilance and activity of our merchants, that, when one inlet was stopped, they generally contrived to find another, through which

to introduce our home manufactures and colonial produce into the Continent, until the final accomplishment of the continental system of Napoleon. Then, indeed, our situation became truly alarming; and had this system of exclusion continued but a short time longer, the bubble of Mr. Pitt's mighty fabric must have burst. This war of paper against solid power could not have been long supported.

But, happily for us, the character of our deadly foe carried within itself the seeds of his own downfall; and that ambition, which, had it been restrained within the bounds of prudence, must have secured him the empire of the world, tempted him to waste his strength in a war against the elements. Providence here interposed, and, as if to prevent the boastings of man, took the war into its own hands, effecting in one winter—which will be long felt by Europe as the dawn of her deliverance—the destruction of that power, which all the population of Europe, and all the resources of the British empire, had only served to augment.

It was then we began to raise our drooping

heads. The sudden opening of most of the ports of Europe to our home and colonial produce communicated a fresh impulse to all descriptions of commerce and trade; and the current thus created soon spread itself throughout all the branches of the state. Such a state of things could not exist without yielding a proportionate return to the state: so the revenue increased in a great degree; and the nation was, to all appearance, in a most prosperous state. The labourer and artizan had their comforts raised to a degree before unknown; the farmer realized more than ordinary profits; the trader made his fortune; and the landed proprietor, although his share of the factitious riches of the country did not equal that of either of the two foregoing classes, was yet enabled to support himself in a style more than equal to that in which he formerly lived. Our population increased without being attended by want of employ, and our national credit was unbounded. Such was the picture at home.

Abroad, our navy rode triumphant on the main. Our army, although it never appeared on the Continent in a numerical force at all proportionate

to our population, yet, in all its contests, proved such a superiority over the enemy as fully to maintain the glory of the British arms. Our empire stretched over an extent of country more than twenty times the size of England; and a population, of at least four times our own, bowed to the mild dominion of Britain. In short, we seemed on the pinnacle of national prosperity, whether in our foreign or domestic relations, and our power and resources appeared unlimited. And so they would have continued, if the same cause, in which this apparent prosperity had originated, could have maintained its progressive improvement. But, unhappily, the germ of ruin lay lurking in the constitution, while we were, to all appearance, in the most perfect health. While other nations, whose blood had been more profusely shed in the contest, lay panting from the effect of their physical efforts, but which rest ultimately cured, we were suffering from the consequences of a bloated and diseased state of the body; arising, not from our physical exertions, which were never at any time during the war equal to our strength, but from the measures

taken to pamper us into a state of political obesity. Though the physician, skilled in the economy of the body politic, foresaw the crisis that must inevitably follow, yet the superficial observer could see nothing but health pourtrayed in the countenance of the patient, himself unconscious of his state. Does the feverish subject feel the effect of his malady at the time his spirits are raised by the unusually rapid circulation of his blood? No! wait till the fit is off; then view the wretch stretched on his couch in all the languor of exhausted nature. Such was the state of the nation on emerging from the war.

From this it will appear, that the great evils of Mr. Pitt's administration, which, though not felt at the time, began to operate at the conclusion of the war, were an enormous debt and a depreciated currency. The change to a state of peace, instead of bringing blessings, as in an ordinary state of things might justly have been expected, had been attended by disastrous consequences,—the effect of the evils already mentioned,—brought

into action by temporary causes, which may be comprehended under the following heads:—

1st, The glut of our manufactures and colonial produce in the foreign markets.

2ndly, The cessation of contracts for the public service.

3rdly, The importation of foreign grain.

4thly, The unfavourable season of 1816.

And lastly, The cessation of advances to trade by the Bank of England and by country banks.

How these several causes operated on the different branches of trade and commerce, and on the people generally, needs no explanation. They were sufficient to bring all the latent diseases of the state into action. Trade no longer flowed in the same rapid stream that it had. This was an event to have been expected; for, notwithstanding the advantages we possess in our colonies,—in coal, in machinery, and in the superior industry of the people,—our manufacturer could not expect to support his monopoly, nor indeed, in many articles, to support a competition with other countries where provisions were so

much cheaper, when peace had opened a free communication, and that those nations, which had till then been employed in resisting the aggressions of France, had begun to look around them, and to turn their attention to commerce.

A considerable trade on borrowed capital, caused by the improvident advances of banks, to the injury of the fair trader, had already, by exciting an unfair competition, occasioned the depreciation of the quality of our manufactures, by which means the superiority over those of other countries was in a great degree lost. The stoppage of the Bank advances, occasioned by the sudden stagnation of trade, not only caused the immediate failure of these fictitious capitalists, but involved that of many fair traders, while a mutual mistrust tended still further to augment the evil. In short, the sinews of our trade were completely paralyzed.

This failure in the *primum mobile* caused the whole machine to move tardily, and every branch of the state seemed affected. Still our manufacturer struggled to support himself in the foreign

market: but, to do so, he was compelled to lower wages to such a degree, as scarcely to allow sufficient for the support of life. The farmer complained loudly that he was undersold by the foreigner, and could neither afford to give the same wages, nor to employ the same number of labourers that he did. His state was still further aggravated by the effect of the poor laws, which then began to be seriously felt; a great part of that population, which had been generated, and hitherto supported by trade, having been thrown on the land for support. The agricultural labourer, compelled to share his work, and of course his wages, with the manufacturing poor, was nearly reduced to as bad a condition as them. At the same time all classes seemed to suffer more in proportion as their wants had increased, by the improvement in their circumstances during the war.

When the panic occasioned by this sudden reverse of fortune had subsided, trade began, in some degree, to revive; and the landed interest, being propped up by the corn laws, the vessel of the state righted a little. That she has been enabled to outlive the storm is more owing to the

soundness of her timbers, and the goodness of her crew, than to any skill in the commanders. In fact, nothing can prove the resources of the British nation more, than the way in which she has gradually got over many of the evils entailed on her by the system of Mr. Pitt.

The first step towards recovering from the unnatural state in which we had been left, was the return to cash payments, which may be considered as the tapping of our monetary dropsy. The state of our currency at that time might be compared to a branch of the sea, so dammed up as to be considerably above the level of the adjacent waters. The object was, of course, to restore it to its original level; for, until that was effected, there could be no free communication with the main. But in so doing, the utmost caution was necessary, or the rush of water might have been such as to occasion the greatest disasters.

Now, there were two ways of effecting this:—by raising the value of bullion; or, by contracting the circulating medium.

The first measure is what I should have preferred, odious as it may appear. That was my opi-

nion at the time, and I do not now disguise it. As to injustice, I can see none in it. Gold had been almost out of the currency for twenty-three years, during the greater part of which time the guinea could not be bought for less than twenty-seven shillings of the paper currency. What injustice would there then have been in resuming it at the same value, with respect to the necessaries of life, that it bore at the time of the Bank restriction in 1797? The legislature, however, decided on the latter expedient, by the return to cash payments, on the principle of Mr. Peel's bill. But I always foresaw, that unless the contraction of the circulating medium was accompanied by a considerable reduction of taxes, and by a relaxation in the corn laws, we should be brought into a worse state than we were before; for if taxes, which are imperious, and provisions, which are of the first necessity, were still to engross as much money as they did previous to the contraction of the circulating medium, what would there be left for trade? In fact, the measure was neither more nor less than retracing our steps; and unless all parts retrograded with an equal pace, confusion must

have been the consequence. The process has been tedious, and has occasioned, and will yet occasion, much distress before its proper object is accomplished—that of restoring the currency nearly to the same value which it had previous to the Bank restriction.

I shall now say a few words on Mr. Pitt's legacy to the British nation—

THE NATIONAL DEBT,

together with its consequences—an excessive taxation.

As the spendthrift appears in affluence as long as he can get credit, so it was with us as long as we had lenders to pay the interest as well as to increase the principal of the debt. But a day of account must come; and come it did. The borrowing system had been our ruin from first to last. The nation borrowed; the trader borrowed; the farmer borrowed. We all know the consequences:—half of the two latter became bankrupts, and the former was in a fair way to follow them.

A learned judge has told us, by way of consolation, that a national debt (meaning of course our own) is a benefit to the nation. To a certain extent we will admit the principle; for money, through this means, is taken from one consumer and given to another; thus causing it to pass through more channels, and to flow with a brisker motion. But are there no limits to this system? Are we to take the greater part of what one person possesses, and give it to another? The learned judge, perhaps, means that the national debt is not felt, because the interest on it is spent in the country. As well might he tell us, that the legs cannot feel any burthen, because the weight they bear proceeds from the corpulency of the body!

Now, if it required such a bloated state of the body politic to furnish the taxes levied during the war, can the nation be expected to yield any thing near that amount when the body is restored to its natural size? or, to speak without metaphor, now that the capital of the nation, cleared of all fictitious additions, is reduced to its real amount, and that that capital will not yield any thing like the return it did, must not the taxes, although consi-

derably diminished, be still felt as a grievous burthen?

The idea of reducing the national debt by a Sinking Fund has been for some time past abandoned; and very properly so. The only thing that can be done to lessen its pressure, is to place ourselves in a situation to bear it; and this can only be effected by increasing our trade and commerce. This is a subject, however, which I shall reserve for another part of the work.

CHAPTER XIII.

The grammar-school—Remarks on public schools—The maiden lady.

About the centre of our town, there was an old stone building, with a passage on one side leading from the street into a back-yard. At the end of this passage, there was an iron grating. Close to this grating you could see at regular hours, seated on a low stool, an old woman in a red cloak, with sundry baskets of fruit, cakes, and various condiments suited to school-boys' palates. Through the bars of this grating you would perceive sundry young heads obtruding, and as many hands engaged in exchanging coppers for the contents of the old lady's baskets. This, reader, I need hardly tell you, is the grammar-school,—or, in other words, the gaol for human intellect. Here, removed from nature, its beauties, and its moral, some half-hundred boys were immured between

four high walls, and a like number of day-scholars came at stated hours to take their draughts at the Pierian spring. These latter might be distinguished from the inmates of the house, by a bolder and a freer air, a strong provincial dialect, and rather worse garments. They were to be seen "with shining morning face, creeping unwillingly to school,"—or lurking about the street in groups, whirling their tops, or playing marbles on the pavement, heedless of passengers—a world in themselves.

Who is that black-coated gentleman just stepping forth from the front door, with a consequential air and no prepossessing countenance? That is the pedagogue himself, M. A. of one of the universities. Master of what arts? Certainly not of the art of teaching! Say rather of the art of flogging, and you will be nearer the mark.

Then, that sour-looking young man just emerging from the passage? That is, to use an *electrical* phrase, a conductor of tyranny; or, in plain language, the usher. He is tyrannized over by the master, and passes it on to the boys. He makes liberal use of his cane: he has his likings

and his dislikings, and woe to the knuckles of the poor boy against whom he has a spite! He sometimes condescends to join the boys in their sports, but they wish him at the devil.

At this school, as it is called, the boys are placed to learn,—what? To learn to hate learning! to be treated like brutes instead of reasoning beings! The motto to the Westminster Grammar is,

"Radix doctrinæ amara est, fructus dulcis."

Ay, and a bitter root they make it! nor is the fruit much better that I can see. But what a lesson for the poor creatures! Why should the root be better? I maintain that the human mind has a natural desire to learn, which nothing but a bad system of teaching can counteract. The infant mind is here treated like a school-boy's top. It is not supposed to possess any internal springs which can be acted upon to move it; but it is whipped onwards to the goal. What wonder then that its impetus should be more rotary than progressive! In fact, on the principle of our public schools in general, every possible obstacle seems to be

put in the way of learning. It is just as if you were to attempt to teach a child to walk by placing it among a parcel of stones, and whipping it when it stumbles. The consequence of this system is, that the master is pulling one way, and the boys the other; and the pupil, instead of joining in the work of education, thinks only of amusing himself as much as possible, leaving all the responsibility of pushing him on to the master. They begin to learn the Grammar of a dead language, before they know any thing of the construction of their own; and that in a tongue of which they understand not a word. Thus blindfolded, they are kept floundering on in the path of learning, up to their knees in mud at every step: it is thought, the rougher and the more difficult the road, the deeper it will be impressed on the mind. This is mistaking the means for the end. "*Quæ genus*" or "*As in præsenti*" may be indelibly stamped on the memory; but will the language of which they treat be acquired in half the time that it would be by more rational means? In fact, by encumbering the road with obstacles, we are not only prevented from gaining the end of our journey quickly, but

are so taken up with overcoming the obstructions we encounter, that we have neither time nor inclination to make collateral observations both useful and instructive. In short, upon the old system of teaching, every possible means was taken to thwart the object of education—the acquisition of useful knowledge, and the improvement of the mind. The only faculty of the mind that was really exercised or improved, was the memory: the reasoning powers were never thought of. Thus, in arithmetic, the rules were learnt, and the work done mechanically, but not explained nor understood. If geometry were taught, the Propositions of Euclid were learnt by heart! What a strange perversion of terms, "by heart!" What has the heart, the soul, or any faculty of the human mind to do with the operation, but the memory?

In our public schools, the most precious years of a boy's life are taken up in learning two dead languages, which, under a proper system, might be acquired in half the time that is usually bestowed upon them. Science, or a knowledge of the works of nature, are never thought of. It has

often astonished me, how, notwithstanding all these defects, the English have been able to maintain any character in the scientific world. But the genius of the people has risen superior to the trammels imposed upon it. What then might not be expected under a better system of education! Modern languages, which would indeed be useful in life, have hitherto been neglected in the education of our males. If taught at all, it has been in the most superficial way.

But to return to our grammar-school. It is now about noon, and in half an hour the boys will dine. This is the time wisely chosen for distributing to them their daily allowance of copper; for the more they stuff their stomachs with the trash of the old woman's baskets, the less they will eat at dinner. But they have no great loss—such a dinner! The meat is all contracted for! What mutton! What beef-steak pies, with crust of flint, and meat which would require the grinders of a dog to masticate! Surely to be a school-boy requires the hide of a rhinoceros, and the stomach of an ostrich!

Here, for many a year, which might be beneficially employed, is the poor boy pent up with his

mind in irons. What wonder, then, when let loose, that he should be the animal he is—a dirty, mischievous, noisy urchin! or that he should pass the vacation like a felon liberated from long confinement, or like a horse turned loose into the field after it has been long tied up in a stable! A school-boy, on the old system, is, in a certain degree, a Gasper Hausen. He has not the faculties to enjoy nature or society, or to conduct himself as a reasoning being.

But, say the advocates of such public schools, "It is a little world of itself, which prepares a boy to take his place in life." I admit that, if properly conducted, they would be so. But show me the man who has not brought away with him from these "little worlds," some evil habits or propensities, which either stick to him for life, or which he has, on mixing with the world, cast aside as a snake does its skin.

THE MAIDEN LADY.

Mrs. Martha Primley—she had the good sense to give up the Miss about five years before—was a

maiden lady of about fifty-five years of age. Whether she had remained in a state of "blessed singleness" from necessity, as the scandalous world would aver,—or whether from choice, considering that the privileges of a mother, enjoyed in common with the brute creation, were but a poor compensation for the loss of freedom,—I could never positively discover. But, from whatever cause proceeding, the class of females, to which this old lady belonged, are far more deserving of praise than of ridicule. By withdrawing themselves from the matrimonial market, they prevent its being overstocked, thereby conferring an inestimable benefit on their sex; while, at the same time, they give a salutary check to population before it has reached that point, wherein, according to Messrs. Malthus and Co., the natural checks begin to operate in a manner so prejudicial to the happiness of mankind.

Now, though it is easy to prove that the situation of a maiden lady is productive of much more happiness to the individual than the marriage-state, generally speaking, yet there are certain little sympathies and affections natural to the

female breast, which must have a vent; otherwise, they are apt to engender crudities, tending to injure the disposition, and to diminish the amiability of their possessor. In the matrimonial state this want is naturally supplied by children; but the maiden lady is under the necessity of providing herself with subjects whereon to exercise these inherent qualities of her nature. For this reason we seldom see what is called an old maid without a score or two of pets, in the shape of monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, cockatoos, or tortoise-shell cats; and every one of judgment will admit, that they are infinitely more innocent and much less troublesome objects of affection than children. Besides, to have children one must have a husband. "Ay, there's the rub!"

Mrs. Martha Primley had a family of this description; and, having little else to do, she bestowed a good deal of time and trouble in their care. But it was her misfortune, poor old lady! to live next door to the grammar-school beforementioned, than which there could not be a greater source of annoyance to one of her feelings and habits. Indeed, it is scarcely possible to conceive

two neighbouring tenements to be composed of more discordant materials, than a boys' school and a maiden lady's *ménage:* and this she proved to her cost. To detail all the tricks that were played on the poor lady's darlings, would fill a volume. Complaints to the master were of no use,—they only made her situation worse; for, instead of the tricks being confined to her pets, she became an object of aversion, and they were extended to herself.

There was scarcely an urchin in the school but had suffered from some complaint of her's; hence schemes, innumerable for her annoyance, were hatched, and practised with the utmost dexterity. Independently of these pranks, the continual noise they made was enough to distract one whose nerves were none of the strongest. Their monotonous buzz when conning their lessons, and the continual clatter of their sharp querulous voices when at play—which could be compared to nothing less than that of ten thousand sparrows mobbing a poor solitary swallow on the house-top—was absolutely insufferable. Indeed, so miserable had the poor woman become from these

incessant annoyances, that nothing but the bump of locality in an extraordinary degree, joined to some hereditary attachment to the spot, could have prevented her from quitting the neighbourhood.

I had not been long in the country before I encountered Mrs. Martha Primley in her walks, attended by such a detachment of her pets as could be trusted in a *promenade*. Struck with her likeness to one of my grandmothers, I felt interested for the old lady, and procured an introduction to her. We became very intimate, and, in return for the sympathy which I expressed for her misfortunes, she used to entertain me with an account of the tricks played on herself and her household, by her mischievous neighbours. I will select a few by way of specimens.

On the 5th of November, that day of school-boy ascendancy, (I can't tell why, unless it be that the principal object of Guy Fawkes's treason was fitter for a pedagogue than a king,) she was sure to be paid off for all the punishments she had occasioned. Consequently, on those anniversaries she consi-

dered herself "*en état de siége*," and prepared accordingly, by barricading her doors and windows, &c. But all would not do. On one of these memorable occasions of "gunpowder treason and plot," her favourite poodle, which had been missing from the morning, came to the door after dark, yelping most piteously. Notwithstanding the danger to be apprehended by opening the gate of the fortress at that hour, she could not possibly leave the poor creature at the mercy of its enemies. On withdrawing the bolt, as she had anticipated, the dog came rushing in under a shower of crackers from without, and as many more depending from his tail, exploding like a fire-ship, to the imminent danger of the house and its inmates. The poor thing naturally endeavoured to take refuge in the lap of its mistress; in trying to avoid which, she was hunted from top to bottom of the house, till, the combustibles being exhausted, the innocent object of her dread lay stretched on the floor, panting and smoking, with its beautiful hair all singed from head to foot.

Then, the old lady had been particularly careful in teaching her parrot nothing but the choicest

language, and had even gone so far as not to permit of his learning a single expression which could not be found in Addison. Once, on returning from an excursion, which she had prolonged beyond the time intended, she was saluted by Poll with the appellation of a d——d old b——, accompanied by such a string of oaths and blackguard expressions as had never before assailed her ears. In short, by the unremitting lessons of her mischievous little neighbours, her dear bird had been rendered unfit for any other society than that of Billingsgate; and so completely had the bad eradicated the good, that all her pains could not break it of its vile slang; so she was most reluctantly compelled to part with her favourite.

On the same occasion she found her little family, which she had left the happiest and most harmonious domestic circle that could be imagined, converted into a kind of Babylonish pandemonium; each animal expressing its rage in its peculiar language and gesticulation. The dogs snarled and barked; the cats swore and raised their backs; the monkey jabbered and showed his teeth; the parrot scolded in all the richness of his

new vocabulary; and the cockatoo, with his powdered wig, looked as fiery and as pompous as a barrister cross-questioning a tough witness. This change had been effected by supplying them with a bone of contention thrown over the wall of the garden appropriated for their recreation.

With not less dismay, and rather more humanity, than a farmer evinces when he sees a balloon about to alight into a fine crop of wheat belonging to himself, she has more than once seen her favourite cat descending from a neighbouring house-top in a *parachute* of bladders; and in spreading her apron to break its fall, she has been daubed with dirt in which the animal had been previously rubbed.

Her poor dear Phyllis, too, whose visual organs were none of the strongest, has frequently had snuff or pepper thrown into them, causing such an unusual overflow of the lacrymal fountains, that it has taken months before the streams issuing from her beautiful prominent black eyes could be reduced within their natural limits.

Once, to her great annoyance, she discovered pug strutting up the High-street, dressed in a

riding-habit and hat resembling what she usually wore, to the infinite amusement of a large crowd. In this prank, she suspected one of the day-boys to have been assisted by his mother, a laundress whom she had turned off for refusing to wash her lap-dog's pillow-cases.

Sham parcels and anonymous letters she had innumerable; and when one of her pets had paid the debt of Nature, she was waited upon by the undertaker, as he said, in compliance with her orders; and she was so often nearly frightened to death with detonating paste, that she had got into a habit of holding a letter at arm's length while she broke the seal.

In short, there never was a poor creature so plagued and pestered, even by those who ought to have known better; and all on account of her kindness to poor defenceless dumb animals: not even the Smithfield Howard, Mr. Martin, of Galway, had suffered more odium in the cause of humanity. I really pitied the poor old lady; for I have myself an abhorrence of mischief. For theft, and even for murder, there is mostly some motive, such as want or revenge; but for deli-

berate wanton mischief, there can be none but the innate malignity of the heart. I dislike boys from eight years old to fifteen: they display, in full force, all the asperities of our nature before they have been rubbed down by the world, and all the odious qualities of the heart, ere they have been corrected or concealed by the polish of society. That they are to be improved, I have no doubt; but, if school-boys are to continue as they are at present, I would wish that the breed of mankind were carried on without them.

CHAPTER XIV.

My grandmothers — Mr. Coddleskin — The brother surgeons — Dr. Butt.

I HAVE mentioned, in the foregoing chapter, that Mrs. Martha Primley was very like one of my grandmothers. Now, I confess, reader, and I hope you will forgive me, that this was only a little *ruse* to have an opportunity of introducing a sketch of my grandmothers, which I once drew for my own amusement, and which I hope will prove agreeable to you.

MY GRANDMOTHERS.

My grandmothers were both first-rate beauties in their day, but of a most opposite kind. My paternal grandmother was, within my recollection, a stately old lady, with a smooth, fair, unwrin-

kled face, to which time had added dignity, without robbing it of much of its beauty. It seemed as if a single solar ray had never reached its surface, or as if a breath of east wind had never ruffled the soft down of her cheek. But her's was a countenance without animation or expression. My maternal grandmother was tall and thin, with somewhat of a stoop. Her features were sharp and angular, as is often the case in age after the most distinguished beauty. Her skin was transparently clear, and her eye retained all its wonted lustre. She had, however, a certain degree of severity in her look, and her face was by no means indebted to the copious use of snuff for any addition to its attractions.

In character, as well as appearance, these two old ladies were the very reverse of each other; yet both were excellent people in their way. One had been brought up in the old school of worsted-work and ignorance; the other was a genius—I might almost say, a *blue*. They had, as I have often heard, a most sovereign contempt for each other; one for what the other *had*, the other for what the former *had not*.

As a boy, I was a great deal with my grandmothers, and experienced much kindness from both; but their kindnesses were altogether dissimilar. One is associated in my mind with custards, apple-pies, and all sorts of indulgences; the other—much as I respect her memory, from the opinions of maturer age—has left no pleasing impression on my mind. Her "hoity-toity," her sharp nasal tones, caused by the joint influence of spectacles without and snuff within, still resound in my ears.

When I visited the former—which I always did with pleasure—I was allowed to do what I liked, only with a special proviso in favour of the drawing-room and the tabby cat. I lived among the men-servants, who are always agreeable companions to boys—for they flatter their pride, and play with them; and the housekeeper, good soul! who took after her mistress, allowed me the free run of the larder. The longest period I ever spent with the other was, when I had an inflammation in the eyes. The discipline I then underwent, and the low diet to which I was very properly confined, have caused me to associate her

memory with senna-tea, sheep's trotters, and water-gruel. But, independently of this, she was fond of quacking herself and others; and in her household, it must be confessed, she was rather stingy; so that the food I received there, at any time, was more for the mind than the body. Had these two essentials been more equally attended to in both houses, it would have been the better for me. Here I was totally prohibited from associating with the servants, and the most I could do in that way was to exchange a side-long leer with the footman as he waited at table. I was kept as much as possible in the society of the old lady and my youngest aunt, who bore testimony to her mother's discipline. No one was permitted to be idle in her house, and to this rule I was not allowed to be an exception; for I had generally some task assigned me, which, joined to frequent lectures and some few chastisements, led me to number the days I passed with her as any thing but *holidays*.

There was also a strong contrast in the habits of my two grandmothers. The last-mentioned, though possessing delicate health, was of an

active mind, and disposed to be so in body, if a feeble frame would have permitted. The other never took any thing out of herself either in mind or body; and this habitual indolence, added to the circumstance of her having had but one child, will account for the extreme freshness of her appearance in old age.

My maternal grandmother was rather negligent in her person, and set little value on externals. Her household economy extended even to the manufacture of mould-candles, with which agreeable process my youthful olfactories were often regaled. Good Heavens! my other grandmother would have fainted at the smell of tallow. She cared little for the opinions of others, and consequently must have had some eccentric ways: one was that of wearing a bag to her nose at night during the winter, for she would not allow herself a fire in her bed-room. Having been sent for one morning, when she was confined to her bed from indisposition, I found her with her face enveloped and her nose attired as above-mentioned. At such a sight I was seized with the most violent fit of laughter. My aunt, who was present, could not

resist the infection; so to conceal it from her observation, we were forced to stuff our handkerchiefs into our mouths, and to sink down by the bed-side, where we lay for some time almost in convulsions.

My paternal grandmother was neatness personified; and all her habits were in conformity. She was a decided epicure; and she used to say, that they who had no taste for good things wanted a sense—where she got the idea I know not; it was altogether above her. She always breakfasted in bed; and her *toilet* lasted till near two o'clock. I was often summoned to attend at this important ceremony, which somewhat amused me at first, till a constant recurrence to the same tales of her youth, and the repeated display of the same paraphernalia, at length made her levees so stale, that I generally wished myself in the housekeeper's room, or servants' hall; but I must say, she looked downright pretty in her mob-cap and snow-white dimity night-gown; and when dressed for company, she was magnificent. As she went the round of her trinkets, each ring had a tale attached to it, and each miniature brought

forth an eulogium on some one of my ancestors, whose virtues I was desired to imitate, but with all humility; for, as usual, every thing associated with her best days was *couleur de rose.* She used to tell me, in the simplicity of her heart, that she had been the most fortunate of her sex, having possessed *two* of the best husbands that ever fell to the lot of woman: to the half of which assertion the sigh and apostrophe of "my poor dear colonel!" which accompanied the closing of the miniature of her last lord, (that of the first never being forth-coming,) bore ample testimony, as far as *her* opinion went; though I have since understood that he married her chiefly for her jointure, and worked on her simplicity so as materially to encroach on the property of my father, then a minor.

Her toilet-lectures very naturally ran upon the importance of attending to my person, cleaning my teeth, &c.; and she never failed to examine my hands, and to chide me for a most inveterate trick I had acquired of biting my nails. These admonitions on personal appearance were, to be sure, occasionally qualified with the homely

maxim of "handsome is that handsome does,"—uttered, however, in such a way, that one could easily perceive that she would rather have reversed the order of the verbs. But her favourite maxim, with which she generally wound up all her lectures on good breeding, was, "manners makyth man,"—which saying of William of Wykeham's she always applied in its most literal and confined sense.

Although well advanced in years, she never used spectacles; not so much, I believe, from any peculiar strength in her visual organs, as from the little use she made of them; for I never saw her at any needlework that required good sight, nor did I ever observe her open a book except her Prayer-book, and the "Week's Preparation," both of which, doubtless, she knew by heart. I never shall forget the horror her countenance expressed on seeing my mother employed in hearing us our Greek Grammar. Had she fallen upon the Witch of Endor, in the midst of her most hellish incantations, she could not have been more horrified. "You understand Greek, ma'am! oh!" In vain did my mother explain, that she had only

learnt the alphabet, in order that she might hear us our lessons in my father's absence. It would not do. She continued, to the hour of her death, in believing that my mother spoke Greek, and was never very cordial with her after the discovery. My maternal grandmother, on the contrary, was more proud of the qualities of the mind than of the person. She was, in fact, above the common vanity of her sex. When in the zenith of her beauty, she was attacked by a well-known gallant nobleman, who made it his boast that no female heart could withstand him. He began, of course, by praising her beauty: but she stopped him at once, by saying, "My lord, I cannot look in my glass every day of my life, without knowing that as well as you. Has your lordship nothing new to tell me?" His lordship threw up the cards at once.

I heard from both of my grandmothers on quitting England many years ago. One letter contained such advice as might be expected from a person of sound sense and considerable knowledge of the world; the other, I well remember, concluded with the words, "*Don't nibble nails!*"

MR. CODDLESKIN.

Mr. Coddleskin was a gentleman to be met with in all the best society of the neighbourhood. He was one of those mighty refined and supra-gentlemanly persons who pique themselves on delicate hands and highly polished manners. Such a character is consistent with a very limited understanding: indeed, I do not recollect to have ever met with one of this caste who could be said to possess a superior mind. I complain not of a man being very gentlemanly: quite the contrary; but I should not wish this to be my main characteristic. At all events, gentlemanly manners, to be truly becoming, should sit naturally on a man, and not bear the appearance of being studied or affected. I abhor that kind of politeness which will pick up an old woman's handkerchief in the public street, but jostle her in a by-way. Of this latter class was Mr. Coddleskin; for, with all his suavity of manner, he was thoroughly selfish and unfeeling.

Mr. Coddleskin was a fair, smooth-faced, rather fleshy bachelor of about fifty-five, with a soft low voice. Since the days of hair-powder, when the shining locks of youth were made to assume the snow of age, the more difficult task of bringing age down to youth has of necessity been resorted to. In this art—that of dressing mutton lamb-fashion—Mr. Coddleskin was eminently successful. His wig was so artfully made, his whiskers so exquisitely dyed, and the borrowed and the unborrowed hair so well blended, that, but for the tell-tale crow's-feet about his eyes, and a stiffness in his gait, you might have mistaken him for a man of forty. His dress was fashionable and extremely neat. He wore very fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day—that he could get an invitation to dinner. He was of a good family, and had spent a small fortune—not in extravagance, but in securing the society of the great. A man of independent spirit would have lost his friends with his money. It was not so with Mr. Coddleskin. He contrived to maintain his place in society, by keeping in with the dowagers. He played with them at quadrille, talked to them of their best

days, and conveyed to them the tittle-tattle and scandal of the world, assorted and sifted to suit their respective tastes and appetites. Noble mothers trusted to him their young hopefuls of title or fortune, just launching into life, as a safeguard and a mentor—a step between a college-tutor and Tattersal's.

Through the interest of the Greatley family, where he was a constant guest, he had obtained the sinecure office of receiver-general of the county, which, as a bachelor, enabled him to keep his head above water. In return for this, he was his lordship's most obsequious tool. His acquaintance lay exclusively with the *beau monde;* but he would sometimes condescend to accept the invitation of a rich *parvenu,* if he were sure that my Lord So-and-so was to be of the party. He was well skilled in the proprieties; supremely versed in *etiquette;* knew the times and seasons for every thing; carved to perfection; was a good judge of wine and cooking; and was *arbiter elegantiarum* wherever he went. He was knowing in heraldry and pedigrees, and could tell a man more about his grandmother than he knew himself. As no

one is so mean as a broken-down gentleman, he was not above driving a profitable *quid pro quo* among tradesmen, by recommending them at the houses where he visited. A tailor of eminence, for instance, thought Coddleskin's carcase a convenient means of displaying specimens of his abilities, which the latter consented to wear without any charge to Snip.

Mr. Coddleskin was of a complying disposition among his superiors and equals; never lost his temper with any but his own servants; and affected a fastidiousness in his language, far surpassing the bounds of good taste. Thus many a long periphrasis was he compelled to resort to in expressing a simple idea or thing of which his notions of good breeding forbade the mention. In my mind there is nothing so truly vulgar as this pretended delicacy. If a word involve an offensive idea, let it not be mentioned at all; but, above all, let it not be expressed by any roundabout phraseology; for the evident attempt to avoid it, fixes more strongly the attention on the idea of which it is proposed to steer clear. I never could admire the fastidious delicacy of

Canning, in calling a cat "a certain domestic animal;" but to call the toe "the inferior digit," as Mr. Coddleskin would have done, is ridiculous and disgusting.

THE TWO SURGEONS.

Two extraordinary characters lived in our town. They were both surgeons, and sons of an eminent practitioner, who left behind him a name, a reputation, and sundry nostrums, on which the two brothers, without any talent of their own, managed to get a good livelihood. They were both oddities; and, though they maintained a family resemblance in some points, their tastes and habits were wholly dissimilar. One was married, and the other single: one had his house full of children, and the other his house full of dogs. One was fond of music, and played well on the violin; the other would run out of the room at the sound of it. One was fond of riding, kept a smart tit—a Leicestershire term for horse, and was to be seen with the hounds whenever his avocations would permit; the other never mounted a

horse. One was neat in his person; the other slovenly and dirty. One spoke loud and quick; the other scarcely ever opened his mouth. One was fond of wine, and the other never touched any thing but water. One took snuff, and the other smoked. In short, it was sufficient for one to like a thing, for the other to dislike it, and *vice versa;* and yet they were very good friends, though seldom seen together.

The married one attended our family, therefore I saw more of him than of the other. He never could leave a room without taking a fancy to touch some particular thing in it; and if it should happen to be on the opposite side of the apartment to where he sat, he would contrive to get round to it, and have his touch before he quitted the room. I have seen him on the road suddenly stop, and ride back a considerable distance to touch some tree, gate-post, or other thing, with his whip. I recollect having this disposition myself when a boy. I used, as I walked along, to think that I *must* touch some particular thing, and I would feel impelled by some irresistible fatality to do so. He had also a most ridiculous

trick of licking his coat-collar, which he would practise in all companies. Some wag, taking advantage of this habit, managed to stick some pins into that part of his collar which generally came in contact with his tongue; and the poor man fancied he was spitting blood. This was the silent brother. When he came on a professional visit, he would listen to what was said, feel the patient's pulse, look at his tongue, and perhaps, without asking a single question, leave the house, and send the requisite medicines and instructions. Whenever any of his neighbours were talked of, he would sum up their characters in a single word. With him Trulliber was the *boo*tcher; Fardle, the poker; Thumkins, the wretch; Bluff, the cur; Duffin, the beast; Benbow, the monster; and so on. On one occasion he came to attend a cook of ours, who, having shown symptoms of dropsy for some time, was taken suddenly ill one night. I waited till he came down stairs: "What is the matter with the woman?" said I. "Ha! ha! ha! she'll be worse before she's better," was the answer. This was the longest sentence I ever heard him utter.

It *turned out* as he said; for the woman produced a most unexpected addition to our family.

He was either very absent, or very affectedly so. I happened to be walking with him one day, when we came to the toll-gate, which he was in the habit of riding through daily; he put his hand into his pocket, and, pulling out a penny, tendered it to the gatekeeper. The man stared, and he stared, still holding out his hand, till a loud laugh from the toll-keeper and myself brought him to his senses, and to the discovery that he was on two legs instead of four.

DR. BUTT.

Dr. Butt had a living in the vicinity, and was prebendary of a neighbouring cathedral. He was nearly seventy years of age, short, and enormously fat. In fact, he was nothing but a belly, with a pair of legs just strong enough to carry it as far as the table. I forgot there was a head like a turtle's, just large enough to contain a trap-door to the said belly, and stuck to the body

by two or three tiers of chin. Whether there were any other features, except the mouth in the face, it was difficult to distinguish, they were so overgrown with fat; but a pair of spectacles, put on for the purpose of poring over the contents of his plate, told you, on those occasions, where the eyes were to be found. His speech was a kind of gobble-gobble. What the poor man might have been in his better days, I know not. He was said, at one time, to have written a volume of orthodox sermons, and some notes to a Greek play; but really, when I knew him, he seemed to live for nothing but eating, and whatever talent he possessed seemed to be concentrated in his belly. There was nothing in his society that was at all agreeable; for he scarcely ever opened his mouth except to swallow; yet he was sure to be invited by those who piqued themselves on good living. The reason is, that where people have a good thing, they like to see it duly appreciated.

Without having to pay any thing additional for the treat, I had always the good fortune to meet him at any dinner where particularly good cheer

was to be found, for no one thought of asking him to a common dinner. He used, indeed, to say, that to invite a man to a family dinner was an insult. No turtle or venison feast was without him: he was the gastric oracle of the neighbourhood, and his *fiat* was decisive. I have often wondered how the palate seems to retain its vigour when all the other senses have failed. In fact, it appears to grow more acute with age. But with Dr. Butt it was not quality more than quantity; for if he met with a really good thing, plate after plate disappeared in a most extraordinary manner, whereas, if he found nothing at table which he liked, he would be sulky the whole evening. I once saw him seated next a lady, who was complaining that the carp she had on her plate was too fat: "If you don't like it, give it me, ma'am," said he; and he immediately transferred the luscious morsel to his own plate, and gobbled it down.

A little thin wife, considerably younger than himself, used to go about with him, for no other purpose, that I could see, but to help him to titbits, and to prevent his choking; so she gene-

rally sat next him at table, to be ready to tap him on the back when any obstruction took place in the jugular canal. Whenever he went to a bachelor's party, this duty was delegated to a servant who stood behind his chair, and who always took care to pop in his master's plate in time for the alderman's walk, and to remind the helper of the turtle-soup—that it was the Doctor's plate, in order that he might supply him with a superabundant share of the green fat.

The wife used sometimes to put in a word of remonstrance, when he appeared disposed to exceed his usual *quantum suff;* for, as he had no property independent of his church preferment, it was decidedly her interest to keep him alive.

After dinner, as he was not quite so bibaceous as he was gluttonous, he was sure to fall asleep, unless stimulated by some particular excitement. In fact, Nature seemed to have done her work for the day, and was in want of its "sweet restorer, balmy sleep." "Balmy!" did I say? It might have been balmy to him; but it was not so to the ears of the company; for he would snore in such

a manner as to be heard all over the house. The only thing that would keep him awake was a dirty story, which he seemed to relish almost as much as his turtle. But in token of approbation he never ventured beyond a chuckle, though that was enough to set all the glasses on the table ringing. What would have been the consequences of a laugh, it is hardly possible to conjecture.

CHAPTER. XV.

Now-a-days — Squire Leicester — Aunt Kitty.

NOW-A-DAYS.

THERE are no people who make themselves more ridiculous, than those who are always drawing comparisons between old and new times unfavourable to the latter. The thing is an absurdity in itself, as if half a century's advance, in the course of civilisation, must have rendered us inferior to our grandfathers; or as if we ought to take our models from those whose only advantage lies in being nearer to that abyss of ignorance and barbarism, which succeeded the enlightened periods of Grecian freedom and Roman greatness. These people talk and act as we should suppose a Roman to have done, after the inroads of the barbarians. They are constantly harping

on the "good old times." They exist in this century, but they live in the last. "*Now-a-days* nothing is done right, and every thing goes wrong." The degeneracy of the present race is their favourite theme, as if the dandy in starch and stays were a more contemptible object than the *petit-maître* in red heels and ruffles, or the *élégante* in net-lace more ridiculous than the beldam in a hoop; or as if the unfettered baby in petticoats must, of necessity, grow up inferior in stature and beauty to the defaced victim of swaddling-clothes and the small-pox.

These *Now-a-daysers* (as I call them) I have invariably found to have been great dashers in their youth, but at forty they generally stopped short. The machine then ceased, at it were, to be wound up; and the hand of time continued to point at the moment when they ceased to change their opinions, their habits, and their dress. These kind of people are almost always out of humour; for nothing pleases them, because it is not as it was in the days when they figured; and thus they go on grumbling and growling, a torment to themselves and to all around them; as

if the cup of life had not enough of bitter in it without their throwing in their daily handful of wormwood. With them every innovation is a departure from right, and every invention a superfluous and injurious multiplication of the machinery of life. In their eyes a relinquishment of absurd and ridiculous customs savours of revolution, and every deviation from the old system is an abandonment of legitimate principles; while any increase in the stock of human knowledge, or any addition to the refinements of life, are set down as a departure from the purity and simplicity of our ancestors — dear, delicate, and refined ancestors! among whose females the chief accomplishment was the art of tent-stitching, and whose males regaled themselves with punch and tobacco, or sported their leisure hours in the cock-pit.

They talk also of "old English hospitality," in contradistinction to the present system of society; never reflecting that, in proportion as a community advances in civilisation, so must the necessity for, and the practice of, hospitality be diminished; and that although a man cannot now look for a

seat at the table of his richer neighbour, or expect to partake of his bounty—as he might where wealth was confined to a few landed proprietors, who gloried in the dependence of those around them,—yet he can now do better, being enabled, by talents and industry on his part, and the augmented wants of an advanced state of society on the other, to extract, without any obligation, from the pocket of his richer countryman what will support a family in comfort and independence.

SQUIRE LEICESTER.

Old Squire Leicester, who lived about ten miles from us, was one of these *Now-a-daysers*. I became acquainted with him through my old friend—the father of the hunt, with whom, from a congeniality of sentiment on many points, he was very intimate. He was a tall thin man, about seventy years old, of a very dignified appearance. His manners were formal and strictly polite; but his language was interspersed with a few provin-

cialisms, which, without the appearance of vulgarity, showed to what county he belonged. His constant dress was a green coat, and red waistcoat, cut in the old fashion, leather breeches, top boots, a low-crowned hat, and a queue. This was the last of the pigtails! I have never seen one since.

Every thing about the old squire must savour of the last century or have about it the mould of age, or it would not suit him. His servants were old; his house and furniture, his equipage and horses were old; in short, all about him was old. The result was, that he was badly lodged and badly served. Indeed, his only pleasure consisted in the gratification of old habits, the least derangement in which, like the movement of a crazy piece of furniture, would disjoint him altogether. All his tradesmen were obliged to study his whims, and to keep articles and patterns on purpose for him; for the least deviation from the old standard would lose them his custom.

He had given up society, because people would not keep the old hours; and the only company he

saw consisted of one or two disciples of the old school like himself, or of a few younger parasites, who, finding their account in associating with him on his own terms, patiently listened to his sarcasms on the living generation, and, with rather more sincerity, assented, by a smack of their lips, to the superiority of old wine over new.

He was constantly railing against all new institutions, no matter what they were; but, above all, national and Sunday schools were his abomination. To these he attributed, in a great measure, the degeneracy of the age. He carried his dislike to education of all kinds to such a length, that when the master of a well-endowed classical school in the neighbourhood, of which he was patron, died, he appointed an old butler of his to the situation. The consequence was, that the neighbourhood went to law with him: the school was shut up, and lost to the public, for upwards of twenty years that it remained in Chancery; and he himself had a swinging bill of costs to pay.

I used to have frequent arguments with him about the improvements going on in the country. "Surely, Sir," said I, one day, "you must admit

the advantages that accrue to the country from good roads?" Here I thought I had a poser for him; but the old gentleman was too sharp for me. His answer was, "Not at all! when the roads were bad, people stayed at home and minded their own business!" And certainly he acted up to his principles in this respect, for the road through his grounds was almost impassable.

His constant observation on any proposed innovation was, "Why can't we do as we used to do? We got on very well before." It gave him greater pleasure to see the face of an old acquaintance, however great a rogue, than that of a new one, however high his character. He was always exclaiming against the saucy independence of the people. "A gentleman," he used to say, "is nothing now-a-days, nor is there any thing to distinguish him from the herd of the people." He was determined, however, that that should not be the case with him; never reflecting, poor gentleman! how much better it is that rational beings should be distinguished rather by the cultivation of the mind, than by the clothing of the body. With equal justice he used to exclaim against

fashion; for it could never come into his head, that fashion, while it gives bread to millions, is the very thing which spares the educated classes from giving up their time and thoughts to dress—that being now decided by rule which was before left to fancy.

Trade and machinery were also constant subjects of crimination with him; and he would go twenty miles out of his way, rather than encounter a manufactory or a steam-engine. He would allow of no new system of husbandry on his estate, which was, of course, at least twenty years behind those of his neighbours. None of your drill system! Even the rushes were allowed to vegetate in his meadows; and if it were not for the increase of taxes, he would never have allowed one of his old trees to be cut down, although no mercy was shown to a young one if it would only make a post and rail. From this, it may be supposed, he did not derive half so much from his estate as he ought. He never raised his rents during the war; but his tenants did not gain much by that, for he insisted in being paid, as formerly, in guineas,—in return for which his principles did

not prevent his receiving a considerably greater value of goods or labour than the one-pound note of the "new fangled" currency would command: whether this arose from cunning or obstinacy on his part, I never could make out; but I suppose it was a compound of both.

He had never been married; and report said that he had been jilted in his youth,—which might account for a very peculiar trait in his character. He was an absolute woman-hater. No female was allowed ever to come near his house, all the menial offices of which were performed by men. He even carried his aversion to the sex so far, as, in his will, to exclude a niece of his from all participation in an estate which he left among her brothers; and this for no reason in the world than because she had the misfortune to be a female.

He carried things with a very high hand in his village and manor, and cared little how he showed his resentment. My old friend, the Parson, told me, that, in travelling with him to an estate of his at some distance, they put up at an inn for the night. They both slept in the same room. Soon after the candle was put out, the squire

sung out that the sheets were damp; and by way of paying off the innkeepers for their carelessness, as well as to secure himself from injury, he jumped out of bed, put on his leather-breeches, boots, spurs and all—and, then turning in again, he kicked away till he had cut the sheets into tatters. And yet the old boy had some good points. He was crusty, to be sure; but only break through that crust, and you would find that he had a good heart. Though indiscriminate in his charities, they were extensive. As he never parted with a servant, a horse, or a dog in their old age, his house was beset by a host of useless hangers-on of all descriptions.

In politics he was a whig of the old school; but he would hold no fellowship with the new whigs, who, he said, partook of the general degeneracy. In religion, he was a staunch churchman, and would have been a bigoted Catholic, had he been brought up in that communion. Poor man! he was so averse to change of any kind, that I verily believe he feared death more for the derangement it would occasion in his system, than from any apprehensions of the consequences.

MRS. KITTY CROSSLY,

known in her family by the name of Aunt Kitty, was another of your *Now-a-daysers*. If it were not for the laugh she afforded people, there would have been no living with her. She was, I understood, gay and fond of dress in her youth; but since she had ceased to nourish any hopes of matrimony, she had continued in a state of stagnation in every respect except her temper, which had only turned the sourer for keeping; so that she had become an absolute rennet in the family. She was constantly reading lectures on the superiority of the young people in her days. "*Now-a-days* the servants were saucy, the girls over-taught and forward, and the boys too boyish." The consequence of all this was, that she was neither respected for her age, nor esteemed for the good qualities she possessed.

The only instances in which she appeared quite at home—except in scolding the maids—was when she expected the visit of some *beau* or *belle* of the

old school. You could guess at this by the dress she came down in of a morning, and by the unusual smile which bedecked her countenance, like sunshine on a Stilton cheese. To see these old people meet was the most ridiculous thing imaginable. For a time they appeared beings of another sphere. The long-hidden light seemed suddenly to open on them. The frost of fifty winters seemed to thaw as if from the glow of each other's countenance. Their dormant sympathies roused from their torpor, as the senses of a *boa-constrictor* at the approach of his half-yearly repast. They sidled towards each other, and threw themselves into all the formalities of the old school by a kind of instinctive process. They sprung back as it were into youth and the last century; and, if you might judge by their manner and conversation, the past was as fresh to them as the odour of a newly opened jar of *pot-pourri*. Their tongues rattled; their eyes glistened; and they seemed, for a period, to brighten up into their meridian splendour; till a reluctant adieu saw them sink from each other's sight, with the same feelings that our northern navigator views the last rays of a polar

sun, as he takes his departure for a three months' night.

Nor is this *now-a-dayism* confined to age. There are, I lament to say, some on whose young heads a scion of the last century appears to have been grafted. They possess all the prejudice of years without their respectability. Even in the councils of the nation there are some, who, notwithstanding their talents, prove by their opposition to every thing liberal, how ill they are suited to the times in which they live. But let these sink with the doctrines they advocate and the principles they support. Honour to those enlightened statesmen, who, instead of anchoring the vessel of the state in the streams of time, wisely take the serving tide, spread her sails to the favouring gale, and leave far behind the shoals of bigotry and error!

Defend me from your *now-a-daysers* of all descriptions. They go grating and fuming through life, like a cart-wheel without grease—the very drags of society in its up-hill course. The passage to their understandings closes, as it were, with a valve, which lets out all they know—and God

knows they bore you enough—but will not suffer a new idea to find its way in.

I venerate respectable old age. I am not above profiting by its experience. I can pity its natural infirmities, and I can make allowances for preconceived notions and opinions, grown stiff with the rust of years; but I have no patience with that cynical absurdity which rails at every thing new, only because it is *new*, and will have it that every change must be for the worse.

CHAPTER XVI.

Time-killing — Mr. Shallow — Gaining Credit — External Indications of Character.

TIME-KILLING.

THERE never was any thing so warred against as Time. Many men are by profession *time-killers;* and most persons are, more or less, in a constant state of hostility with that which, if rightly treated, is man's best friend. Some do not hesitate to style time "the enemy;" and others, while they pretend a friendship for it, fail not to treat it as a foe. But still time rolls on in spite of all the attempts of man against its life, and pursues its uninterrupted course, while successive generations of mortals perish by its side.

In every community there are always a certain number of regular time-killers: of these we had our full share; but without particularising them, I will just give a description of the different characters

which come under this denomination. Of these the *idler* boasts of being the greatest, though in fact he is the least successful. The only gratification of his life consists in a few certain meals, and some incidental circumstances. The time not taken up in these is to him a dreary blank, which he would, if possible, annihilate. After breakfast, he starts to kill time till dinner; and from dinner till supper he pursues the same game; but at night his bag is still empty. Miserable sportsman! he cannot even produce a few feathers from the wings of time, so bad a marksman is he. Time is, in fact, making game of him, and leads him a *will-o'-the-wisp* dance from morn till night. With no one do the hours pass more heavily: the hour-glass seems, as it were, to float before his sight, and the more his eye is fixed on it, the slower appears the sand to flow.

The *libertine* is also by profession a time-killer; but while he levels desperate blows at "the enemy," his more cautious opponent retaliates with a surer aim. His very exertions to maim the foe only tend to weary, weaken, and destroy himself.

The *man of pleasure*, though in some measure a time-killer, is more properly a *time-driver*. He would make a slave of time. He would yoke it to his chariot-wheels; he would drive it his own pace; and, when he pleased, he would drive it away altogether. But time is a restive beast, and will not submit to be so treated: it obeys neither the lash nor the rein; and the more he tries to get rid of it, the more it haunts him.

The *man of the world* is a pretended friend of time; he courts its favour, and would fain turn it to account. But time is not so easily caught: it appears for a short time to lend itself to his projects; it poises for a moment on its wings—but this is only that it may take the better aim—then pounces on its prey, and with a fell sweep of his scythe mows down all his schemes of happiness, and scatters his hopes to the winds.

The *busy man* may be considered as a *time-hunter;* he is ever engaged in a breathless pursuit of time. He grasps the shadow, but the substance escapes.

The *indolent man* has not the spirit either to attack or to pursue time. He is neither a time-

killer nor a time-hunter, but a *time-catcher*. He is constantly laying traps for time; but his bird-lime snares never succeed; and while he is trying to throw salt upon time's tail, it hops out of his reach.

The *sycophant*, every one knows, is a *time-server;* and perhaps, of all the meddlers with time, he is the only one who appears to profit by his business; for, it must be acknowledged, he too often succeeds in his worldly schemes.

O Time! how thou art bothered and bantered! The fool *loses* thee; the wise man *finds* thee: the sportsman *runs against* thee; the gamester *bets against* thee: the fiddler *keeps* thee: the dancing-master *kicks* thee, and the drummer *beats* thee. So that, poor Time! thou art lost, found, jostled, cheated, kept, kicked, and beaten! and yet, after all this ill-usage, thou dost not appear a whit the worse for wear.

But though time is thus treated by the world, there is a period at which every one would fain claim its indulgence, or arrest its steps. "One short moment for repentance!" cries the dying sinner. "A long day!" prays the condemned

culprit. "A short time longer!" exclaims the unsatisfied sensualist. "If I had but time!" sighs the worldly schemer. And yet all these either have been, or are, engaged in open or disguised hostility with the very object whose compassion they solicit, or whose flight they deplore.

He only is the truly wise man, who, knowing the nature and the value of time, conforms himself to its movements, and seeks to benefit by its presence—neither endeavouring to accelerate nor to retard its pace. Being aware that time waits for no man, he wisely waits upon time. Time is, then, to him as the bark in which he sails; it moves, but he perceives not its progress. Thus he floats quietly down the stream of life, till time at length launches him into the ocean of eternity.

MR. SHALLOW.

MR. SHALLOW was a gentleman who supported his character entirely on credit. His study was to obtain a reputation for more wisdom than he possessed.

Now, as, in the mercantile world, a man may often gain credit for what he does not possess, and thus be enabled to trade on a fictitious capital; so, in society, a man may frequently obtain a reputation for wisdom or wit, when he may not have an atom of either; and, as the former may go into the market without a farthing in his pocket, and yet purchase what he pleases, so may the latter enter a room with an empty skull, and yet pass for a man of learning, or for a very agreeable member of society.

Though the maintenance of credit, once acquired, requires neither talent nor industry, but merely prudence and circumspection; yet its acquirement demands some degree of art and self-possession, and a sacrifice, to the end in view, of that vain love of display which generally prompts the weakest minds to expose their ignorance.

Mr. Shallow was well calculated to succeed in such a project; for he was cool, collected, and possessed a good deal of cunning, with a smooth tongue. He had, besides, the advantage of having come into the neighbourhood with the

reputation of a man of talent, so that he started with a certain amount of capital.

He began by endeavouring to discover the weak points of such men of established reputation as he met in our society; which is by no means so difficult as is supposed; for Folly generally contrives to place herself in the foreground, and to take precedence of Wisdom, even in persons who may be fairly said to possess more of the latter than of the former. In fact, man generally prides himself upon that in which he least excels, and thus opens a wide field for the successful practice of flattery—that vice, which the Abbé Rollin has so well described, as "a commerce of falsehood, founded upon interest on the one side, and vanity on the other."

This first step being attained, Mr. Shallow began by endeavouring to wheedle himself into the good graces of those persons, on the basis of whose opinion he intended to found his credit; or, in other words, to get into their "good books;"—which latter phrase suits my meaning better, as I apprehend it means the obtaining credit with people for such qualifications as they

themselves possess. To gain this point, he only found it necessary, in conversation with such persons, to allow them to choose their own ground, and to put in an occasional *just so, exactly,* or *of course not,* &c.; being especially careful, however, that the affirmations and negations should be introduced in the right place.

He did not attempt to practise the old system, of gaining a man's heart and his good opinion, by allowing yourself to be defeated in argument —for this would have required some knowledge of the subject in question. He found the best and surest way was to saddle a man's hobby for him, to hold the stirrup while he mounted, and then, by a little tickling, to keep it on the caper, so that the rider might show off his horsemanship to advantage. There is, besides, infinite amusement in this, though I do not know that Mr. Shallow was capable of enjoying it; for, however a man may succeed in other respects, he is sure to bestride his hobby in the most ridiculous manner. However, the insight which Mr. Shallow obtained, by this means, into the infirmities of his neighbours, (which, by directing

all his attention that way, he was enabled to acquire better than persons of much greater abilities,) stamped him with a character for penetration and discernment, and afforded him the means, without any talent at satire, of turning persons of sense into ridicule behind their backs, and of commanding, through the influence of fear, respect from those to whose admiration he was indifferent.

Having thus secured a capital stock of credit, Mr. Shallow began to trade on his own bottom; to do which was comparatively easy. He now went into society with a Dr. Johnson air, or Scotch sneer, denoting contempt for the capacities of those around him; and doled out his peremptory monosyllables as sparingly as a Jew could part with his £100 notes, expecting that each should pass current as a sterling idea; or else he muffled himself up in solemn taciturnity, and answered the drafts on his intellectual bank by a shrug of the shoulders or a pinch of snuff, as if the bill presented was not worth discounting,—well knowing, at the same time, that his unwillingness to discount arose, not from any

want of soundness in the bill, but from want of effects in his own pericranium. Having his eyes constantly about him, he easily perceived when he was likely to be hard pressed, or to have a run on his bank,—when he took care to stand aloof, or found some excuse for shoving off in time to prevent an exposure. He knew well when and where to open his mouth: among the ignorant, he could afford to be loquacious, for with them he might pass the ideas of others as his own, without fear of detection; or he might issue his own common-place as valuable coin. But among the well-informed, he had recourse to his never-failing cloak of silence; unless he could contrive to draw aside one of the party, when, by a successful application of the only art of which he was master—that of making a man pleased with himself—he secured his good will, and strengthened his own credit.

As the old and infirm fox-hunter, by a thorough knowledge of the country, its coverts, its lanes, and gates, is often enabled, with a very small trial of his nerves, to secure the brush, while the bold straight-forward rider must be content with a

pad; so did Mr. Shallow obtain the object of his pursuit—the name of a very clever man, without having encountered any of the difficulties which obstruct the path of learning, and to overcome which requires both industry and talents.

Although the neighbourhood in which we resided, like most others, afforded many characters, both in high and low life, besides what I have already introduced in these pages, which would supply materials for the graphic delineator of human nature; yet, as there is such a thing as tiring the mind—as well as the eye—by too close a succession of pictures, however varied they may be in colour and outline, I shall now draw your attention, reader, to other subjects; promising, when next I settle, to furnish you with a fresh supply of such characters as the place or neighbourhood may afford.

Now, it cannot be supposed that the foregoing characters, and their workings in society, could have been observed by me without affording me much amusement; but this amusement I trust I was enabled to enjoy without trespassing on the

rules of good breeding, or without hurting the feelings of any one. I have always, indeed, felt a peculiar pleasure in studying individual character, particularly as expressed in the countenance. I am no physiognomist nor phrenologist. I have no faith in the systems of either Lavater or Spurzheim. I do not believe that the formation of the features of the face, or the construction of the cranium, are at all indicative of the human character. But I do believe that the countenance will in time acquire a certain cast according to the long-practised habits of the mind, and that the tone of the features will indicate the disposition; also that the gait, carriage, and common attitudes will bear relation to the prevailing habits both of the mind and body.

The passions, we know, are naturally expressed in the countenance; and this expression must be conveyed by a movement of particular muscles of the face. The more these muscles are brought into action, the stronger will be their lines; and thus a certain character will in time be imprinted on the face, according to the prevalence of particular passions. A silent, or a talkative person,

may also be distinguished by the same means. In one the muscles of the mouth will appear smooth and faintly delineated; in the other, they will be more strongly marked: and for this reason, those languages which require more than others the movement of the lips, will cause the lines about the mouth to be the most defined.

Now, with respect to the gait, carriage, and attitudes, every one will admit that they bear some relation to the disposition of a man, or, more properly speaking, to the habits and impulses of his mind; but it is on the last—the attitude—that I would more particularly dwell, as being, in my opinion, more indicative of the character than either of the others. I conceive the prominent feature in the disposition of a man may be pronounced upon, by the attitude he most commonly assumes. Thus, if a man's prevailing habit be that of intense thought, his common attitude will be such as he would naturally throw himself into were his mind engaged in thinking; for this posture, as being the most practised, becomes the most familiar to his body,—and he will naturally fall into it, even when his mind is disengaged from its

usual habit. This attitude will be such, that every muscle of the frame may be in complete repose, and nothing be at work but the brain. Our arch-enemy, Napoleon, was a strong instance in confirmation of what I have advanced. His ordinary posture, and that in which he is represented in all the casts which are sold of him, was such as I have described—his arms folded, his body resting on one leg, and his head reposing on his breast—and who can say that his was not a profound mind? On the same principle, when a person is not in the habit of thinking much, there will generally be something constrained in his common attitude—something indicating that some faculty, besides that of thought, is usually predominant in him. His attitudes will, therefore, commonly have reference to external objects, with which, it is probable, his mind is mostly engaged. If vain of his person, his usual posture will be that which he thinks most favourable for its display. If of a vacant mind, his common habit will probably be that of dangling his watch-keys or picking his teeth: and these postures and habits he will naturally fall into, even in those moments when his

mind, wholly engaged in thought, pays no regard to external objects. In this manner the professions of persons may often be distinguished; for the habits incident to their calling, when long practised, will imprint a peculiar character on the externals of each.

For the above reasons most people are, without being conscious of it, judges of strongly marked characters; that is, they can easily distinguish between persons of opposite characters and habits; —for instance, they can tell a philosopher from a fool; a great captain from a martinet; an eminent statesman from a cobbler; a Greenwich from a Chelsea pensioner, and so on. But I aspire to something more. There are few instances in which I cannot guess the character of a man, and his situation in life; but it is on the latter I pique myself more particularly, and in which I delight to speculate. But the object must be past the age of forty; for I do not consider that much before that age the features can have settled into their peculiar cast, derived from long-practised habits. No doubt there are persons who will baffle my skill in this particular; for how can I

pretend to tell the vocation of a person who has never practised in his profession? of a soldier who has scarcely ever joined a regiment? of a tradesman who has never been behind his counter? of a lawyer who has never held a brief? or of a man in the situation of a gentleman who has constantly associated with or imitated the manners and customs of those beneath him?

In order to gratify my *penchant* in this respect, I like to frequent those places of public resort, ycleped watering-places, where those, who have either time or money which they know not what to do with, may very easily get rid of both, and receive very little in exchange. There I am sure to meet fresh faces every year, and the same set of features every day, so as to afford me full scope for my favourite amusement. With this view, also, I delight in stage-coaches and steam-vessels. I can feast on a good subject from London to Manchester. But when two or more prime ones get together, so as to set each other off to advantage, without the necessity of my exerting my naturally indolent disposition, then, indeed, I am in clover. I draw myself up in the corner, and

enjoy the scene as a connoisseur from the back of his stage-box. My bowels shake convulsively with internal laughter. To see the brazen and vulgar upstart preying upon his weaker but not less vulgar neighbour; to see him, in the attempt to expose the other's infirmities, displaying his own ill-nature and vulgarity in all their deformity, all the time unconsciously playing himself off; to witness vanity, conspiring with ignorance and vulgarity, to expose their self-contented possessor to ridicule and contempt; to listen to shallow pomposity, puffing forth the common-place and the stale, with the importance due only to, but never claimed by, genius and originality; to hear the pert jackal of the law retailing as his own, his only half-conceived scraps of forensic wit, or fishing for the introduction of the last-imported *bon-mot* from the bench of the sister island,—where *wit*, instead of *wisdom*, often holds the scales of justice, and where life trembles on a pun; to hear the militia-captain going over his Peninsular campaigns, to the astonishment of the folks; in short, to see people trying to appear what they *are not*, yet fully displaying what they *are*—to see vanity in all its stages, ra-

mifications, and operations—is to me a source of infinite amusement.

Vanity, in combination with vulgarity, forms the *picturesque* in character, and this is chiefly to be found in the middle classes of society. No doubt, a character or an oddity are always picturesque objects, in whatever situation they may be found. These may, occasionally, be met with in high life, and often among the studious. But it is not there I would seek the true picturesque. A polished gentleman would be as bad a subject for the foreground of a scene, as a barouche with four sleek bays would be in the landscape of a Salvator Rosa. In the upper classes, fashion and education reduce all, in external appearance, nearly to a level, while the polish of society prevents the workings of the mind from being visible either in the countenance or manner. Here the face, instead of being the index, becomes the mask of the mind. Nor is it among the lower classes I would seek the picturesque; for, the body being here the principal agent in the business of life, the mind has little else to do but to direct the operations of the hand. Thus no particular character will be

imprinted on the features or manners. Nature is not vulgar in the sense we use the word. Adam, I conceive, was a very gentlemanly kind of man compared with the mass of his descendants. In the lowest class we find *brutality*, but not vulgarity. Here we may view the *grotesque*, but not the picturesque. While education tends to improve and civilise mankind, labour, without leisure for the cultivation of the mind, tends to brutalise it; and both will naturally diverge towards extremes. Hence we may account for the simultaneous increase of civilisation and of crime, so apparent in this country. But in the class of life, where the body is but slightly employed, and the mind almost wholly taken up in professional avocations—where the mind, though actively employed, is tied down to business, so as to leave no time either for reflection or study in polite or learned subjects; but where recreation is sought in free social intercourse, unrestrained by the influence of fashion or decorum—there vulgarity will naturally be generated, and increased by the contagion of uncultivated minds; and the countenance will, in time, obtain a peculiar cast from the

usual train of thought, and habits be acquired, according to the profession of a person, or the society he has kept.

The above remarks apply chiefly to the middle classes as they have been. A closer observation of them, however, of late years has shown me that, in point of information and polite literature, they are fast treading on the heels of their betters in life; and that while they are maintaining their superiority in morals and sterling worth, their distinguishing feature of vulgarity is fast wearing off. Still enough exists to furnish amusement to the amateur of the picturesque. I delight in feasting on the honest effusions of vulgarity in sturdy John Bull, when he looks up at his superior in society, as a mastiff would at a jackdaw,—or in his better half, of quite the opposite character, aping the manners and customs of the great, as it were catching at high life with greasy fingers. But I keep all the fun to myself, for I abominate quizzing. The joke passes between my head and my heart; all I see is nuts to me, but these nuts I crack in silence. I am even so particular in this respect, that I avoid visiting my female ac-

quaintance of this class in the forenoon; for I cannot bear to witness the blush of being caught in curl-papers, or to be compelled to view the internal flutter and assumed composure, with which a lying excuse is delivered to account for the delay occasioned by a change of dress.

It seems to me, that the great qualification of that inimitable humourist, Mathews, consists in his talent at hitting off what is picturesque in character. He is the Hogarth of the histrionic art. I would sooner see him and my dear chastely ludicrous Liston than all the Garricks and Siddonses that ever trod the stage—for I have a particular dislike to being set blubbering before an audience. Let greater spirits enjoy the sublime and beautiful: give me the picturesque!

CHAPTER XVII.

State of the Labouring Classes—Of the Farmer—Change of Quarters—Rover.

WHILE I resided in the country, my attention was naturally directed to the state of the labouring classes; and the result of my observation was, that the English labourer is the hardest-worked creature in existence. There is more poverty to be found in other countries, no doubt; but in no part of the world has a man to give so much labour in return for his food as in England. The plain and simple reason is, that we have resorted to our worst soils for the supply of corn, the staple material of man's support. If you add to this, that the standard of the people's wants is higher in this country than in most others, you will readily account for their being so worked. The poor Irishman is in a more

wretched state of poverty; but his wants are few,—and he is but little worked, because there is little work for him. The population is greater than the land can give labour to; and, in a country so disturbed, capital will neither be generated nor infused, so as to employ the surplus hands in manufactures. Thus, in the midst of plenty, the poor Irishman starves: he sees that food, which he has not the means of earning, exported to fill the mouths of his hard-working neighbours—and yet we blame the poor wretch for coming over to try and get back a small portion of that which has been taken from him. Still, wretched as the poor Irishman is, he is a light-hearted creature compared with the Englishman. In no country that I have ever visited, do the people seem to enjoy life less than in England. How seldom do we see the labouring classes engaged in their national games, or amusing themselves on the village green, as they do in France or Spain. The English peasant has no strength left for this. He can just drag home his weary frame after his hard day's toil; and if he do amuse himself, it is in a way which calls

for no exertion of his muscles. Drink seems to be the only pleasure of which he is capable; and this habit, naturally growing on him, drives him from hard-worked independence to pauperism and degradation. The Sunday, which, in most countries, is a day of rest and innocent amusement, as well as of religious worship, is here a gloomy pause from labour,—still, even in this respect, a blessed institution—accompanied, as suits the habits of the individual, by religious devotion, or sottish intemperance. The muscles of the English labourer seem to be so indurated by the incessant week's toil, as to be incapable of relaxation. Is this merry England?

"But," exclaims the foreigner, in setting foot on the shores of Britain, "what riches! What industry! What luxury!" Yes, my friend, there are riches, and industry, and luxury; but among whom are the riches?—are they to be found in the body of the people?—are the splendid equipages, which roll in such numbers through our streets, a proof of our riches? No; they are a sign of our poverty, in the true sense of the word. These are the equipages of the landlords,

the receivers, and enjoyers of those high rents, the natural result of our worst soils being under cultivation. These are the legislators themselves, who compel the people of England to buy their corn from them, when, in return for the produce of their industry, they might procure nearly twice the quantity of food from other countries. These are the people who keep down the real riches of a country—the comfort and happiness of the labouring classes.

Oh! how painful it is to a feeling heart, to dwell in a country where the mass of the people are ground down by excessive labour, as in England! I would sooner live in the midst of cheerful beggary than care-worn industry. It was said by the kind-hearted Henry the Fourth of France, that he hoped to see the day when the lowest of his subjects should have a chicken in his pot. This was a sentiment worthy of the father of his country, and worthy of a philosopher. I join in the wish most cordially, as regards the world in general, and poor old England, in particular: but with this difference, —that, instead of taking the chicken as the crite-

rion of comfort and happiness, I would substitute a china rose on the cottage wall; for, where the owners have time and inclination to attend to the amenities of life, they must be happy.

With respect to the cultivation of the soil, comparing it either with France or Spain, England has decidedly the advantage, though I question whether, in this respect, it is not behind both Holland and Belgium. The largeness of our farms gives more room for the application of capital and science to agriculture; but I doubt much whether, after all, so much is made of the land, as when divided into smaller farms; while all must deplore the downfall of that most useful class, the Yeomanry of England. If happiness was to be found in man, it was among that class. Now, generally speaking, the farmer is a great deal too much of the gentleman: neither he nor his sons work, while his daughters—save the mark!—would no more defile their hands with cheese or butter, than they would venture into the sun without a parasol. No farming servants are allowed to live in the house, as of old; but are driven to find a home elsewhere:—early and improvident marriages, and fearful pauperism follow.

During the war, when the profits of the farmer were so great, he indulged in a corresponding increase in comforts and luxury; and he was led to expect a much larger interest on his capital than the manufacturer or tradesman. In fact, a farmer of 200 acres thought he must live like a gentleman of £800 or £1000 a-year, although his capital employed was not, at the most, worth more than £2000. When the sudden diminution in his profits came, instead of being content to return to a more primitive simplicity, he made but little corresponding diminution in his expenses, but went on nearly as before, in expectation of better times. But what times could he ever again expect that would restore to him the inordinate profits of that unnatural state from which we had just emerged? Could the farmer, whose capital stock amounted in value to about £1500, expect to clear more than £150 per annum? and can that sum enable him to live like a gentleman? In short, for a farmer to be a gentleman, the public must suffer; and, I may add, if a gentleman is to gain by farming, prices must be so high as to press injuriously on the consumer. The farmer was

formerly, and ought to be still, a working man—one who is not ashamed to take a pitch-fork in his hand. Nor will he be able to conduct his business the less scientifically, because his time is occupied in his farm, instead of being taken up in following the hounds or attending race-courses: nor will the butter and cheese be the less sweet, or the poultry the less fat, because the wife and daughters are not employing their fingers in making smart dresses, or in strumming on the piano. Let, then, the farmers, before they call out against ruinously low prices, reduce their establishments, their wants, and their habits, to the standard at which they stood previously to the rise in their profits, allowing for the altered state of society: but until they do this, they ought not to be listened to.

Having now given you, reader, a sketch of our neighbourhood, it is time I should return to my own domestic circle.

Nearly seven years had elapsed since I had settled in the country, in the course of which time nothing in the way of adventure, worthy of record, happened. During the latter four years of this

period my wife had presented me with three children. With these, of course, came an increase of cares and expenses; so that, by the time my lease was expired, I thought it prudent to withdraw myself from a hunting country. Hunters and children, at the same time, were incompatible with my income; and I could not bear to see the sport going on without participating in it. The farm, too, although an amusement, I found any thing but a profitable concern, as more gentlemen than myself have experienced. But, before I get under weigh, allow me to introduce to your notice, reader, a very important member of our family, who will be the companion of our travels for some time to come.

ROVER.

Rover was, at this time, about five years old. He was born about half a year before our eldest girl; and was accordingly looked up to as a kind of elder brother by the children. He was a small, beautiful, liver-coloured spaniel, but not

one of your goggle-eyed Blenheim breed. He was none of your lap-dogs—no! Rover had a soul above that. You might have made him your friend, but he scorned to be your pet. No one could see him without admiring him, and no one could know him without loving him. He was as regularly inquired after as any member of the family; for who that had ever known Rover could forget him? He had an instinctive perception of his master's friends, to whom he meted out his caresses in the proportion of their attachment to the chief object of his affections. When I, or any of the family, returned from an absence, or when he met an old friend of mine or of his own—which was the same thing to him—his ecstasy was unbounded: he would tear and curvet round the room like mad; and, if out of doors, he would make the welkin ring with his clear and joyous note. When he saw a young person in company, he generally selected him for a play-fellow: he would fetch a stick, coax him out of the house, and drop it at his feet; then, retiring backwards barking, plainly indicated his desire to have it thrown for him. He was never tired of this work. In-

deed, his teeth, which showed signs of premature decay, had suffered from the diversion.

But, though Rover had a soul for fun, he was a game dog too. There was not a better cocker in England. In fact, he delighted in sport of every kind; and if he could not have it with me, he would have it on his own account. He used frequently to decoy the greyhounds out, and find hares for them. Indeed, he used to cause me some injury in this way; for if he could find a pointer loose, he would, if possible, seduce him from his duty, and take him off on the same lawless excursion; and it was not, till after an hour's whistling and hallooing, that I would see the truants sneaking round to the back door, panting and smoking, with their tails tucked up between their legs, and their long dripping tongues depending from their watery jaws—he the most guilty, and the most barefaced caitiff of the whole. In general, however, he would have nothing to say to the canine species; for, notwithstanding the classification of Buffon, he considered he had a prescriptive right to associate with man. He was, in fact, rather cross with

other dogs; but with children he was quite at home, doubtless reckoning himself about on a level with them in the scale of rational beings. Every boy in the village knew his name; and I often caught him with a posse of little dirty urchins playing about him. But he was not quite satisfied with this kind of company; for, if taking a walk with any of the family, he would only just acknowledge his plebeian play-fellows by a simple wag of the tail, equivalent to the distant nod which a patrician school-boy bestows on the town-boy class-fellow whom he chances to meet, when in company with his aristocratic relations.

The only approach to bad feeling which I ever discovered in Rover, was a slight disposition to jealousy; but this in him appeared more a virtue than a vice; for it sprung entirely from affection, and had nothing mean or malicious in it. A single instance will suffice to show the manner in which he expressed this feeling. One day a little strange dog attached himself to me, and followed me home. I took him into the house, and had him fed, intending to keep him till I could dis-

cover the owner. For this act of kindness the dog expressed his gratitude in the usual way. Rover, although used to play the truant, from the moment the little stranger entered the premises, never quitted us till he saw him fairly off. His manner towards us became more ingratiating than usual, and he seemed desirous, by his assiduities and attentions, to show us that we stood in no need of any other favourite or companion. But, at the same time, he displayed no animosity towards his supposed rival. Here was reason and refinement too.

Besides the friends whom he met at my house, Rover also formed attachments of his own, in which he showed a just discrimination. It was not every one who offered him a bone that he would trust as a friend. He had one or two intimate acquaintances in the village whom he regularly visited, and where, in case of any remissness on the part of the cook, he was sure to find a plate of meat. The consequence of this stuffing was, that, although constant exercise prevented his growing fat, his skin—saving your presence, delicate reader—had, if not subject to frequent ablu-

tions, rather a doggy odour; and, moreover, candour obliges me to declare, that, from the same cause, he was apt to use the nails of his hinder feet in a way not altogether consistent with good manners. If fleas he had—and I strongly suspected him of harbouring those outcasts—they must, like most humble companions, have led a sorry life of it; for, if he could coax you to scratch his back with the edge of your shoe—which he endeavoured to do by placing it under your foot as you sat cross-legged—or to use your stick for that purpose, he would never forget the obligation; but if you only indulged him with the sharp edge of the fire-shovel, he was yours for life.

Rover was a most feeling, sweet-dispositioned dog. One instance of his affection and kind-heartedness I cannot omit. He had formed an attachment to my gardener, and would frequently follow him to his home, where he was caressed by the wife and children. It happened that the poor wife was taken ill, and died. The husband was seriously afflicted, and showed a feeling above the common. At this time, I observed that Rover

had quite lost his spirits, and appeared to pine. Seeing him in this state, one day when in company with the widower, and thinking, in some measure, to divert the poor fellow's thoughts from his own sorrows, I remarked to him the state that Rover was in, and asked him if he could guess the cause. "He is fretting after poor Peggy," was his reply, giving vent, at the same time, to a flood of tears. He then went on to tell me, that, while his wife was ill, Rover was constant in his visits to the cottage, when he would get upon her bed, lie by her, and lick her face; and that when she was borne to the grave, he was foremost in the funeral procession. It was some time before he entirely recovered his spirits.

On the christening of one of my children, not wishing that he should accompany us to church, he was locked up while our party proceeded to the ceremony. Just, however, as the minister was about to put the usual questions to the sponsors, who should come rushing into the middle of the circle but Rover, with a bow of white ribbon tied to his neck—looking up at the same time, as much as to say, "What's all this going on, and without

me?" One of my brothers had played us this trick. I need not add that this unexpected intrusion changed a solemn scene into rather a merry one.

Although a most playful entertaining dog, Rover had no tricks. I hate your tricky French dogs. The only feat he performed was catching a ball or an apple with his mouth, which he would do almost at any distance. Rover was, also, useful as well as ornamental. He was a capital house-dog, and served for more purposes than one: he was as good as a thermometer to me. I had the parlour graduated in my imagination from the fire-place to the door. When his back was close to the fender, the glass was down to the freezing point: when at the arm-chair, it was rather higher: when he lay under the sideboard, it was temperate: and when he reached the door, it was time to leave off fires.

Like most little dogs, Rover had a great soul; yet, as must have been expected, he was no match for the generality of his species. But, what he wanted in physical strength, he made up for in policy. He wisely employed a portion of his

riches in subsidizing his poorer, but stronger, neighbour; and thus acquired a weight and an importance among his own race in the village, to which he could not otherwise lay claim. In plain language, Rover kept a dog in pay to fight his battles for him. This I discovered, by observing, that whenever he got a bone which he could not compass, he immediately hid it, and then went off in search of the baker's mastiff, whose more potent jaws soon demolished the provision. This I at first set down to generosity, or a natural love of patronage, till I ascertained the true motive, by observing, that, whenever he was attacked by a larger dog than himself, he forthwith set off in search of his Swiss, the said mastiff, to whom he delegated the office of thrashing his opponent.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The breaking-up—Nothing to do—Producers and consumers—The eternal face—Isle of Wight—General and Mrs. Jeremy—The regatta.

One cannot have resided for some years in any spot, however uncongenial it may have been to one's feelings or disposition, without the heart having thrown out some fibres attaching it to the surrounding soil. It cannot, therefore, be supposed but that the breaking-up of my little establishment was attended with some degree of pain and regret. Let the neighbourhood be what it may, one must have formed some acquaintances, the parting with whom, perhaps for ever, must have been attended with melancholy sensations. The quitting of the house in which we have passed some happy hours, the sale of articles of furniture to which we have become familiar, and of cattle which

have contributed to our amusements, or which have administered to our daily wants, were all, more or less, sources of pain. Still, having been accustomed to change from my youth, I felt the removal less than most persons would have done under similar circumstances.

As I was now no longer able to enjoy my favourite amusement of hunting, a country life had lost its chief attraction for me. My wife, too, though possessed largely of the organ of inhabitiveness, felt also desirous of seeing a little more of the world, while we were yet capable of enjoying it. Or it may be, that, seven years having elapsed since we settled in the country, our tastes and inclinations had undergone that revolution, which, according to some philosophers, takes place in the human mind in the course of that period. My children, also, were not yet of an age to be a serious incumbrance in moving. I therefore resolved that, for some time to come, my house should be on four wheels.

After passing some time in visiting a few relations, we bent our course towards the sea-shore, and took up our quarters in a fashionable water-

ing-place for the summer. Here I began to feel, for the first time in my life, that I was an idler. While in the country, I had my farm, my garden, my gun, and the hounds, to supply me with amusement, and to prevent the time from passing heavily. But here, after the novelty was over, I felt, surrounded as I was by strange faces, as it were out of the bonds of society, and of no earthly use that I could see, except to assist in augmenting a class already overstocked. Perhaps the most difficult thing in the world to do well is—*nothing*. It is an art in itself, and one I could never acquire. It became, therefore, a source of considerable annoyance to me that I had *nothing* to do. I could not rest quiet under the notion that I was a perfect drone in the creation. The active life which I had led in my youth served only to make the idleness that afflicted me the more oppressive, till at last I almost worked myself up into a *far-niente* fever. Ruminating in this mood one day, as I sat on the pier at Ryde, I said to myself, "What am I?" An answer to this question suddenly flashed across my mind—"I 'm a *consumer!* That 's it exactly,—I 'm a consumer.

The busy world are *producers*, and we idlers are *consumers.*"

Having thus, in my own mind, divided the world into producers and consumers, I began to draw a comparison between these two orders of society. The former, thought I, is doubtless a very useful class, but the other is certainly the more important; for though things must be produced before they can be consumed, yet without demand there would be no supply. I observed, too, that the world was quite of this opinion, for the producer always bows to the consumer. One man thanks you for walking in his shoes, and another for wearing his coat. Mine host makes you a low reverence for condescending to eat his dinner, and another looks upon you as a pitiful fellow if you do not drink his claret. That insignificant wretch, whose worn-out frame and squalid looks speak him infinitely more of a producer than a consumer, what a poor figure he cuts alongside of that portly gentleman, who consumes as much food as would supply a whole family of poor producers, and whose tailors' bill would clothe a whole parish!

Again, what a wide difference there is between the tax-gatherer who produces the revenue, and the minister who consumes it! The one you envy, and the other you despise.

Then, conquerors and heroes, those vast consumers of the human species,—are they not dignified with the epithet of *great*, solely for their success in the art and practice of consumption? An Alexander or a Napoleon will consume you whole millions of their fellow-creatures in a few years; while a dozen or so is the most that a pair of producers can contribute to the human stock in the whole course of their lives.

In short, I observed that people were respected and esteemed in proportion to their means of consumption; while, on the other hand, he who most contributed to production by his personal labour was the least regarded. This was further confirmed in my mind by observing, that all producers wished to be thought consumers, and would, in fact, do any thing in their power, and run many risks to become such.

On a further consideration of the subject, I also found, that the distinctions of gentle and simple

into which society is divided, meant, neither more nor less, than consumers and producers. By gentility, or gentleness, the consumer does the tradesman out of his produce; and this latter is *simple* enough to feel himself honoured by the acceptance of it. So it is in literature. The simple author offers his goods to the "gentle reader," who perhaps consumes, at one sitting, what took the poor drudge months of toil to compose. Now, that girl just launched from the boarding-school, with what avidity does she consume whole volumes of novels and romances, in the production of which countless inches of tallow-candle (quarts of midnight oil would have been more classical, but not so true) must have been expended!

Look, again, at that greedy, hawk-eyed politician. He will swallow you at one gulp what took the statesman full twenty-four hours to concoct, two hours more to deliver, and the gentlemen connected with the press (as they are called) at least six hours additional to put into English. Indeed, the superiority of the powers of consumption over those of production needs no other proof than to witness the effects of fire—that mighty consumer,

whose power is proclaimed by so many institutions to counteract it. In one brief hour will it not consume what it has been the work of years to produce?

Then, that greatest of all consumers, Death—what a sublime personage he is! how awful! how dreaded! while the producer of subjects for his insatiable jaws is not even dignified with a name, *birth* being in nowise personified.

In short, throughout nature, production is ignoble and toilsome, consumption honourable and easy.

Having thus satisfied my mind of the importance of being a consumer, I felt considerably relieved from the oppression of spirits under which I laboured; and I set about my usual habit of contemplating the faces of my fellow-consumers, for with such the place abounded. Of the greater part of these, it would be difficult to guess for what purpose they came. Some there were, whose complexions bore the hue of ill-health, and who took their morning allowance of sea-air on the pier, and their daily immersion in sea-water. These came for some purpose. Others came

because their friends came. There was some sense in this also. But the greater part seemed to me to come for no purpose whatever but *visum et visu;* for they appeared to have no acquaintance whatever out of their own family. But what came they to see? It could not be the country; for the same eternal pier was the limit of their perambulations; and what pleasure could there be in the mere commerce of looks—to see and to be seen by a parcel of persons of whom they cared not a groat? Is this social intercourse? Is it mirth? Is it gaiety? Yes, this is what is called gaiety! "The place has been very gay this summer." If this be all the gaiety, defend me from the gaiety of an English watering-place!

While engaged in such thoughts as these, what should I see before me but my eternal face! Reader, have you got such a thing as an eternal face?—a face that haunts you wherever you go? If so, you will enter into my feelings at once. I don't know how it is, but I always feel inclined to be in a passion with this face; for it seems as if it followed me on purpose. The first time I ever saw this face, was about twenty-five years

ago, in the East Indies. I met it frequently in society there, but without knowing its name, or having been introduced to it. I believe it belonged to some regiment. On returning to England, I met it in Bond-street: on proceeding to Cheltenham, I encountered it there—the same at Bath. In short, wherever I went, before I left England to join the army in Spain, I was sure to meet this face. And here, after a lapse of ten years, I fall in with it again. Time seems to have no effect on it: it appears precisely the same as when I first saw it. Can it be the wandering Jew with his beard cut off? I sometimes almost doubt its being a substance, and feel disposed to try if I can touch it. I do not recollect ever to have gone to any place of fashionable resort without meeting it; and I have questioned persons, who are more in the habit of frequenting these places than myself, about this face, and they have made the same remark. Surely it must possess ubiquity!

Now, though this is peculiarly my "eternal face," there are also many co-eternal faces, who go the rounds of the watering-places, and are to be seen at stated periods just as regularly as

the swallows; with this difference, that no one knows what becomes of these migratory birds after they quit this country, whereas the position of the eternal faces may, at any time, be ascertained by a reference to the calendar. Many of these are not only men of pleasure, but men of business also. Their business is, not only to spend money, but to procure the wherewithal to spend, by dipping into the pockets of the less knowing fashionables—I mean quite in a *gentlemanly* way; for there is nothing in the least ungentlemanly in enticing young men to their ruin! O no! The only ungentlemanly part of the business is neglecting to pay what is called a debt of honour. The unfortunate dupe may put off, and ultimately rob a poor tradesman; but if he dishonours an I O U, he is branded for ever. It is clear from this, who they are that make the laws of fashionable society: they are not the honest, but the rogues; for it is for the protection of the latter, and not of the former, that they are framed. But, in fact, throughout the fashionable world the order of right and wrong is inverted. People bow to the opinion of the worthless, more than they do to

that of the virtuous; because vanity and pride, two most prevailing passions, dread ridicule, which proceeds from the bad, more than they do censure, which proceeds from the good. Thus armed with the shafts of ridicule, vice prevails over virtue; and, as most men act more in obedience to the opinion of others than to their own judgments, this ascendancy of evil is secured, to the great injury of society. Upon this principle most people had rather be thought *knaves* than *fools;* because the absence of sense, implying the absence of power, brings contempt; while knavery excites the dread of others, and carries with it the supposition of talent, which is flattering to our pride.

Of course, while at Ryde, I did not neglect the opportunity of making the tour of the Isle of Wight. This island possesses two objects of attraction, which are perfectly *unique*—the under cliff, and the Needle Rocks. The former is a tract of ground caused by the sinking of the cliff, for some miles in length, and varying from a quarter to half a mile in breadth. It is difficult to account for this by any phenomenon of nature known in this country; for it does not seem to have been

effected by a successive falling of pieces of the cliff, but by a simultaneous sinking of the whole mass. It forms, as may be supposed, from its broken and irregular surface, and from its contiguity to the sea, some most picturesque scenery, which laid out, as it is, with taste, amounts almost to enchantment.

The Needle Rocks are well known, and have been often described. They form the western termination of the island, and pointing, as they do, towards the headland of St. Alban's, would seem to indicate that the island had been formerly connected with it; and that the sea, having broken in over the low ground near Portsmouth, had forced its way through at this point, and thus cut out the island which now exists. There is nothing particularly worth seeing in any other part of the island. As to Shanklin, though a very pretty dell, I can never think of it without laughing. Only suppose the visitor coming fresh from the falls of Niagara, and while walking up the dell, in breathless suspense, expecting every moment to hear the roar of the much-boasted fall, being told to stop while the guide goes on to draw up the plug!

—for except in the rainy season they are obliged to dam up the tiny rivulet before they can get water enough for a common shower-bath! "From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step." This may be true enough in general; but here the step is equal to the whole breadth of the Atlantic, and the length of the St. Lawrence to boot!

But the Isle of Wight is a pretty island enough, and I should have no objection to have it all to myself. Indeed, like Sancho Panza, I have always had a fancy for an island; and have even gone so far, as to form a code of laws for it in my own mind. Not that I would be burthened with a constitution:—no, no! Though a Reformer, in my present situation, and favourable to the liberty of the subject, if I am to be a king, a king I will be in the true sense of the word. I would say in the language of Louis XIV., "*L'état c'est moi.*" It is, I believe, agreed on all hands, that if you could be always certain of a wise and virtuous king, a pure monarchy would be the most perfect of governments. Now, as I conceive I would make a wise and

virtuous king, and as I have a system of education in my head, by which all my children are to be wise and virtuous also, I don't see why my monarchy is to be limited. By the much-boasted British Constitution, the king can do no wrong. This is because, in fact, he can do nothing at all. But how much better will it be, if I can do no wrong by always doing right! Therefore, I hope I shall some day or other come to my island, if it be only to set an example to the world of good government, and to put into practice the many schemes which I have in *petto* for the good of mankind.

There is one thing in the Island, which I visited with some degree of interest: this was Carisbrook Castle, where the unfortunate Charles the First was confined. Now, it happens that one of my ancestors was among the judges of the said monarch, and my name at full length is seen appended to his death-warrant; so that I never view any thing connected with that event without somewhat of a guilty feel; for, however proud I may feel of my ancestor, as one of those who stood up nobly for the rights of Man, and who

displayed their courage in thrashing the Cavaliers soundly, yet viewing the execution of Charles at this distance of time, and unconnected with the party feelings which must then have existed, it is an act which I cannot justify.

At Newport, the capital of the Island, there was a large depôt of troops, consisting chiefly of recruits for the regiments in the East Indies. Among the officers I had some acquaintance. I saw, therefore, a good deal of them while I remained in the Island. The General commanding I had also known formerly, when he was Lieutenant-Colonel of a regiment; and as he, or rather his better-half, is deserving of notice, I now beg leave to introduce them to you, reader, under the names of—

GENERAL AND MRS. JEREMY.

Now, though the General nominally commanded the depôt at Albany Barracks, the virtual commanding-officer was Mrs. Jeremy; not only indirectly, upon the principle that My Lady Somebody's coachman ruled the state, by driving his

Lady who drove her Lord, who drove the King, &c., but by an absolute and *bonâ fidè* authority, acknowledged by all to be *de facto*, if not *de jure*. General Jeremy was a good-natured, quiet, indolent man—not a bad officer on service, and personally brave; but like many men of this character, he was under the dominion of the softer sex. Now, being a bit of a Jerry myself, I have a fellow-feeling for such persons; and will therefore endeavour to account for the state into which the General was reduced, in a manner as little derogatory to the dignity of the male sex, as truth will admit. In the first place, Mrs. Jeremy was considerably younger than the General, and was, at the time I now speak of, what is called a fine woman. In the next place, Mrs. Jeremy, if not a very clever woman, knew what she was about. In the early days of their marriage, there was, of course, some struggle for ascendancy, before things had settled down into their regular course. Here the manhood of the General was compelled to succumb to the weakness of the woman. Like all skilful commanders, the Lady kept a strong reserve of tears and hysterics,

which, when every other species of attack failed, were brought forward with such skill and overwhelming force, as to carry every thing before them. Thus the General, who was tender and compassionate in his nature, was led on by degrees, till at last he became fairly hen-pecked. A man of less courage might have resisted; for a coward is always a tyrant in his own family, knowing well that brute force must there prevail; but the General's failing was a deficiency of firmness, without which quality the virtues of a man are but of little use to him.

Now, most people have an instinctive perception of how the wind blows in these respects; therefore, as may be supposed, the subordinates were not slow in discovering that the grey mare was the better horse. Thus the aide-de-camp owed his appointment—in preference to more deserving claimants, either from relationship or merit—to having paid his court in the proper quarter; and every one, who had any favour to ask, knew where to apply. In fact, most of the authorities in the garrison found it their interest to conciliate the true commanding-officer. Those

who did not were sure to suffer for their negligence or independence. At one place, where the General commanded, the engineer-officer was superseded, because he asserted his exclusive right to turn his cows out on the glacis, to the prejudice of Mrs. Jeremy's dairy; and this example had its effect. All her servants were soldiers; and fatigue parties of the same performed the work in her garden, and other menial offices: even report went so far as to say, that the contractor of the troops supplied her table—in short, in these points, she carried matters to an extreme; for where women go out of their line, they have no shame. When she commanded a regiment, she went on just in the same way; and the adjutant and serjeant-major were creatures of her own.

Of two points about her, Mrs. Jeremy was justly proud—a neat foot and ancle, and a fine head of hair: the former she took every opportunity of showing to advantage; and when dancing, of which accomplishment she was very fond, she generally contrived to have her comb fall out by accident, so that her shining tresses

fell in luxuriance over her shoulders, showing clearly that she was indebted to nature alone for this becoming ornament of the female person. An adroit compliment on what she most prided herself, together with allusions to the clumsy understandings and borrowed locks of others, were sure to be rewarded. Not that I would insinuate any thing against the character of the Lady, for I believe she was quite correct; but Generals have a good deal in their power, and favours may be granted and received without kissing.

Mrs. Jeremy had one failing which did not add to her popularity—she was extremely stingy. Her dinners were none of the best; and the table was scantily supplied with guests, as much from the paucity of invitations, as from the reluctance to accept them. The wine, as the garrison wags said, was *slow* juice, in two senses,—first, from its quality, and next, from the tardiness with which the aide-de-camp was instructed to circulate the bottle; while, to save this from the supposed attacks of the guests, the rear-guard of coffee was always announced at an early hour.

Truth compels me to add another slight blemish

in the character of Mrs. Jeremy. She not only had her favourites, but her confidants—some would call them spies—necessary tools, I am compelled to admit, in war, but absolutely indispensable to those who have to maintain an authority not strictly legitimate.

In other respects, Mrs. Jeremy made the General an excellent wife. As they had no family, her whole thoughts were concentrated in her regiment and garrison. In the superintendence of the former, she kept a sharp look-out on the agent's accounts; and it was mainly through her interest, that the regiment, of which he was the Colonel, had been sent to an unhealthy climate, where the off-reckonings are much higher than on other stations. She had accompanied her husband in all the service he had seen since their marriage; and being an active woman, of a good constitution, and not over-delicate in her taste and habits, she bore the hardships of war as well as the best of them. The officers, no doubt, often wished her at the devil; but that was nothing to her; they knew better than to let her know it.

THE REGATTA.

WHILE I was in the Island, a Regatta took place at Cowes. The situation of this place is admirably calculated for a display of the kind. The Bay itself is beautiful. The town, flanked by villas, and interspersed with trees, rises up the side of a hill, and forms the centre of the landscape. The old castle bounds the scene on one side, and the other is terminated by the picturesque point, near which stands the turreted mansion of Lord George Seymour, connected with the town by a noble and extensive wood, in which the graceful turrets of Mr. Nash's castle rise majestically from among the trees. But when the Bay is filled, as it was on this occasion, by vessels of all shapes and sizes, decked in flags of all colours and varieties, the *coup d'œuil* is altogether the most delightful that can be imagined. This was about the time of George the Fourth's sailor-fit; and the three beautiful royal yachts, all nearly the size of small frigates, were in commission. These, together with several men-of-

war lying at Spithead, came down to join the gala, adding much to the variety and interest of the scene. Regattas, too, in those days, were novelties; consequently they were not only well frequented by shipping from a distance, but crowds of well-dressed persons, who came there for the occasion, lined the shore, and crowned the hills, giving life and animation to the scene. Nor was the pleasure confined to the eye, for the music of the bands on board the ships, swelling and dying away as you approached or receded from them, joined to frequent salutes from the men-of-war and larger yachts, added much to the general exhilaration. On the whole, this was the most beautiful sight that I ever recollect to have witnessed, and the remembrance of it still dwells fresh in my mind. The sport, also, was then better than it is now; for the contending yachts were better matched, and the whole was conducted on a pleasanter footing than it has been since they have become more in the way of Newmarket concerns, while frequent rowing-matches, and prizes for the pilot-vessels, gave

more variety to the scene, and interested all classes of persons in the sport.

Quitting the Island, about the end of the Summer, we passed the Autumn with a relation in the New Forest. This I need not describe, as the classic pages of Gilpin, and his spirited pencil, have rendered its scenery familiar to most readers. Suffice it to say, that we viewed it under the most favourable circumstances, when the foliage was enriched by the luxuriant tints of Autumn: still, however beautiful the landscape may be at this season, it never can have that cheering and enlivening effect on the senses that is produced by the Spring. The one carries with it the feeling of decay, the other of hope. The whole feathered choir join their voices in hailing the opening bud, while the solitary robin alone chants the dirge of the falling leaf.

Before the Winter, we moved to a small town not far from the forest; but as this town will become my residence hereafter, and be the scene of several characters, which I shall have to present to the reader, I shall not, for obvious reasons, give

too clear a definition of its locality. Not that I mean to say, that those characters are now to be found in the situation which I shall place them; but such is human nature, that when persons find a cap, the appearance of which is not altogether becoming, they are too apt to fit it on their neighbour.

In this town and neighbourhood we passed two winters and the intervening seasons, in the course of which we saw but little society, but took advantage of the excellent roads, to enjoy the scenery of a country abounding in more variety of cultivation and wildness than almost any I know. The soil in this part of Hampshire is certainly by no means the best, being in some parts absolutely sterile; but then nature has supplied the inhabitants with material for the best roads close to the surface; so that they have the ready means of transporting the produce of more favoured soils. The trees, too, near the coast have a most extraordinary bias, owing to the prevalence of the south-west winds, which come as it were through a funnel, formed by Christchurch Bay. These trees, where not sheltered, have the ap-

pearance of a routed army flying from before an enemy, or, when singly seen, look like a woman who has thrown her outer garment over her head to screen her from the storm.

CHAPTER XIX.

Embark for France—Havre—Custom-house—French hotel—Table d'hôte—French gesticulation—Coarse appearance of the women—Porters—Dray-horses—Docks—Proceedings of Rover—French Diligence—Rouen—Gothic architecture—Elizabethan style—Norman carts—St. Germain—Versailles—Gardens—Water-works—Churches and black jobs—Garrison.

In the Spring of 1825, we resolved on a trip to France; and accordingly took our departure in a steamer from Southampton to Havre. The passage was rather rough; but the blessing of a steamer is, that you know your head is always the right way. But in a sailing vessel, how horrid is it, when pent up in your box of six feet by two, every now and then, when the wind is adverse, to have your ears greeted with the words "ready about," followed by a rolling over of your body, which seems to turn you inside out. In

such situations, if sickness will allow me to sleep, I invariably dream of being shut up alive in a coffin, in the act of being borne to the grave on the shoulders of a set of drunken bearers; and I awake kicking away lustily at the bulk-heads of my berth. Then, if I should be stretched on the deck, or fortunate enough to secure a couch, my dream is that I am a second Jonas; and should a steamer be my portion, it is, for all the world, like a whale in an ague-fit.

We landed at Havre in the middle of the night, and had to pass the ordeal of the Custom-house before we were allowed to proceed to our quarters. Some of the passengers made a good deal of noise about being searched, declaring they had nothing contraband about them. But I observed that these persons were overhauled a great deal more by the Custom-house officers, male and female, than those who remained quiet. My wife and I therefore took the matter very coolly, which one of the principals perceiving, he very politely told us that we might pass on. I would advise all travellers to act similarly on such occasions;

for they may be sure, the more fuss they make, the more they will be suspected, and the more trouble will be given them.

We took up our quarters in a French hotel. I eschew every thing English when I go abroad, taking as my maxim, " to do at Rome as they do at Rome." Here we found ourselves very comfortable ; and, dining at the table d'hôte, entered at once into the spirit of the thing. The only objection to this is, that an inexperienced hand is apt to dine off the bouilli and a few of the first dishes that appear, and then he is left sitting with his hands before him for the rest of the meal. On ordinary occasions, we are not accustomed to so many courses as the French ; but notwithstanding the quantity which these latter eat, I doubt much if their dinners sit heavier on their stomachs than the hastily despatched though less abundant meal of the English.

The first thing that strikes one, when setting foot on French soil, is the loud voice and vehement gesticulation of the people, which would make one, unacquainted with their ways, suppose that they were always in a passion. Then, the lower

classes address you with more familiarity than they do in England. From these causes, I have more than once seen a testy Englishman disposed to take offence, where none was intended. The lower class of women, too, strike one as being coarser and masculine. In fact, they are more so than our women, the distinction between the sexes being less with them than with us. Women there often perform the offices which among us are exclusively assigned to men, and *vice versâ:* I have seen a woman rubbing down a horse, and the men make the beds. The clerks, also, in many of the offices are women.

Considering also, as we do, the English to be the most laborious people in the world, we were surprised to see the immense loads which the porters of Havre wheel on their long barrows. In fact, one of these vehicles contains about as much as one of our common one-horse carts. The Norman cart-horse, too, which you see dragging a mountain of bales by himself, is a prodigious fine animal. Though not so tall, he is, I think, superior to our dray-horse, being shorter-backed and more compact. The colour is gene-

rally roan. I think him the perfection of an animal.

We remained a day at Havre. As it is not my intention to write a regular tour, the ground which I shall pass over being already familiar to most readers, it will be enough for me to say that there is nothing in this town particularly worth mentioning. The docks are extensive, and contain a good deal of foreign shipping, principally American, this being the chief port of communication with the Western Continent. The United States' packets, of which there were several lying here, were fine vessels, elegantly fitted up, and by no means in a manner suited to what we should suppose were the simple habits of Republicans.

On landing, I observed that Rover, who had accompanied us in our travels, appeared quite out of his element. He had behaved very well on board the steamer, but, as soon as he set his foot on shore, he seemed to eye the people as you would suppose a human being to do, who is suddenly and unexpectedly cast on a foreign shore, where the language and dress of the inhabitants

is altogether strange to him; and he clung close to our heels as we walked up to the inn. The next morning, however, he was missing. He had slept in the man-servant's room; therefore he could not have escaped over-night. Search was made in all directions for him, but in vain. We feared we had lost Rover, and great was the tribulation of the whole family. The crier was set to work, rewards offered; in short, every means were taken to recover him, that could be thought of. In the evening, I went on board the steamer by which we had arrived, to search for some article left there, when, spying into the berth which I had occupied, who should I see coiled up in the corner but Mr. Rover, looking as miserable and as woe-begone, as a houseless beggar in a strange land! He had regularly taken his passage to return to England, and not even the well-known voice of his master could persuade him to come away. So that I was compelled to carry him back to the inn, where he was, of course, shut up till our departure. Now, the wonder was, how he found his way to the steam-packet, for after we had landed at the

quay, she was moved up into the docks, full half-a-mile off, where she lay jammed in among a number of other vessels.

The children were, of course, delighted with every thing they saw. Novelty is with them always the chief attraction. While we were sitting in the inn, my boy, then about four years old, came running into the room, exclaiming—"Pa! Pa! come here and see two coaches stuck together, drawn by five cart-horses, and driven by a butcher mounted on one of the horses, with his legs in two black boxes." This, I need not tell you, reader, was a description of a *Diligence*, nor need I add how my boots were put into requisition on the first opportunity; nor how soon the brat picked up the crack of the whip, with all the *sacre*ing and *pest*ing appending to the character of a French postilion.

Not having brought a carriage with me, I thought I would try the Diligence; so we started early in the morning by one of those conveyances for Rouen. Though no novelty to me, it was so to my wife and family. However, as we had the whole of *one* of the bodies to ourselves, we en-

dured it with tolerable patience. Patience, indeed, is essential to a traveller on all occasions; but, above all, in a French Diligence. The *Conducteur* was a noisy, good-humoured, familiar fellow, who would sometimes take post on the step of the carriage, and poke his tobacco-scented face in, to converse with us. According to his account, he had been through the memorable and disastrous campaign in Russia, during which he held the commission of *Sous Lieutenant* in the Imperial Guard. Of course we had a good many tough yarns on this subject. It was not an uncommon thing at this time, to see officers even of higher rank, employed in still more humble situations than was occupied by our communicative friend. As we rode along he pointed out to me a man driving a team, in a blouze frock, who he said had been a captain in the army. I suppose all those, who did not choose to hoist the white cockade on the restoration of the Bourbons, were compelled to retire without any half-pay or pension, and consequently to return to that line of life from which they had originally sprung.

The country through which we passed was beautifully diversified with hill and dale, and the view on approaching the town of Caudebec was magnificent.

At Rouen, we put up at one of the best hotels in the place, where we were comfortably lodged, and without the company of *B flats**—the things most to be dreaded in a French inn. Rouen is a most picturesque and interesting old town, resembling in many respects some of the oldest parts of the town of Coventry. The cathedral is a good specimen of the florid style of architecture of the middle ages, and was built, I believe, during the time our kings held dominion in Normandy. It was disgusting to an admirer of architecture, and indeed to any person of taste or feeling, to see this noble structure disfigured by the erection of wretched hovels close up against the walls. Even the *façade* next the *place*, where is the principal entrance, is defaced in this manner. It is clear from this, as well as from similar profanations of some of our most magnificent Gothic structures in

* A genteel name for bugs, and by the same token the smaller and more nimble animals of the same genus are called *F sharps*.

England, how much superior was the taste of our much calumniated ancestors of those times, to that of the ages which succeeded them. It is much the same with the constitution of England. Coeval with the structures above mentioned, the most beautiful parts of our constitutional fabric were erected; though since unfortunately defaced and obscured. A sudden stop seems to have been put to the Gothic style of architecture about the time of the Reformation; and it is a remarkable fact, that there are few churches in this style on the Continent which have been completely finished. If the Reformation had extended throughout the greatest part of Europe, this might be accounted for in the decline of church supremacy. But as that was not the case, I know not to what cause it can be attributed. From the reign of Henry VII. till the introduction of the Grecian or Roman styles, by Inigo Jones, the architecture of England was truly barbarous. It has become the fashion of late to admire and to imitate what is termed the Elizabethan style; but, though picturesque, from its quaintness, it is any thing but symmetrical or elegant.

After staying a couple of days at Rouen, we proceeded by the same mode of conveyance to St. Germain: we went by the upper road, which is not very interesting. On the way we passed many carts drawn by horses, such as I have described. The construction of these carts struck me as being particularly well adapted to the roads on which they travel. The body is composed of a frame of great length, extending entirely over the shaft-horse, and so constructed that, by means of a winch, the frame may be moved backwards and forwards, so as to be balanced on the two wheels which support it. These wheels are large, and stand perfectly upright, with very deep naves, so that they can preserve their perpendicular without difficulty; and the linch-pin is so placed as to allow of considerable horizontal play on the axle, which, on a rough *pavé*, is a great advantage. How much superior is this to the wheels of our travelling waggons, the fellies of which, being frustums of cones, a good deal of power must necessarily be lost in keeping them in a straight line, while the grinding motion, thus occasioned, must be very injurious to the roads! These carts are, also,

fitted with a contrivance for retarding the revolution of the wheels on descending hills, by pressure on their circumference, to serve instead of a drag.

At St. Germain we remained two days. The town is not in itself very remarkable; but close to it is the well-known palace of that name. This is a large gloomy brick structure, of an octagonal shape, without any pretensions to architectural beauty—a suitable residence for the bigoted monarch who could "exchange three kingdoms for a mass." The park, however, is fine, and the view from the terrace overlooking the Seine is beautiful.

From this we branched off to Versailles, where it was my intention to pass some months. Ready furnished lodgings were then dear and scarce; but there were empty apartments in abundance: so we took one, and had it furnished by an upholsterer, who contracted by the month. By this means they came tolerably reasonable. Although it was about the beginning of April when we arrived, the weather was still cold. Indeed, we felt the air keener than in the south of England, from which we had just come. But as the season

advanced, we found the gardens very pleasant. Indeed, I may say, they are the only attraction of Versailles; for, though the houses are good, the town has a desolate appearance, and the country for a few miles round is uninteresting. The English garden, laid out by Louis XVIII. in imitation of that at Hartwell, drew crowds of promenaders every fine evening; and the band of the Swiss Guards played there two or three times a week. The smaller water-works were let loose frequently, and occasionally the *Grandes Eaux*, when crowds of Parisians attended. But as I have described all this before, I need say no more on the subject.

Our house was situated immediately opposite to one of the churches; and our children were much amused with the various ceremonies going on there. Like Lord Portsmouth, they delighted in a black-job, and were constant attendants on those occasions; so that, before we quitted the place, they could chaunt a funeral dirge to admiration. The priests were very good-humoured with them, and would take the little heretics into the sacristy, to show them the grand dresses, &c. But what

amused the children most, was the Swiss who stood at the door of the church, with his gold-laced coat, cocked-hat, sword, baton, &c. They used to call him the Virgin Mary's drum-major.

I did not observe that the French in general had recovered from their indifference to religion. Almost the only devout persons I saw were the old women of the lower class, who used to come on their *fête* days to light up the shrines of their patron saints. The people viewed the processions, as they passed through the streets, with indifference or contempt. In fact, the French are intellectually in advance of their religion. They look for something more rational than the mummery of the Catholic ceremonies, and, failing in that, they turn infidels. Indeed, I never see a priest of that persuasion without looking if he has not got his tongue in his cheek.

In many respects, however, I prefer the way in which religious matters are conducted in Catholic countries to the practice in Protestant ones. I like the custom of keeping the churches open all the forenoon, and of having service constantly going on. I prefer that principle of

equality in the presence of God which exists, to the division of the church into pews for the exclusive accommodation of the rich. I like to see the temple of God open at all hours, for persons to enter and pray while the spirit of devotion is on them; and lastly, I like the way in which the people are allowed to amuse themselves of a Sunday evening, except as regards theatrical exhibitions, gaming-houses, and such like. In short, I think, in separating ourselves from the church of Rome, we have lost sight of the great object of all reformation—the approach to perfection; and that, in abandoning what was bad, we have at the same time relinquished a great deal that was good. This certainly was not the effect contemplated by the immortal Luther, on whose principles the Anglican church is professedly founded.

The garrison of Versailles consisted of a regiment of *Grenadiers-à-cheval,* and one of Swiss Guards, besides a troop of the *Garde-de-corps.* The former was composed of very fine-looking men, tolerably well-mounted. I took notice of their system of drill, and I certainly am of opi-

nion, that, as far as regards the formation of the individual dragoon, it was superior to ours. The Swiss Guards were beautiful troops, well-sized and appointed; but they were by no means such stout men as ours. The body-guard is entirely on a different footing from ours; being all composed of gentlemen, mounted on short-tailed horses. Why they should differ in this latter respect from the other troops, I could not imagine. They certainly had not a very military appearance.

CHAPTER XX.

Traiteur's wife—Facilities of living—English servants—More of Rover—His loss—Fêtes de village—Petite Trianon—Ornamental gardening—Ferme ornée—Marie Antoinette.

We wished to conform to the French system of living as much as possible, and for this purpose I went to a *traiteur*, to whom I was recommended, to endeavour to contract with him to supply our table. I addressed myself, of course, to the master, a tall stout man with only one arm, who had lost his limb at the battle of Mont St. Jean, which is the French name for that of Waterloo. While I was speaking to him on the subject of my visit, in bounced, from a back-room, an ugly little woman, who immediately began to take up the conversation. I continued to address myself to the man, who was about to reply to my ques-

tions, when Madame, turning sharp round to him, with an air of authority, said, "*Voulez-vous avoir la complaisance de me laisser parler à Monsieur?*" The husband slunk back, and left the field clear for the lady, with whom I completed the agreement. This is one instance of the predominance of female influence in France. In all matters of business, among the middle class, the men appeared to me to be mere ciphers.

Not finding the *traiteur* system answer, we hired a French cook; but, she turning out dishonest and expensive, we resolved to manage at home, with the assistance of *Rotissier* and *Patissier*. What abundant helps there are in France in every department connected with the stomach! At the pork-shop, where you buy your chop, it will be dressed for you. The butcher, who sells you your leg of mutton, has only to send it across the way to have it roasted. The pastry-cook sends your *vol-au-vent* hot at the time appointed; and coffee is to be had smoking at all hours within a few doors of you. What little cooking we required in the house, the man-servant undertook. But as I was particularly anxious to have the

bouilli well made, and in the French mode, and thinking that the man would be glad to take a lesson, I obtained permission from an acquaintance for his cook to give him a few instructions, and directed him to go there accordingly. Finding that my orders were not obeyed, I took him to task. The answer was, "that he had no notion of being taught by an old woman, and a French one into the bargain." This led to more sauciness on his part; so I was compelled to tell him he must go back to England. This was just what he wanted. In fact, the fellow had been sulky ever since we left home—he had a tender *liaison* as I found afterwards. He had also an inveterate dislike to every thing French. One day he asked me if it was true, that, when transplanted to the French soil, every thing English degenerated. He was sure it was so with him, for he did not feel half the man he was. He could not eat as he used to do. An English groom, whom he met at Rouen, had told him that, "when brought across the Channel, the English hound lost his nose, the game-cocks their courage, and that the mastiff could not fight a bit better nor ever a French poodle!" Indeed, there

seemed to be some truth in this, for Rover had become quite an altered dog since we left England. He was no longer the gay, merry fellow, he used to be. Whether he, too, had a tender *liaison*, or whether the man had poisoned his mind, I could not guess; but certainly, after his departure, Rover became worse. Instead of walking out with the children, as usual, the moment the door was opened off he would run to the Swiss barracks, where he would remain till he was brought back. He cost me many *francs* in this way. This estrangement was, however, owing, I believe, in some degree, to the following circumstance:—I was walking one day near one of the royal preserves, when Rover, who was a mighty hand at game, hit on the scent of a pheasant. Off he brushed into the covert, yelping and barking at the top of his voice. Up flew the birds in all directions, and out ran the *gardes-chasse*, gun in hand, to shoot poor Rover if they could. I whistled till my cheeks ached, and hallooed till I was hoarse; and the *gardes-chasse* swore and threatened vengeance. But on he went, round and round, starting the pheasants by hundreds.

After about an hour engaged in this manner, I succeeded in laying hold of the culprit; but could only save his life by inflicting on him a sound drubbing on the spot. He did not quite understand the meaning of this unusually severe chastisement, and I believe he never forgave me for it. Another thing served to disgust him. He was not permitted to enter the gardens without being fastened by a string. This was mortifying to his pride: it looked so lap-doggish.

But this was not the only scrape that poor Rover got into. It seemed indeed as if, on quitting his native country, fate had decided that every thing should go wrong with him. One day, as we were walking together, we met a French gentleman with a stout poodle. With this dog, Rover was fool enough to pick a quarrel; but he had sadly miscalculated his powers, and would have had a severe mauling if the gentleman had not interfered. As it was, he got some sharp bites for his presumption.

A few days after this adventure, Rover was with us in the gardens, and, as usual, led in a string by one of the party. I believe, I told you

before, reader, that he had a great dislike to lap-dogs. Whether this antipathy could be accounted for on the principle that borderers mostly bear a mortal animosity towards each other, or whether it arose from a desire to prove that he had no affinity with this paltry class of the canine race, I cannot pretend to say; but the fact was, that he never lost an opportunity of attacking one of this species.

On this occasion, while Rover was yet smarting under the wounds and disgrace of his late beating, there happened to pass by an elderly French lady, or, as I should rather say, *une dame d'une certaine age*, (for age is considered so disgraceful in France, that the term old, or even elderly, is never applied either to men or women, particularly if they be of the *genteel* classes.) Before this lady there trotted along a diminutive poodle, trimmed lion-fashion of course—having on an elegant collar of silver bells, which was attached to its mistress's hand by a rose-coloured ribbon. At the sight of the little lap-dog Rover became furious. For this more than usual display of wrath, three causes might be assigned: first, the

natural dislike I have already alluded to; secondly, national antipathy, for which he could plead the example of his betters; and lastly, the supposition, on his part, that this lap-dog was son of the poodle from whose fangs he had suffered, giving rise to the *D'Israelitish,* but not very Christian, determination to visit on the son "*the unextinguishable hatred with which he pursued the existence of the father,*" or to the equally sapient revenge of the plough-boy, who "kicked goosman chick, kaise goosman chick's vaither had bited he." Be this as it may, the consequence was that Rover made a sudden spring, by which he jerked the string out of the hand of the child who held him, and dashing at poor *Cupidon* rolled him over in the dust in an instant—or to use a Gallic phrase, as we are on French ground, *culbute-d* him. The pet yelled, Rover barked, the old lady screamed; and the whole together formed a concert so loud and so unusual in those groves dedicated to pleasure, that every one ran to the spot, thinking some serious accident had occurred. The scene was so irresistibly ludicrous (to me at least, so I fear I must have a bad heart) that, although vexed at

the circumstance, and anxious to separate Rover from his prostrate foe, I could not, for the life of me, move hand or foot for laughing. This very naturally augmented the old lady's rage, who raved and stamped, and made use of language which one could hardly suppose had ever entered into the ear of a lady, much less have escaped from her mouth.

Attracted by the unusual crowd and bustle, the garden-keepers came running up. The by-standers were composed pretty equally of French and English, the most of whom could not help joining in the laugh. Some of the former, however, seemed disposed to make a national affair of it; and I do not know what might have happened had I not recovered myself sufficiently to lay hold of Rover, and to tear him off from his victim—not, however, before he had inflicted such wounds on the delicate skin of poor Cupid, as made his *sans culotte* hind-quarters stream with blood.

The old lady instantly seized her darling in her arms, and hugged and kissed it without any regard to her smart dress, which was sadly besmeared with blood and dust from the lap-dog's

hide. I endeavoured to apologise for the unlucky *rencontre;* and even went through the form of chastising Rover; but I could not succeed in pacifying the poor lady, who would not be satisfied that I had not set my dog on hers; and went away muttering something about "*Bête Anglais*" —but whether the epithet was meant for Rover or for me, I could not make out, though probably for *both.*

At another time, when we were walking near one of the reservoirs, one of the children thoughtlessly threw a stick into the water. Rover, who was an excellent water-dog, thinking that this was meant for him to fetch, immediately dashed in. He succeeded in reaching the stick, and was in the act of swimming back with it in his mouth, when one of the swans, indignant at this invasion of his element, swam rapidly up to the little intruder, and, laying hold of him by the back of the neck, would infallibly have drowned him had I not jumped in to his rescue.

Rover's chief reason for associating with the Swiss was, I suppose, that he took them for English troops, from their red-coats, and from

their speaking German, which sounds more like English than the French does—the regiment being from the northern cantons. Going to inquire for him one day at the barracks, I was met by a saucy corporal, who, in answer to my inquiries, remarked that "once a dog got among the red-coats, there was no getting him away. It was the same with the lasses!" At last Rover disappeared altogether, and I could hear nothing of him. When the regiment was relieved by another, I rose at four o'clock in the morning to see them off, in hopes of finding Rover: but in vain. Poor Rover was lost! I need not add how regretted.

Though, as I have already remarked, the country in the immediate neighbourhood of Versailles had nothing in it very attractive, there were many pretty spots within a radius of five miles, to which we frequently drove out; particularly at the *Fêtes de Village*, which take place in June. These generally begin late in the evening; and a spot is enclosed by ropes, and lit with lamps, where dancing is kept up till a late hour, without any of that drinking and debauchery which disgraces almost

all assemblies of Englishmen. The gentry and peasants here joined together in the rustic dance. Parisian *grisettes,* and country-girls, alike in movements, though varied in costume, mixed gracefully in the national pastime, while swains of all kinds, clad in their best, tripped gallantly before their favoured lasses. We see these things on the stage in England, but no where else. We can admire this pleasing mixture of ranks when we witness it, but we cannot imitate it. O aristocratic England! with all thy boasted institutions how thou art reproached with the pride of thy upper classes! But why should we say upper classes in particular? Every grade in society seems shy of the other. There is no amalgamation—no mixture of the elements of society. All is cold, distinct, and repulsive!

While at Versailles, we did not fail to visit the country-house—for it cannot be called a palace—of *La Petite Trianon.* The gardens are professedly laid out in the English style; but in too finikin a manner to correspond with our ideas of pleasure-ground. They are too much in the Chinese fashion, in which fancy prevails over taste. The

walks were twisted and turned without any apparent object: mounds, cascades, and ponds, there were in abundance; but these had all the appearance of being artificial. Now, our principle is, to set off Nature to the best advantage, or to imitate it as much as possible; and when we do make use of art, our aim is, that it shall not be apparent. Our lawns, to be sure, are mowed till they are as smooth as velvet; but in this we only copy Nature in her loveliest robe. The most beautiful shrubs and flowers are brought together, and grouped in the most tasteful manner; and though the work of art may here be surmised, it is not to be discovered. Mounds may be raised, and small streams dammed-up, so as to resemble rivers or lakes; but still the means are always concealed, and every thing is so made to harmonise, that all appears to be the work of Nature. Wherever art is apparent, as in the construction of a grotto, an arbour, or a temple, they are to be found in accordance with the surrounding scene, or placed in such situations as would naturally invite the passenger to pause, either to enjoy the beauty of the spot itself, or the view which it affords. All

this applies to our ornamental gardening. But where Nature herself supplies subjects of sublimity or beauty, an Englishman never interferes, except to heighten the effect by judicious pruning or planting, while his main object is to direct the eye to where the scenes shall be viewed to most advantage.

There are two circumstances, however, unfavourable to ornamental gardening in France, and which must always render their pleasure-grounds very inferior to ours. Those are—the want of sufficient humidity in the atmosphere to allow of a smooth close turf, and the impossibility of growing ever-green shrubs in perfection. I cannot imagine what can be the cause of the latter; but with us they are the chief source of beauty, and, from the contrast with the surrounding scene, often render our gardens more striking to the eye in winter than in summer. For this reason, those parts of our grounds contiguous to the house should be planted with ever-greens in preference to deciduous shrubs.

It is curious that a people like the French, who give way to nature so much in their animal spirits,

and in their love of pleasure, should, in some respects, be so prone to tie themselves down to *etiquette* and formality. This latter is apparent in the whole *régime* of their court; but the contrast is more striking in their general want of taste for rural scenery. On the other hand, it seems extraordinary that the Englishman, who thinks it perhaps beneath him to laugh, or vulgar to seem pleased, and who is even more a slave to fashion than the Frenchman, should be so ardent an admirer of the beauties of Nature. The truth is, a Frenchman cannot be sober without stiffness. When he ceases to be gay, he ceases to be natural; while John Bull is stiff in his gaiety, and natural in his sober moments. View the overgrown babies of both sexes in the *Champs Elysées,* or the Tivoli Gardens, mounted on the wooden-horses of a round-about, and playing at the *jeu de bague* with all the zest imaginable; and see John looking on contemptuously, with his arms folded! Change the scene to some romantic spot, where both parties have gone in search of pleasure. Now, observe the Englishman climbing from rock to rock, enjoying the scene, or seated on a crag

transferring to paper the features of the landscape. But where is the French party? Turn your eyes to where you hear the sound of the fiddle: there they are enjoying themselves on a piece of smooth turf, under yonder spreading tree. They are engaged in the giddy dance, showing off the beauties of nature, or rather of art, in their own persons, or admiring it in those of others, while all the sublime scenery around them remains unheeded.

But to return to the Trianon:—the *ferme ornée* is truly an affecting object. We saw it nearly in the same state in which it was when poor Marie Antoinette, flying from the etiquette of a formal court, used to indulge, with a few kindred spirits, in those puerile, though I believe innocent, pastimes, which drew upon her the scandal of a discontented people, who, in their wrath against a system, were guilty of great injustice to individuals. But let the blame fall on the right head. The people were brutalised by long misgovernment.

There were a good many English in Versailles at this time; not all of the highest respectability

in their own country, it must be confessed. On the whole, however, they behaved themselves tolerably, and were respected for the money they spent, if for nothing else. One family I shall describe in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXI.

Mr. Weaver and family—Sacre of Charles X.—Porcelain-works at Sevre—Execution by guillotine.

MR. WEAVER had been in a retail business in London; but, by getting some army-contracts during the war, had managed to amass a tolerable fortune. On the arrival of peace—that lamented day for many—Mr. Weaver's contract ceased; and, being hardly pressed by Mrs. W. and the girls, he resolved to retire from business, and give up the shop. This was all very well. It was fair that Mr. Weaver should enjoy his *otium cum dignitate*. But this would not satisfy the family—he must withdraw from all connexion with a business which had been the making of them all. This was ingratitude. The eldest son, therefore, instead of taking his father's place in the concern,

by which he might have secured an excellent livelihood with little trouble, preferred being brought up as an attorney—I beg pardon, I believe they called his branch of the business conveyancing—that means, I suppose, conveying all the money you can out of other people's pockets into your own. The younger son, to be sure, had a hankering after the shop, and was desirous of engaging in the business; but for this low propensity he was sadly roasted by the mother and daughters. No, no! the shop must be cut by the whole family! So the poor lad, for want of something to do, was driven to smoke cigars, and keep low company; to draw him from which a commission in a West India regiment was obtained for him, in return for the unpaid bill of some functionary about the Horse-Guards. He went out, and died, to save the honour of the Weavers!

Mr. Weaver was a tall vulgar-looking man, with a countenance indicating a compound of impudence and cunning. He affected great nicety and refinement in his conversation; but the native vulgarity would now and then peep out

through the crevices of his gentility. He was only a coarse deal-board veneered. Among the unlettered he was literary; Shakspeare he had at his tongue's end; and, in some companies, he would go so far as to quote Latin. He had a good deal of wit at command, but it was not of home-manufacture. He had a store of good stories, which he told well. Though not his own, they were all new of their kind; for he knew his business too well to retain old shopkeepers about him. These latter were packed off to the country trade. He had a great deal to say about the Duke of this and my Lord that, with whom, you would suppose from his conversation, he had been very intimate. I believe they used to condescend to chat with him sometimes, and to listen to his stories, while he was taking their measure, being amused with his impudent familiarity.

His wife was a delicate little woman, whom he had married out of a milliner's shop. She had been pretty once; but was the veriest mass of affectation that can be imagined. She always kept her bed till late in the day, more by way of doing the fine than from ill health. She was an

absolute bundle of nerves. The ticking of the footman's turnip watch was too much for her; though I never heard that a loud double knock at the door, if preceded by the stopping of a carriage, had any injurious effect on her. She spent a fortune in *Eau de Cologne*. She never stirred out except in her carriage; and, if she did alight to walk on the pier of some fashionable watering-place, the carriage was always kept within sight, and the most fashionable of her male acquaintance fixed upon to call it when she was tired.

The daughters, four in number, were showy girls, with less affectation than the mother. They had received a fashionable education; could play and sing, and *all that*. Every pains had been taken by the mother to exclude Nature from their composition, and to substitute art; but not with equal success in all, for Nature will often assert her rights, notwithstanding all attempts to keep her under. All, however, were as *au fait* in the science of attack and defence, as the most sanguine mother could wish. The only fear was, that the schemes of the governor might be thwarted by the mutinous conduct of the gar-

rison; or, in other words, that the heart might not always be in due subserviency to the mind.

On retirement from business, the family went the round of the watering-places,—as well for amusement as to feel their way in society. But notwithstanding the good dinners, the dashing equipage, the good looks of the daughters, the reputed riches of the father, and the able manœuvres of the mother, they could get only a few stragglers from the ranks of fashion to join them. The approach to the camp of the aristocracy was too well guarded to admit of their entering it. To use a homely simile, they had left the sixpenny longs, and could not cut into the shilling shorts. Thus placed, they occupied the neutral ground or no-man's-land of society. Becoming, therefore, disgusted with the exclusive system of England, they resolved to try what their money, equipage, &c., would do abroad. Here, by keeping a good house, with entertainment for man and *ass*, they obtained admittance into the society of the place. This consisted of a few English, like themselves, and a few dowagers of French *emigrés*, whose sons, to save themselves from starving, had bowed

to the consular *fasces*, or had sought shelter under the wings of the imperial eagle; and who, in the subsequent changes, by keeping a sharp look-out on the political weather-glass, had contrived to maintain themselves in office—a class which, not being acknowledged by the pure *emigrés*, who were free from the revolutionary taint, were not over-nice in their company. To this was added a considerable sprinkling of military belonging to the regiments in garrison.

This latter addition rendered it pleasant for the young ladies, who seldom stirred out without being followed by a bevy of officers. The consequence was, that, not long afterwards, one of the daughters ran away with a private in the *Garde de Corps*, without a sous. Another was rather more fortunate, and became *Madame la Comtesse de Quelquechose*, the conferrer of this high-sounding title being an understrapper in some government *bureau;* and, through the introduction of this latter, a third became the wife of a young *avocât*. In short, they all married foreigners without fortune—men who sought the alliance solely on account of their father's reputed riches

—when, had not the family been tempted by the ridiculous ambition of climbing into fashionable society, they might have all been respectably, and perhaps happily, married in their own country. Thus, they had become the most disagreeable of all things—a French Englishwoman; for while a Frenchwoman is improved by being transplanted to English habits, our fair countrywomen want the air and the *esprit* to carry off the dirty, curl-paper, slipsloppishness of our Gallic neighbours.

Mr. Weaver was a great talker, and, among the French, would pass himself off as a great man in his own country, where, as he would tell them, merchants were, like those of the Genoese Republic, on a level with princes.

He was quite a dilettante in music, and could hum all the airs of the last opera. He had once been a performer himself, having, as he said, learnt to play on the violin as a relaxation in the intervals of his "*mercantile* avocations."

Of course, during our stay at Versailles we

made several trips to the capital. On the occasion of the *Sacre,* i. e. the coronation of Charles the Tenth, we hired a room in the *Rue St. Honoré,* to view the procession. It was no great display; for, excepting the royal carriages, which were handsome enough, the rest was only a military pageant. It had none of the varied character which renders such ceremonies with us so attractive: nor was there any expression of popular feeling towards the monarch, that I could perceive. The only persons that seemed to cheer him were a few English. The hearts of the people were evidently not in the ceremony. Some few of the shops, such as could boast of royal custom, were decorated with loyal devices of various kinds; but the only ornaments of the majority of the houses consisted of a piece of tapestry, an old carpet, or a dirty coverlet, suspended from the windows. We returned before night to Versailles, where we witnessed an illumination and display of fire-works—both very inferior to similar exhibitions in England.

The celebrated porcelain-works at Sevre did

not, of course, escape our notice. No doubt the specimens of art, there produced, are very beautiful; but one is tempted to exclaim, *Cui bono?* The art of painting is not advanced by it, although artists of some skill are employed; for no master of eminence would trust the result of his labours to so fragile a material; nor is the manufacture of an article useful in life much promoted by the institution. This, as well as the Gobelin tapestry, are specimens of the way in which the labours and ingenuity of the French are wasted. Doubtless they are a very clever people; but their mechanical talents, instead of being directed to some useful purpose, are too often expended in the construction of such things as a musical box or an automaton chess-player.

One day, as I was walking through the market-place, my attention was drawn to an extraordinary-looking machine on wheels, standing in the midst of the crowd. Whilst I was wondering what it could be, I saw, advancing towards the spot, a cart, escorted by two *gens-d'armes*, in which was seated a poor wretch more dead than

alive, supported by two priests, one of whom held a crucifix before his eyes, while the other was engaged in reading some prayers from a book. The machine proved to be a guillotine, and this was the culprit going to be executed. He was a mere youth, but had been guilty of a horrid murder. I have naturally no taste for such scenes; but, as I was on the spot, I thought I would wait to see the end. It did not occupy many minutes. After his sentence was read, the malefactor was transferred to the machine, and strapped on a board. This was shoved under the fatal knife, and the head was off in an instant. The body gave a convulsive spring, and all was over.

It was surprising to see how coolly the people seemed to take the matter, scarcely going out of their way to look at it. But the French have not the same appetite for horrors that the English have. The death by the guillotine is certainly much easier than that by hanging, though the effusion of blood makes it more revolting in appearance. I think, however, some means better than either might be devised for

putting an end to criminals. Why not the mode of slaughtering cattle in camp—the driving a sharp nail into the spinal marrow just behind the head, —by which death is instantaneous?

CHAPTER XXII.

Move to Paris—Extraordinary heat—Paris dust—Fate of Rover—Cemetery of Père la Chaise—French morals—Habits—Hyperbolical character—English and French boys—French and English languages—French theatres—Public feeling—Restaurants.

About the middle of July we moved into Paris. For a short time before, the weather had been extremely hot, but now it became perfectly insufferable. I do not think I ever felt the heat more oppressive in India. In fact, this was one of the hottest seasons ever known in Paris. For three days the thermometer in the shade stood at ninety-six degrees of Fahrenheit. We did not know whether to open the windows, or to shut them. If the former, we were suffocated with hot air; and if the latter, we had no air at all. The inhabitants preferred the latter mode. The children were stripped to all but their pin-afores; but still the poor things were miserable. The boy said, "he supposed God Almighty did not care if

he burnt us all up." To eat was almost impossible, and, I believe, we lived almost entirely on ices and melons. There was no stirring out till dark, and even then the dust was abominable, for there was no dew. Off the pavé it was like walking through snow, and of all dusts in the world the Paris dust is the worst — a cream-coloured powder, which floats in the air without requiring any wind to raise it. To cross the Place Louis Quinze was as bad as storming a battery. Why can't they water the streets as we do?

The only luxury I could enjoy was that of bathing, which I did every morning, as the swimming-baths on the Seine are very convenient. They are floating-rafts, with dressing-rooms all round, and an open space in the middle for the swimmers.

Returning one morning from my usual immersion, I saw, stretched on one of the heaps of rubbish placed for the scavengers to remove, the body of a little dog. The colour and size were those of poor Rover. A nearer approach convinced me that it was the remains of our dear lost friend. Some well-known marks proved

that I was not mistaken, although he was much altered in appearance, and his eyes were staring out of their sockets. I need not add how shocked I was at the sight. Poor thing! he must have exchanged his old friends for strangers, who cared little for him; and had, doubtless, fallen a victim to the revolting practice adopted by the police, of strewing poison-balls in the streets during the dog-days. I called a *fiacre* immediately, wrapped Rover up in my handkerchief, and took him home. There we kept him till evening. I then borrowed a spade, and drove to the *Bois de Boulogne*, where, having chosen a secluded spot, I buried him under a tree, in the bark of which, unless some rude woodcutter has demolished it, may still be seen the name of *Rover*. Poor dear Rover! had he come home like the prodigal son, he would have been received with open arms; but, alas! the tears which were shed over him were tears of sorrow, not of joy!

Ten years had elapsed since I last visited Paris. The *Champs Elysées* had recovered from the effects of the Cossack bivouac, and the *Bois de Boulogne*

looked as fresh as ever. Even in the gardens of Neuilly, which I visited on purpose, I could discover no traces of our camp.

As the weather became cooler, we, of course, set about seeing the lions. All was new to my wife. Certainly Paris is the focus of pleasure—the Cythera of capitals. All its *agrémens* lie within a small compass. You have not to go in search of amusement, it comes to you. The Louvre first claimed our attention. To a superficial observer it looked as brilliant as ever. The gaps left in the walls by the removal of the *chef-d'œuvres* of art belonging to other countries were filled up by the production of native artists. But still how fallen! ay, and fallen never to recover its wonted splendour.

The cemetery of *Père la Chaise* was not the last of the interesting objects we visited; nor was it the least: it is an honour to the taste and good feeling of the capital. With some degree of affectation—which more or less pervades every thing French—the tributes of affection, gratitude, or respect for the dead there displayed, were highly interesting and affecting. There the tomb of

Abelard and Eloise had, at length, attained a more suitable position than that in which I last saw it, huddled among a number of monumental relicts saved from the fury of the Revolution.

The celebrated catacombs were closed at this time; but for what reason I could not exactly discover. I, however, had seen them before; and, in traversing those gloomy but fantastic caverns of death, could not help contrasting the solemn and lugubrious scenes they afforded, with the thoughtless current of life which rolled over them.

Of course, we did not lose the opportunity of visiting every thing that was worth seeing; but the ground has been gone over so often before, that, were I to give a description of the numerous objects of interest, I should only fatigue the reader, without adding to the stock of knowledge. Indeed, as I am writing wholly from memory, it would be impossible for me to do more than convey the impressions now left on my mind by what I saw or heard. Whenever these impressions are sufficiently clear and defined, I do not hesitate to present them to the reader, even at the risk of repeating the opinions of others; because, to have been indelibly fixed in

my memory, the characteristic features of the objects must have been prominent and striking.

For a stranger, who has no opportunity of mixing with any class of the people, to give an opinion of the state of society of a country in which he sojourns but a short time, would be ridiculous. As it cannot, therefore, be expected that I should attempt what I would condemn in others, I shall, in this respect, pursue the plan I have adopted with regard to things, and confine myself to a few remarks on those salient points in the character and habits of the French people, which are most striking, and which tend particularly to distinguish them from us.

Every one must admit that the standard of morals is much lower in France than in England; and this is proved by the fact, that scenes are admitted into popular works, which would not be tolerated for an instant with us; and this could not be the case unless they accorded with the public taste. To this you may add the licensing of public gaming-houses, by which a revenue accrues to the state. Among the French the principles of right and wrong are not sufficiently defined. They

are too apt to mix up the bad with the good; or, the truth may be, they do not know how to draw the line between them. This is particularly striking in such parts of their literature as profess to delineate the features of society. There goodness of heart is blended with want of principle; and, in the admiration of the former, we are too apt to overlook the latter. This, with the elegance of the writing, is what renders the eloquent pages of Rousseau so dangerous to youth. There the thorn of vice is concealed under the flower of sentiment, or, as Moore beautifully expresses it,

"Like serpents under flowrets creeping."

A celebrated French novelist, Pigault le Brun, has the same fault. With them virtue must be revolting, and vice may be amiable.

In contradiction to this accusation the French say, and with some appearance of justice, "Look at the unblushing manner in which your unfortunate females conduct themselves in your public streets! Is there any thing like that to be seen in France?" But, admitting this fact, I would reply, nothing can prove my case stronger than

this very circumstance, much as it is to be lamented. In France a woman may lose her chastity, and yet be regarded as a respectable member of society, if, in other respects, she conduct herself with propriety, and have regard to outward decency. But, in England, when a female forfeits her virtue, she falls at once from the pale of society; and, having no longer any character to support, she sinks, of course, into the lowest abyss of degradation. Then, with respect to gaming-houses, a Frenchman will tell you, it is better to have places where the thing is conducted openly and fairly, than to have the practice going on in secret places, where the victim may be cheated and robbed without exposure. But to this I would answer by a proverb of their own, "*C'est le premier pas qui coute;*" and the first step is much easier taken, when the road to destruction lies open to the view, and unobstructed, than when the path is so concealed that it requires a guide to show it, and some effort to overcome its obstacles.

The above remarks on French morals may, with some slight modification, be applied to their

personal habits. Here, also, the good and the bad are indiscriminately mixed. If a Frenchman be well dressed, he has probably dirty hands. Though polished in his manners, he spits on the floor. Though studiously cautious of giving personal offence, in his conversation he can offend against decency. It is the same in his domestic furniture, &c. The splendid is often contrasted with the mean; the elegant with the clumsy; the clean with the dirty. They have a good word in their language—*propreté;* but not an idea that properly corresponds with it. In some of their personal habits, however, they might teach us a lesson. Their females are more frequent in the ablution of their persons, and make more use of the bath than our women; though the more frequent change of linen among us may render this less necessary. Talking of baths, it is abominable that they should be such a price in London, where fuel is so cheap. They ought to be half the price they are in Paris; and if cheap, they would pay better, and be a source of comfort and health to the inhabitants of a smoky metropolis.

To a plain Englishman, the hyperbolical charac-

ter of the French people is particularly striking. Every thing with them is exaggeration or super-refinement. Of their courtesy and politeness I make no complaint, however little of sincerity there may be in it. But their language is full of extravagance in this respect. When you enter a man's house, and he wishes to set you at your ease, the first thing he says to you is an absurdity —"*Donnez vous la peine de vous asseoir.*" Why, does he not mean to save you trouble, and not to give it you? Then, if you ask a man to direct you to a particular spot, the answer is probably, "*Vous aurez la bonté de prendre la première rue à droite, et quand vous serez vis-à-vis l'Eglise, vous aurez la complaisance,*" &c. What nonsense is all this! What goodness or complaisance can there be in doing a thing for your own advantage?

Then, as to their exaggeration, a French retailer is not content with calling the place where he offers his goods for sale "a shop," or *boutique;* but it must be called a *magazin*, or a *dépôt.* Every tinker's stall is a *fabrique.* Every tradesperson puts *marchand* before his business. A dressmaker is a *marchande de modes;* a tailor, a *marchand*

tailleur; a hatter, a *marchand chapelier*, &c. If you were to call a cook a *cuisinier*, he would be apt to run his spit through you. He is *chef de cuisine;* but in general they sink the latter word, and are designated as *Monsieur le chef.*

In the comparison between French and English habits, there are few things more striking than the manner in which the children of both countries are dressed. The habiliments of an English boy, till he is about the age of sixteen, consist of a jacket and trowsers, simple in form, and adapted more for convenience than ornament, (and here I think our conservatives even must admit that we have improved upon the habits of our ancestors,) while a French boy, of about eight or ten years, will often be found on gala-days strutting about in a hussar jacket, with a tiny sword and saberdash dangling by his side. This fact speaks volumes: it shows the dispositions of the two people—the one warlike, and the other peaceable.

Whenever I see one of these little juvenile Turkey-cocks, I feel tempted to kick it across the street. I think I see embodied in the belaced carcase of the urchin all that pugnacious spirit, which

has kept Europe in a flame from the time of Clovis and his fair-haired Franks to that of Napoleon, when, the "French honour having taken refuge in the camp," the martial rage was at its height. The sooner this honour takes its flight back into civil life, the better it will be for France and her neighbours. But from what I have heard, a great alteration is taking place in the French character in this respect. May it continue to do so! and may the genius of a lively and intelligent people, forming as it were the heart of Europe, be henceforth directed to the arts of peace!

The national pride of the French is no where more strongly displayed than in the construction of their language. They do not, like us, resort to another tongue to embody a new idea. They make a word or a phrase of their own to express their meaning. Half their language is composed of words coined in this way. I am at a loss to account for the striking difference, in this respect, between the English and French, for we are not wanting in pride or self-sufficiency. It must partly consist in that vanity which leads the latter nation to consider every thing belonging to them

as the best in the world, and which makes them, accordingly, above copying from others. But here, I think, their national vanity serves them in good stead. I know of only one word in the French language that is copied from ours, and that is *redingote* — and a pretty copy it is! Whereas the English abounds in words borrowed from our neighbours, and every educated person is compelled to use French phrases for want of any corresponding ones in our language. For instance, how common it is for us to say "Such a person has the *Je ne sais quoi* about him;" but if we were to substitute the words "I don't know what," the expression would sound very tame; and so it would be with "face to face," for *vis-à-vis*, or "head to head," for *tête-à-tête*. And yet there is no good reason why it should be so. There is, however, it must be allowed, a softness in French words which admits of their being moulded into fresh forms in a manner of which ours in general are incapable. Thus, *débouche* would be harshly expressed by the English compound "unmouth:" "watching-over" sounds rough after *surveillance;* and so we might multiply examples of the same sort.

One cause of our copying our Gallic neighbours in this respect may be, that being a more *spirituel* people than we, (and here I am puzzled for an English word,) they catch the idea before it comes to us; and consequently we borrow both the idea and the word or phrase which expresses it, at the same time. This is more particularly observable in military phraseology, they being, it must be admitted, before us in the art of war. In fact, here we carry the matter still further; for, while the French are content to use words of their own to express the action, we must needs borrow from them, although we may have a word in our language corresponding exactly with theirs. Thus "unfold" is as good a word as "*deploy;*" but still it won't answer our purpose so well as the foreign one.

Notwithstanding our hitherto pretended contempt for the French, nothing can more clearly prove the respect in which we hold them, than this disposition to study their language, and to copy and borrow from it in the expression of ideas which might be just as well conveyed in our own. I do not find that it is the same with other

European nations. If they acquire a knowledge of the French language, it is more from accident or necessity than from inclination; and they do not, as we do, adopt its phraseology, or ingraft it upon their own language. It is time, however, that we should make a stand against this system of copying from our neighbours, as unworthy the dignity of a language, which, before this century is expired, must, from the extension of our numerous colonies, and the rapid increase in the population of the United States of America, become the vernacular tongue of a considerable portion of the world. This is a proud thought, and ought to add to the satisfaction which we must derive from reflecting, that when England's day is past, she will still have numerous descendants in all quarters of the globe, forming powerful states – as doubtless they will; who, besides their language, will be indebted to her for a good portion of their national character, their institutions, and their laws; and who, it is to be hoped, will look back to her with veneration and love, as the classic ground of their recollections, and as containing the tombs of their fathers.

Of course we went the round of the French theatres. In the *Théâtre Français*, the difference between colloquial speech and declamation in tragedy strikes you as ridiculous, however pleasing it may be to the French taste; while the jingle of rhyme, and the appearance of art connected with it, where nature alone should prevail, must diminish the effect of the best acting. This is a point, however, which I shall leave to be settled by persons better qualified than myself.

The *Academie de Musique*, which is a close imitation of the Greek drama, in all the severity of its rules, and in the strictness of the costume, appeared to me extremely dry and uninteresting, and not at all in unison with the character of the people; while the *ballet*, which followed, made a ridiculous contrast. The Italian opera was much more attractive.

But the true national *drama* (if I can apply the term here) is the *vaudeville*. These are, indeed, in harmony with the heart and soul of the people; and it is delightful to see a Parisian audience enjoy them. The humour of the stage is reflected in the faces of the audience: its wit

passes like an electric shock from bench to bench. They catch every allusion with surprising tact and readiness; and their hearts respond to every feeling expressed. They are not ashamed, as we are, to seem pleased. During the performance their eyes and ears are riveted on the stage; and between the acts they discuss the merits of the piece and of the actors, without fearing to be thought vulgar. They go there to see, not to be seen; therefore the stage is lighted up, not the boxes; and the dress they come in is for convenience, not for ornament. I defy a man, even if he do not understand a word of the language, to go to a French *vaudeville* without being amused.

Although the French had now had ten years' taste of their old dynasty, they did not seem to take to it kindly. They felt that it was forced upon them at the point of the bayonet, and that was enough to disgust them. The returned *émigrés*, and their descendants, might be willing to forget and forgive. Not so the people: the wounds in the national glory, of which the former were the living symbols, were too deep to be easily healed. Many a powerful arm, which

wielded the sword under the imperial eagle, was still strong; and while it pined in obscurity, scorning to serve under the sickly lily, it lived on the hope of future vengeance. If any one could have reconciled the nation to the change, from an emperor *à cheval* to a gouty old *monarque en fauteuil*, it was Louis XVIII., who certainly, in liberality, was much in advance of his family. But he had just been succeeded by Charles X., who was known to be a bigot and under the influence of the priests. The Duke d'Angoulême, too, was no better, while his wife, whom Napoleon designated as the only man in the family, and who ruled the roast, had a long score against the French nation. In short, the people looked sulky and discontented.

Towards the English the feeling seemed to be any thing but cordial. They had not forgotten Waterloo. They could forgive those nations whom they had so often beaten; but not the English, notwithstanding their acknowledged obligations to us for saving them from the well-merited vengeance of their enemies. But this was all very natural, and why should we blame them?

While in Paris, we generally had our dinner from a *traiteur*, but occasionally we dined at a *restaurateur's*. I was sometimes surprised to see a whole family dining at these places; but I afterwards understood it was not an uncommon thing among the *bourgeoise* on the fête-day of any of the family. There you would see father, mother, and three or four children of all ages, *bonne* and all, setting-to regularly, with their napkins pinned up to their chins—the children vying with the elder ones in gormandising, and discussing the merits of the dishes with all the *gusto* of a *connoisseur*. On such occasions we English always seek privacy, and cannot bear our family convivialities to be overlooked. There is nothing in which the tastes of the two nations differ more than this.

A Baron, the *chargé* of some petty German Count, had apartments opposite to ours; and regularly every day at five o'clock, a party would assemble in his *salon*; the carriage would come to the door, and off they would start to dine at a *restaurant*. Sometimes a large party would be invited, and, after assembling at the Baron's, they would adjourn as afore-mentioned, just as we should to the dining-room.

The French certainly do make a great fuss about the stomach. I was struck with an instance of this on visiting the *Hotel des Invalides*. Among other objects of interest, we were shown into the dining-room of the officers; for there are a certain number of *sous-officiers* among the pensioners. On the table was spread a vile dirty table-cloth, and still dirtier napkins, in rings numbered, so that each person might know his own; and the guide thought to impress us with a high idea of their mode of living, by enumerating the courses of which their dinner was composed. In fact, in France, the situation in life of a person is measured by the style and quality of his dinners, as with us by his equipage. But I have sometimes thought that, in attaching so much importance to the affairs of the stomach, there was more philosophy than we are disposed to admit; and that, in making them the main consideration in life, the French were right; for, independently of the stomach being the means of conveying aliment to the body, it is so intimately connected with the brain, that the state of our mental faculties mainly depend on its being properly supplied with

nutriment. Viewing the subject, therefore, in this light, I would willingly, were I able, devote a chapter to the gastronomic art; but, in lieu thereof, I hope the reader will accept a slight digression in the following chapter.

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